

NEW ENGLISH DRAMA

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.—MACBETH.

CRICIAN DAUGHTER.—HENRY THE FOURTH.

EVADNE.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
HALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET;
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822.

From the Press of W. Oxberry
White-hart Yard.

Orberry's Edition.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

A COMEDY;

IN FIVE ACTS,

By Arthur Murphy.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

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Remarks.



KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

It is no easy matter to adjust the claims to originality between this comedy and the "*School for Scandal*." Murphy asserts that he had written *Know your own Mind* many years prior to its production; and thus much is certain; the comedy was for a long time in the possession of Sheridan before he brought out his play on the boards of his own theatre. This fact, though not conclusive, is at least favourable to the claims of Murphy, coupled as it is with the singular circumstance, that Sheridan, neither before nor after, wrote any thing at all comparable to the *School for Scandal*. The "*Duenna*" and the "*Rivals*," the best of his remaining productions, are yet far inferior to this celebrated comedy, and, if report speaks truly, Sheridan himself was not slow in acknowledging the fact. The striking likeness between the two pieces seems to be a result beyond all the possible calculations of chance, the similarity is extended to so many points, to individual characters as well as to the general substance. Yet with all this circumstantial evidence on one side, and I have purposely placed it in its strongest colours, it is scarcely possible to come to a decision. The similarity in the two comedies might perhaps be occasioned by both authors going to the same storehouse for their materials; and, in truth, the germ of either play is to be found in the miscellaneous prose of the elder Colman; that Sheridan looked into this latter beyond a question, for he has borrowed two or three verbatim as from Colman, though he has clothed them in his own peculiar language. Critical justice has seldom been done to "*Know your own Mind*;" because it is inferior to its brilliant prototype, the general voice has been too apt to condemn it as

worth nothing ; whereas, it is by far the best comedy that Murphy ever wrote, and this is no slight praise, considering that he is the author of "*All in the Wrong*," and "*The Way to keep Him*." The dialogue is less epigrammatic than the dialogue of "*The School for Scandal*," but what it loses thereby in pungency, it gains on the other hand in its approximation to the language of common life ; the characters speak the real dialect of the world, or at least only differ from it by that superior degree of polish and correctness which is requisite for the purposes of the drama ; it is that slight colouring beyond nature which the painter is compelled to give to his portrait for effect, and which, however false in itself, is yet true in its results.

In regard to plot, this comedy is perhaps the first of the modern English Drama, notwithstanding the excellent screen-scene in the *School for Scandal*, which, with all its brilliance, is liable to one decided objection. The screen is placed before the window, because Joseph's "opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so curious a temper," and yet it is between the screen and this very window that Joseph places Lady Teazle, directly exposed to the prying eyes of the maiden lady with the "curious temper;" if it were an object of so much importance that the old maid should not see Sir Peter's wife in the room, as a visitor, of how much more importance was it, that she should not see her in that awkward position, concealed behind a screen ! It would be difficult to point out a blunder of this magnitude in Murphy's comedy.

"*Know your own Mind*" has besides a decided advantage in its female characters. Lady Bell and Lady Jane are, even separately considered, far superior to Maria. It has indeed been asserted, that this character was infinitely more prominent in the author's original sketch, but that he reduced it to its present state, because the actress into whose hands the part must inevitably fall, was unequal to its performance. This may be true, but it has inflicted an incurable wound upon Sheridan's brilliant work. As the matter now stands, Charles and Maria never come in contact through the whole progress of the piece, and the character of Maria is, in consequence, flung completely into shadow ; she is even inferior to the mild and tender Neville, who yet with Murphy is but a sort of relief to the broad caricature and brilliant colouring of Millamour, Dashwoud and Lady Bell.

There is some little falling off from propriety towards the end of

this diverting piece, the character departs somewhat from their individual natures to bring about a plebeian catastrophe, and are all rather too abrupt in their reforms. Thus, however, is always the most difficult part of an author's task, and perhaps no dramatist excepting Shakespeare has ever fairly conquered it. When at the conclusion of the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," Master Brook lays aside his jealousy,

I Falstaff gives up his schemes upon the women, their real dispositions are by no means changed, the men are precisely the same as at the outset of the piece, though they are acted upon by circumstances. But this is by no means the case with *Murphy*, Sir Harry rises above himself, Dashwood becomes a moralist, and Millamant is suddenly reformed into steadiness. All that are made happy are made so at the expense of their consistency, Malvil and Mrs. Bromley, who are dismissed to contempt and disappointment, are the only characters that hold as they begin, and preserve their colours unchanged and unchangeable to the last.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR LEWIS

THROUGH the wide tracts of life, in every trade,
What numbers toil with faculties decay'd
Worn out yet eager—in the race they run,
And never learn—when proper to have done

What need of proofs? Even authors do the same,
And rather than desert, decline in time
Like gamblers thrive at first, then bolder grow,
And hazard all upon one desperate throw

This truth to feel, perhaps too much inclin'd,
Our Bard, long hickney'd, trembles there behind,
Lest he should prove—another *vanish'd mind*
For he has playfully suppress'd by tears,
Beyond his rule, *above nine years*!
And omics,—tis the plain simple truth,
Then answer for his sins of youth

This piece, you'll say, should now perfection bear,
But who can reach it after all his care?

PROLOGUE.

He paints no monsters for ill-judg'd applause
 Life he has view'd, and from that source he draws
 Here are no fools, the Drama's standing jest
 And *Welchmen* now, *North Britons* too may rest
Hibernia's sons shall here excite no wonder,
 Nor shall *St. Patrick* blush to hear them blunder
 By other arts he strives your taste to hit,
 Some plot, some character—he hopes, some wit
 And if this piece should please you like the past,
 Ye Brother Bards! forgive him —'tis his last.

Lost are the friends who lent their aid before;
Roscus retires, and *Barry* is no more.

Harmonious *Barry*! with what varied art
 His grief, rage, tenderness assail'd the heart
 Of plaintive *Ottavio* now no more the boast!
 And *Shakspeare* grieves for his *Othello* lost.
 Oft on this spot the tuneful swan expir'd,
 Warbling his grief;—you listen, and admir'd.
 'Twas then but fancied woe; now ev'ry Muse,
 Her lyre unstrung, with tears his urn bedews.

From this night's scenes e'en Woodward too is fled,
 Stretch'd by pale sickness on his languid bed,
 Nor can *Thalia* raise her favourite's * head.

}

For them our Author lov'd the tale to weave;
 He feels their loss; and now he takes his leave;
 Sees new performers in succession spring,
 And hopes new poets will expand their wing.
 Beneath your smile his leaf of laurel grew;
 Gladly he'd keep it,—for 'twas giv'n by you.
 But if too weak his art, if wild his aim,
 On favours past he builds no idle claim.
 To you once more he boldly dares to trust;
 Hear, and pronounce,—he *knows* you will be just.

* Woodward was to have played the part of *Dashwood*; in his last illness he lamented to the author, that he could not close his theatrical life with that character; he died a few weeks after the play appeared, for years the life of the comic scene, and in his end regretted as a worthy and an honest man.

Costume.

MILLAMOUR.

Brown coat, white waistcoat, and breeches.

DASHWOULD.

Blue coat,—ibid

SIR H. LOVEWIT.

Green coat,—ibid.

CAPTAIN BYGROVE.

Blue regimental coat,—ibid.

MALVIL.

Black coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches.

SIR J. MILLAMOUR.

Black velvet coat and breeches, and embroidered waistcoat.

BYGROVE.

Middle-aged gentleman's suit

CHARLES.

Very white jacket, white waistcoat, and breeches

LADY JANE.

Blue muslin dress, trimmed with satin; white satin under dress

LADY BELL

Dark muslin dress, trimmed the same.

MRS. BROMLEY

Yellow satin dress, leno drapery, trimmed with lace

MISS NEVILLE.

Grey cloth dress, trimmed with black velvet

MADAME LA ROUGE.

White petticoat, worked flowers, ditto apron, yellow satin body

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
<i>Millamour</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. Lewis
<i>Dashwould</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Lee Lewis
<i>Makul</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Bygrove</i>	Mr. Powell	Mr. Aikin.
<i>Capt. Bygrove</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Sir John Millamour</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Sir Harry Lovewit</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Whitfield
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Wewitzer
<i>Lady Bell</i>	Mrs. Alsop.	Mrs. Mattocks
<i>Lady Jane</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Dayes
<i>Mrs. Bromley</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Jackson.
<i>Miss Neville</i>	Miss Boyce.	Mrs. Hartley
<i>Madame La Rouge</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Ambrose

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours. The half-price commences at nine o'Clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U F.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door
D F.....		Door in Flat. st
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L H D.....		Left Hand Door



KNOW YOUR OWN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir John Millamour's House.*

Enter SIR JOHN, and BYGROVE, L.H.

Byg. Why then I'll marry again, and disinherit him.

Sir John. Brother Bygrove, you think too severely in these matters.

Byg. Well argued, truly! he that should obey is to judge for himself, and you that are his governor, are to be directed by him.

Sir John. Your system and mine differ widely, brother Bygrove. My son is of an enlarged and liberal understanding, and I a father of mild authority.

Byg. If I see any thing wrong, I accost him directly: look ye, sir, do you think to go on in this fashion? Not during my life. I promise you: I will acknowledge you no longer^s than you prove worthy! and if you can't discern what is befitting you, I at least will judge what is proper on my part. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Sir John. Well, George and I have lived together as friends. From a boy, I endeavoured to subject him rather to his reason than his fears.

Byg. But the consequence of all this? Has he a settled opinion? a fixed principle for a moment?

Sir John. I beg your pardon. I see a person there. Charles, Charles, this way. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Enter CHARLES, L.H.

Sir John. Well, Charles, what is he about?

Char. Very busy, sir, a thousand things in hand.

Byg. And all at the same time, I'll warrant.

Char. We have a deal to employ us, sir.

Sir John. Have you sounded him in regard to what I mentioned last night?

Char. That's what I wanted to tell your honour. Last night, sir, as he was going to bed, I touched upon the subject; dropt a hint or two, that it is now time to think of raising heirs to himself: enlarged upon the comforts of matrimony, and I think with no small degree of eloquence.

Byg. The fellow is laughing at you.

Sir John. Well, and how? What effect?

Char. A very visible effect, sir. This morning early, my master rings his bell. Charles, says he, I have been considering what you said last night: I shall pay a visit to the young ladies, and, I believe, I shall marry one of them.

Sir John. There, Mr. Bygrove: I am for ever obliged to you, Charles. Well, go on.

Char. I fly immediately to get him his things to dress, and return in an instant. Charles, says he, then tossed himself back in his chair, beat the ground with his heel, and fell a reading. Won't your honour get ready to visit the young ladies?—The ladies, what ladies, you blockhead?—Lady Bell, and Lady Jane; your honour, Mrs. Bromley's handsome nieces. Po! you're a numskull, says he, with an oblique kind of a smile; stretched his arms, yawned, talked to himself, and bade me go about my business.

Byg. I knew it would end so. There is not a crane-neck carriage in town can give a short turn with him.

Sir John. This is provoking. Any body with him this morning?

Char. He has had a power of people with him, sir—a commission-broker, to sell him a company in a

marching regiment; the Mayor of a borough, about a seat in parliament. And there are several with him now, sir. There is Sir Harry Lovewit, and—

Byg. Aye! Sir Harry! I am glad he is of age, and that I am no longer his guardian.

Char. He is with my master, sir; and there is Mr. Malvil, and Mr. Dashwould, and—(*Bell rings, R.H.*)—He rings, sir; you will pardon me; I must be gone, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Byg. And that fellow, Dashwould; he is the ruin of your son, and of poor Sir Harry into the bargain. He has wit to ridicule you; invention to frame a story of you; humour to help it about, and when he has set the town a laughing, he puts on a familiar air, and shakes you by the hand.

Enter MALVIL, R.H.

Mal. Intolerable, there is no being safe where he is. For my part, I had rather throw a veil over the infirmities of my friend, than seek a malicious pleasure in the detection. That's my way of thinking.

Sir John. I fancy you are right. This son of mine does so perplex me. (*Walks aside.*)

Mal. Pray, Mr. Bygrove, give me leave. I am sorry to hear certain whispers about a friend of ours.

Byg. About whom? the widow, Mrs. Bromley?

Mal. Oh! no, no; I have a great respect for her; though I—Pray don't you think she throws out the lure for a young husband?

Byg. For a husband, yes, but not too young a one; you can serve my interest in that quarter.

Mal. I know it: rely upon my friendship. But have you heard nothing of an eminent turkey merchant?

Byg. Mr. Freeport?

Mal. I say nothing: I don't like the affair: have you really heard nothing? Any money of yours in his hands?

Byg. Po! as safe as the bank.

Mal. I may be mistaken. I hope I am: I was in company the other night: several members of parliament present: they did not speak plainly: hints and inuendos only; you won't let it go any further. His seat in the house they all agreed, is perfectly convenient at this juncture. I hope the cloud will blow over.—I shall remember you with the widow.

Byg. One good turn deserves another: I shan't be unmindful of your interest.

Mal. There now you hurt me: you know my delicacy: must friendship never act a disinterested part? I esteem you, Mr. Bygrove, and that's sufficient. Sir John, give me leave to say, the man who busies himself about other people's affairs, is a pragmatistical character, and very dangerous in society.

Byg. So I have been telling Sir John. But to laugh at every thing is the fashion of the age. A pleasant good-for-nothing fellow is by most people preferred to modest merit. A man like Dashwould, who runs on—So! here comes Scandal in folio.

Enter DASHWOULD, R.H.

Dash. Sir John, I rejoice to see you. Mr. Bygrove, I kiss your hand. Malvil, have you been uneasy for any friend since?

Mal. Po! absurd!

(Walks away.)

Dash. I have been laughing with your son, Sir John. Pray have I told you about Sir Richard Doriland?

Byg. You may spare him, sir, he is a very worthy man.

Dash. He is so: great good-nature about him: I love Sir Richard. You know he was divorced from his wife; a good fine woman, but an invincible idiot.

Mal. (L.H.) Look ye there, now, Mr. Bygrove!

Byg. My Lady Doriland, sir, was always accounted a very sensible woman.

Dash. She was so; with too much spirit to be ever at ease, and a rage for pleasure, that broke the bubble as she grasped at it. She fainted away upon hearing

'that Mrs. Allnight had two card tables more than herself.

Byg. Inveterate malice !

Dash. They waged war a whole winter, for the honour of having the greatest number of fools, thinking of nothing but the odd trick. First, Mrs. All-night kept Sundays ; her ladyship did the same ; Mrs. All-night had forty tables ; her ladyship rose to fifty. Then one added, then t'other ; till every room in the house was crammed like the black hole at Calcutta ; and at last, upon casting up the account, Sir Richard sold off fifteen hundred acres, to clear incumbrances.

Sir John. Ridiculous ! and so they parted upon this ?

Dash. Don't you know the history of that business ?

Mal. Now mark him ; now.

Dash. Tender of reputation, Malvil !—The story is well known. She was detected with—the little foreign count—I call him the Salamander—I saw him five times in one winter upon the back of the fire at Bath, for cheating at cards.

Mal. Go on, sir, abuse every body. My lady was perfectly innocent. I know the whole affair : a mere contrivance to lay the foundation of a divorce.

Dash. So they gave out. Sir Richard did not care a nine-pin for her while she was his. You know his way ; he despises what is in his possession, and languishes for what is not. Her ladyship was no sooner married to—what's his name ?—His father was a footman, and madam Fortune, who every now and then loves a joke, sent him to the East Indies, and in a few years brought him back at the head of half a million, for the jest's sake.

Mal. Mr. Dashwould, upon my word, sir—Families to be run down in this manner !

Dash. Mushroom was his name : my Lady Doriland was no sooner married to him, but up to his eyes Sir Richard was in love with her. He dressed at her ; sighed at her ; danced at her ; she is now libelled in the Commons, and Sir Richard has a *crim. con.* against him in the King's Bench.

Mal. Pshaw! I shall stay no longer to hear this strain of defamation. [Exit, L.H.]

Dash. Malvil, must you leave us? A pleasant character this same Malvil.

Byg. He has a proper regard for his friends, sir.

Dash. Yes, but he is often present where their characters are canvassed, and is anxious about whispers which nobody has heard. He knows the use of hypocrisy better than a court chaplain.

Byg. There, call honesty by a burlesque name, and so pervert every thing.

Dash. Things are more perverted, Mr. Bygrove, when such men as Malvil make their vices do their work, under a mask of goodness: and with that stroke we'll dismiss his character.

Sir John. Ay, very right; my brother Bygrove has a regard for him, and so change the subject. My son, Mr. Dashwould, what does he intend?

Dash. Up to the eyes in love with Lady Bell, and determined to marry her.

Sir John. I told you so, Mr. Bygrove; I told you, you would soon see him settled in the world. Mr. Dashwould, I thank you: I'll step and confirm George in his resolution. [Exit, R.H.]

Dash. A good-natured man, Sir John, and does not want credulity.

Byg. Ay, there, the moment his back is turned.

Dash. Gulliver's Travels is a true history to him. His son has strange flights. First he was to be a lawyer; bought chambers in the Temple, eat his commons, and was called to the bar. Then the law is a damned dry, municipal study; the army is fitter for a gentleman; and as he was going to the war office to take out his commission, he saw my Lord Chancellor's coach go by; in an instant, back to the Temple, and no sooner there, "Po! plague! hang the law! better marry, and live like a gentleman." Now marriage is a galling yoke, and he does not know what he'll do. He calls his man Charles; sends him away; walks about the room, sits down, asks a question; thinks of something

else; talks to himself, sings, whistles, lively, pensive, pleasant and melancholy in an instant. He approves, finds fault; he will, he will not: and in short, the man does not know his own mind for half a second.—Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN, R.H.

Dash. You find him disposed to marry, Sir John?

Sir John. I hope so; he wavers a little: but still I—

Byg. Po! I have no patience: my advice has been all lost upon you. I wish it may end well. A good morning, Sir John. *(Going.)*

Dash. Mr. Bygrove, yours; Sir John will defend you in your absence.

Byg. If you will forget your friends in their absence, it is the greatest favour you can bestow upon them.

[Exit, L.H.]

Dash. Did I ever tell you what happened to him last summer at Tunbridge?

Sir John. Excuse me for the present. This light young man! I must step and talk with my lawyer.

(Crosses to I.H.)

Dash. I'll walk part of the way with you. A strange medley this same Mr. Bygrove: with something like wit, he is always abusing wit.—You must know, last summer at Tunbridge—

Sir John. Another time, if you please. *[Exit, I.H.]*

Dash. The story is worth your hearing: a party of us dined at the Sussex— *(Following Sir John.)*

Enter CHARLES, R.H.

Char. Mr. Dashwould! Mr. Dashwould!

Re-enter DASHWOULD, I.H.

Dash. What's the matter, Charles?

Char. My master desires you won't go.

Enter SIR HARRY, R.H.

Sir H. Hey? what going to leave us?

Dash. Only a step with Sir John. Strange vagaries in your master's head, Charles!—Sir Harry! going to wait upon Miss Neville, I suppose. She has beauty, and you have a heart.

Sir H. Pshaw! there you wrong me now! Why will you?

Dash. Very well; be it so: I can't see to be sure; but take my word for it, you will marry that girl. Come, I'll follow you.

Sir H. I must not part with you: I had rather lose the whole college of physicians. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Dash. March on, Sir Harry.—(*Turns to Charles.*) Did you ever see such a Baronet? This fellow, Charles, is as ridiculous himself as any of them. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Char. Now have I but one man in the house, and he will be fifty different men in a moment. Hurry! hurry! nothing but hurry! Get me this; get me that; get me t'other. A poor servant does not know which way to turn himself in this house.

Enter RICHARD, R.H.

Char. Well, Richard, what are you about?

Rich. Why a man in a whirlwind may as well tell what he is about. Going to order the coachman to put up. He intends to change his dress, and walk to the Temple. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Char. What does he mean by talking of the Temple again? I hope we are not going to take to our studies once more. I hate the law: there is not a footman in the Temple has a grain of taste. All mere lawyers! They have not an idea out of the profession

Enter ROBERT, R.H.

Rob. Richard! Richard! where is he gone?

Char. What's in the wind now?

Rob. The wind's in another quarter. He has been writing verses as he calls them, ever since the company left him. He has torn a quire of paper, I believe, and now he wants the carriage directly. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Char. Run and order it. I had rather be a country curate, than go on in this manner. (*Bell rings.*) What is he at now?

Mil. (*Within, R.H.*) Charles :—who answers there?

Char. Ay, now for the old work.

Enter MILLAMOUR, R.H.

Mil. Is the chariot ready?

Char. At the door, sir.

Mil. Do you step to Mrs. Bromley's, and—perhaps it would be better to—No, do you step, Charles, and—you need not mind it—another time will do as well.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Char. There again now ; this is the way from morning to night.

Re-enter MILLAMOUR, R.H.

Mil. The sooner the better : I promised Sir John, and I will pay this visit. Lady Bell reigns sovereign of my heart. That vivacity of mind “ Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.”

Char. She is by far preferable to her sister, your honour.

Mil. Po ! you are illiterate in these matters. The sober graces of Lady Jane !—Lady Bell advances like a conqueror, and demands your heart : Lady Jane seems unconscious of her charms, and yet enslaves you deeper.

Char. Which of them does your honour think—

Mil. Which of 'em, Charles ? (*Reads a paper.*)
“ I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak.”

Enter ROBERT, L.H.

Rob. Captain Bygrove, sir.

Mil. That's unlucky. I am not at home; tell him I went out an hour ago.

Enter CAPTAIN BYGROVE, L.H.

Mil. My dear Bygrove, I longed to see you. But why that pensive air? Still in love, I suppose.

[*Exeunt Char. and Rob. R.H.*]

Capt. B. My dear Millamour, you have guessed it. I am in love, and glory in my chains.

Mil. Shall I tell you a secret? I suspect myself, plaguily. Every thing is not as quiet here as it used to be.

Capt. B. Indulge the happy passion. Let wits and libertines say what they will; there is no true happiness but in the marriage state.

Mil. Why I have thought much upon the subject of late, and with a certain refinement, I don't know but a man may fashion a complying girl to his taste of happiness. Virtuous himself, he confirms her in her virtue; constant, he secures her fidelity: and by continuing the lover, instead of commencing the tyrant husband, he wins from her the sweetest exertion of tenderness and love. I shall most positively marry. Who is your idol? My dear boy, impart.

Capt. B. There I beg to be excused. You know my father?

Mil. Yes, I think I do.

Capt. B. I must not presume to think for myself. I must contrive some stratagem to make him propose the match. Were it to move first from me, I should be obliged to decamp from before the town at once.

Mil. I wish you success. My resolution is taken, and with the most amiable of her sex. She romps about the room like one of the graces; and deals about her wit with such a happy negligence—

Capt. B. An agreeable portrait, but mine is the very reverse. That equal serenity in all her ways! Wit she has, but without ostentation; and elegance herself seems the pure effect of nature.

Mil. (Aside.) I don't know whether that is not the true character for a wife. And pray, what progress have you made in her affections?

Capt. B. Enough to convince me that I am not quite unacceptable. My dear Millamour, I had rather fold that girl in my arms, than kiss his Majesty's hand for the first regiment of guards.

Mil. I am a lost man, I shall most positively marry. We will wonder at each others felicity; and be the envy of all our acquaintance.

Enter DASHWOOD, L.H.

Dash. (Crosses to Centre.) I am as good as my word, you see. Most noble Captain, your father was here this morning. A good agreeable old gentleman, and about as pleasant as a night mare. Millamour, whom do you think I met since I saw you?

Mil. Whom?

Dash. Our friend Beverley, just imported from Paris, perfectly frenchified, and abusing every thing in this country—"Oh! there is no breathing their English atmosphere.—Roast beef and liberty will be the death of me."

Mil. Ha, ha! poor Beverley! I saw him last summer, at Paris, dressed in the style of an English fox-hunter: he swore there was not a morsel to eat in their country, and kept an opera-singer upon beef-steaks and oyster-sauce.

Dash. He has done his country great honour abroad.

Capt. B. He will settle at home now; he is going to be married.

Dash. Yes, I hear he is in love, and much good may it do him. I wish I may die, if I know so ridiculous a thing as love.—"My life!—My soul!—Hybla dwells upon her lips; extasy and bliss! blank verse and pastoral nonsense!" In a little time, the man wonders what bewitched him; an arm chair after dinner, and a box and dice till five in the morning, make all the comforts of his life.

Mil. Very true! Love is a ridiculous passion indeed.

Capt. B. Do you take up arms against me? But a moment since, just as you came in, he was acknowledging to me—

Mil. No, not I, truly; I acknowledge nothing. Marriage is not to my taste, I promise you. The handsome wife!—she is all affectation; routs, drums, hurricanes, and intrigue!

Dash. And the ugly! she makes it up with good sense; pronounces upon wit; and talks you dead with maxims, characters, and reflections.

Mil. And the woman of high birth, she produces her pedigree, as her patent for vice and folly. “Seven’s the main,” and away goes your whole fortune.

Capt. B. Mere common place.

Dash. And the tender maukin! she doats upon you. “Don’t drink any more, my dear; you’ll take cold near that window, my love; pray don’t talk so much; you’ll flurry your spirits.”—And then kisses you before company.

Mil. So it is. Ha, ha, ha! *(Both laugh.)*

Capt. B. You play finely into one another’s hands.

Mil. Now mark the champion of the sex!

Dash. Yes; he’ll throw down the gauntlet for ’em. *(Both laugh.)*

Capt. B. Nay, decide it your own way. Since you won’t hear, gentlemen, there is a clear stage for you.

[Exit, L. H.]

Dash. Fare ye well, most noble captain. A facetious companion! did you ever hear him say any thing?

Mil. He is in for it; and my father would fain reduce me to the same condition with one of Mrs. Bromley’s nieces. A good fine woman, Mrs. Bromley!

Dash. Has been! Were she now to rub her cheek with a white handkerchief, her roses and lilies would go to the clear starcher.

Mil. Ha, ha! and yet she sets up for the rival of her nieces.

Dash. The young ladies are pretty well in their way too. Lady Bell has a brisk volubility of nothing, that she plays the pretty idiot with: and Lady Jane, a sly piece of formality, ready to go post for Scotland, with the first red-coat that asks her the question. We all dine at the widow's to-day, are you to be with us?

Mil. Yes, to meet you: the party will be diverting.

Dash. Observe old Bygrove. He pronounces with rigour upon the conduct of others, and hopes his own follies lie concealed. His whole struggle is to escape detection. Mark him with the widow: you will see him sighing for his deceased wife and Mrs. Bromley's charms at the same time. One eye shall weep for the dead, and the other ogle the living.

Mil. Ha, ha!—And then Malvil laying siege to Miss Neville!

Dash. Miss Neville is the best of them. Mrs. Bromley has taken her into her house, as a poor relation, whom she pities; and her pity is no more than the cruel art of tormenting an unhappy dependant upon her generosity.

Mil. But she has generosity. She has promised Miss Neville a fortune of five thousand pounds

Dash. And so the hook is baited for Malvil. The widow flings out that snare, to counteract Sir Harry.

Mil. Sir Harry!

Dash. Yes; he is in love with Miss Neville; and the best of the story is, he is afraid I shall think him ridiculous. If I say the word, and promise not to laugh at him, he breaks his mind at once. Miss Neville sees clearly that he admires her, and of course will never listen to Malvil. The self-interested designs of that fellow shall be disappointed.

Mil. Admirable! thou art a whimsical fellow. Come, I attend you. A pleasant group they are all together. It is as you say.

Our passions sicken, and our pleasures cloy;

A fool to laugh at, is the height of joy.

[*Exeunt*, L. H.]

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mrs. Bromley's House.*

Enter MRS. BROMLEY and MISS NEVILLE, R.H.

Mrs. B. Why, to be sure, Neville, there is something in what you say: one is so odd, and so I don't know how in a morning.

Miss N. Certainly, madam; and then people of your turn, whose wit overflows in conversation, are liable to waste of spirits, and the alteration appears sooner in them.

Mrs. B. So it does: you observe very prettily upon things. Heigho! I am as faded as an old lute-string to-day.

Miss N. No, indeed, madam, you look very tolerably, considering.

Mrs. B. (Aside.) Considering! she grows pert, I think.—I am glad you think me not altogether intolerable.

Miss N. Ma'am!

Mrs. B. Tolerably! she is Lady Bell's prime agent. *(Aside.)* Has Sir Harry given you hopes lately?

Miss N. Sir Harry! I really don't understand why he is mentioned.

Mrs. B. Do you think it will be a match? And have you made up your quarrel with Lady Bell?

(Sits down.)

Miss N. The sweetness of her disposition reconciles every thing.

Mrs. B. And is Millamour reconciled to Lady Bell?

Miss N. There was only a slight mistake which I explained.

Mrs. B. Oh! you explained? that was prudently done; I am glad to hear this: and do you think he loves her? Tell me, tell me all. Why, why do you think he loves her?

Miss N. He cannot be insensible of her merit; and the other day he asked me if you were likely to approve of his proposing for Lady Bell.

Mrs. B. And you told him.—Well!—what did you tell him?

Miss N. That you, no doubt, would be ready to promote the happiness of so amiable a young lady.

Mrs. B. You told him so? (*Rises and walks to R. H.*) And so you are turned match-maker? you busy yourself in my family!—Hey!—Mrs Start-up! you are dizenized out, I think; my wardrobe has supplied you.

Miss N. Your pardon, ma'am; I had these things in the country, when you first shewed so much goodness to me.

Mrs. B. (*Crosses to R. H.*) What airs! you know I hate to see creatures give themselves airs. Was not I obliged to provide you with every thing?

Miss N. You have been very kind; I always acknowledge it.

Mrs. B. Acknowledge it! Does not every body know it?

Miss N. Yes, ma'am, I dare say every body does know it.

Mrs. B. That's maliciously said: I can spy a sneer upon that false face. You suppose I have made my brags. That's what lurks in your ambiguous meaning. I deserve it: deliver me from poor relations.

Miss N. (*Aside.*) Now the storm begins!—I am sure I have said nothing to offend you. I am helpless. it is true, but your relation, and by that tie a gentlewoman still.

Mrs. B. I ma'd you a gentlewoman. Did not I take you up in the country, where you lived in the parsonage-house, you and your sister, with no other company to converse with, than the melancholy tombstones, where you read the high and mighty characters of John Hodge, and Deborah his wife? While your father's miserable horse, worn to a shadow with carrying double to the next market-town, limped about,

with a dull alms-begging eye in quest of the wretched sustenance, that grew thriftily between the graves? Did not I take you out of your misery?

Miss N. You did, ma'am. (*In a softened tone.*)

Mrs. B. Did not I bring you home to the great house?

Miss N. You did, ma'am. (*Weeps aside.*)

Mrs. B. And I am finely thanked for it. Warm the snake, and it will turn upon you. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Miss N. I cannot bear to be insulted thus! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. So! your spirit is humbled, is it?

Miss N. Give me leave to tell you, madam, that when people of superior fortune, whom Providence has enabled to bestow obligations, claim a right, from the favours they confer, to tyrannise over the hopes and fears of a mind in distress; they exercise a cruelty more barbarous than any in the whole history of human malice.

Mrs. B. Is this your gratitude?

Miss N. I could be thankful for happiness, if you permitted me to enjoy it: but when I find myself, under colour of protection, made the sport of every sudden whim; I have a spirit, madam, that can distinguish between real benevolence, and the pride of riches.

(*Weeps.*)

Mrs. B. I fancy I have been too violent. After all this sour, I must sweeten her a little. (*Aside.*) Come, dry up your tears: you know I'm goodnatured in the main; I am only jealous that you don't seem to love me.

Miss N. Were that left to my own heart, every principle there would attach me to you. But to be dunned for gratitude—

Mrs. B. You are right; the observation is very just: I am in the wrong.—Come, let us be friends, I have a great regard for you, Neville.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—The creature should visit with me, only she looks so well. (*Aside*)—How! did not I hear Mr. Malvil's voice? yes, it is he; I am visible; I am at home; I knew him so. Walk in, Mr Malvil.

Enter MALVIL, L.H.

Mal. To a person of sentiment, like you, madam, a visit is paid with pleasure.

Mrs. B. You are very good to me Neville, do you step and bring me the letter that lies upon my table,—[*Exit Miss Neville, R.H.*—] I am obliged to go out this morning.—(*Smiles at Malvil.*)—She looks mighty well; I have been speaking for you: our scheme will take. Sir Harry will not be able to rival you; she will be your reward for all your services to me.

Mal. Your generosity is above all praise, and so I was saying this moment to Mr. Bygrove: he is coming to wait on you.

Mrs. B. That's unlucky: I wanted to have some talk with you: well, have you seen Millamour?

Mal. Yes, and find him apt: I have hopes of succeeding.

Mrs. B. Hush!—not so loud!—you think me mad, I believe May I hazard myself with that wild man?

Mal. Your virtue will reclaim him. I have a friendship for Millamour, and that is my reason for counter-acting the designs of my friend Bygrove.—Mr. Bygrove has desired me to speak favourably of him to your ladyship.

Mrs. B. Oh! but he kept his last wife mewed up in the country; I should certainly expire in the country.

Mal. He is a very worthy man. I am sorry to see some oddities in him; but that is very common in life. Vices always ~~be~~ ^{lie} upon virtues. Dashwould says,—but there's no believing his slander;—he says Mr. Bygrove's sorrow for his deceased wife, is all a mere artifice, to weep himself into the good graces of another. But I don't believe it.

Mrs. B. I hear him coming. Do you go and take care of your interest with Neville.

Mal. I obey your commands. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mrs. B. I shall make her fortune five thousand. Be sure you speak to Millamour. Go, go; success attend you.
[*Exit Mal. R.H.*]

Enter BYGROVE, L.H.

Byg. (Bowing.) Madam!

Mrs. B. This attention to one in my forlorn state is so obliging—

Byg. It is a favour on your part to receive a lost, dejected, spiritless—

Mrs. B. I admire your sensibility, Mr. Bygrove. That tender look, which you are for ever casting back to a beloved, but irrecoverable object, shews so amiable a sorrow! oh! there is something exquisite in virtuous affection. I have found a pleasing indulgence in contemplations of that sort.

Byg. I have had my trials too. Heigho!

Mrs. B. I beg your pardon: I am recalling your afflictions: you should not give way; you should struggle a little. Heaven knows how I have struggled. I have appeared, indeed, with an air, but it was all struggling.—(*Looks and smiles.*)—I could divert you this morning. Do you know that your son is in love with Lady Jane?

Byg. In love! has he said any thing?

Mrs. B. I don't know as to that; but I can see what is lurking in his heart. He is above-stairs now; I don't half like his choice: Lady Bell is the proper match for him, and her fortune is the best. An estate, you know, must come to her, by the family settlement. You should direct his choice.

Byg. This comes of his presuming to think for himself. Has he declared himself?

Mrs. B. I fancy not; but he hinted something to me, about a match in my family.

Byg. (Looks at her, and smiles.) Why, a match in your family has diverted me of late.—Heigho!—It is the only thing that has entertained me for a long

Mr. B. I have had my fancies too. I should like to talk further, but I am engaged abroad this morning. Can I set you down? Will you trust yourself with me?

Byg. You encourage a smile, madam.

Mrs. B. We shall be the town talk but let them talk; what need we mind? I will just step and say a word to Neville.—You should not be too solitary.

Byg. So my friends tell me.

Mrs. B. I shall be with you in a moment. (*Going, R.H. returns.*) Do you know that we are very like each other in our tempers? After all, that is the true foundation of lasting friendships. Poor dear Mr. Bromley!—(*Going, returns*)—It was similitude of temper brought us together; and if ever I could be prevailed upon again, similitude of temper must do it. Well, you have diverted me this morning. Here comes your son, talk to him now. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BYGROVE, R.H.

Byg. Well, sir, what brings you to this house?

Capt. B. A morning visit, sir, merely to kill half an hour.

Byg. There is nothing I hate so much as hypocrisy. I know your errand: you must pretend to be in love.

Capt. B. I, sir!

Byg. What have you been saying to Lady Jane? I thought I had cautioned you against presuming to think for yourself.

Capt. B. You have been very kind that way.

Byg. See what becomes of your friend Millamour's being left to his own discretion. The ass in the fable, gives but a faint image of him.

Capt. B. And if I, sir, to avoid his irresolution—

Byg. You are in the opposite extreme: he thinks too much and never decides. You never think at all, and so resolve without judgment. Lady Bell is the person I wish to see you married to:—go, and pay your addresses to her. I will settle that matter for you: you

may then marry the person, to whom you have not degraded yourself, by pining, sighing, love verses, and I know not what.

Capt. B. This is all unaccountable to me, sir. If you will but hear me—

Enter MALVIL, R.H.

Byg. No, sir, no; I won't allow you to fetch a single sigh, till I say the word; when I give leave, you may then go and sigh till your heart is ready to break. I'll hear no more: no parlying with me. Leave the house this moment.

Capt. B. I obey. *[Crosses and exit, L.H.]*

Mal. I interrupt you.

Byg. No, no; I am glad to see you. Well, have you had any opportunity with the widow?

Mal. I have; she surprises me a little: she has dropped the mask. I did not think she had been so eager to marry. We had some talk about you. You know my heart: I am always true to my friends: I see but one difficulty: she will never agree to live in the country.

Byg. The lover need not dispute that point, whatever the husband may do hereafter.

Enter MRS. BROMLEY and MISS NEVILLE, R.H.

Mrs. B. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Neville, mind what I say to you: don't let those giddy girls go out in my absence; to walk in the Green Park, or run to hideous painters, under pretence of seeing odious pictures, that they may have an interview with more odious originals. Keep them at home; I will reward your pains. *Allons, Mr. Bygrove.*—*[Exit Bygrove, L.H.]*
—Come, Mr. Malvil.

Mal. Had not I better stay, and—

Mrs. B. No, no; come now, you may return to her.

[Exit, L.H.]

Mad. (To Miss Neville.) You see that I am torn from you ; but I shall return as soon as possible.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Miss N. Tyrannical woman ! some virtue she has ; but they are overshadowed by their opposite qualities. What does Lady Bell mean by talking to me of Sir Harry ?—She does it—I know her goodness—she does it to soften affliction, and, if possible, divert a mind depressed with sorrow. Sir Harry never threw away a thought on me. He behaves, indeed, with marked civility ; but I don't know what to think of him. I must not aspire too high ; no, I have no pretensions.

Enter LADY JANE, R.H.

Lady Jane. Miss Neville, I am very angry with you. What's the matter ? Has any thing made you uneasy ?

Miss N. No : I am not remarkable for high spirits, you know.

Lady Jane. Why would not you give us your company ? How can you be so cross ? That sister of mine is the veriest madcap !

Miss N. Lady Bell is rather lively to be sure.

Lady Jane. But when she once begins, she hazards every thing, and talks sometimes like a very libertine.

Miss N. The overflowing of gaiety, and good humour.

Lady Jane. I wish she would restrain herself a little. Madam La Rouge is with her : she has the sweetest point eyes ever beheld. I was endeavouring to cheapen it, but Lady Bell was so troublesome ; she called me a thousand prudes, and will have it that nothing runs in my head but a lover. As I live and breathe, the giddy romp is coming. You must take my part.

Enter LADY BELL, R.H.

AIR.—LADY BELL.

*Yes, I'm in love, I own it now,
And Celia has undone me ;*

*And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.*

What would I give to have some miserable swain talk in that style of me? "Belinda has undone me;"—charming!

Miss N. A lively imagination is a blessing, and you are happy, Lady Bell.

Lady Bell. I am so: but then I am not talked of; I am losing all my time.

Lady Jane. Why, you bold creature! I hate to hear you talk with so much intrepidity.

Lady Bell. Prudery! my dear sister, downright prudery! I am not for making mysteries of what all the world knows.

Lady Jane. And how do I make mysteries, pray?

Lady Bell. Why, you confident thing! I'll prove it against you.

Lady Jane. But what? what? what will you prove?

Lady Bell. That you are ready to jump out of your little wits for a husband, my demure, sober sister—(*Crosses to Centre.*)—Miss Neville, a poet is not more eager for the success of a new comedy, nor one of his brother poets more desirous to see it fail, than that girl is to throw herself into the arms of a man.

Lady Jane. All scandal, sister.

Lady Bell. Miss Neville shall be judge.

Lady Jane. Your story is mere invention.

Lady Bell. Was there ever such a wrangler?

Lady Jane. You'll not make good your words.

Lady Bell. (*Pats her hand.*) Hold your tongue, miss, will you?

Lady Jane. Very well, go on.

Lady Bell. Will you have done? Now, mind, Miss Neville. She does not want to be married, she says. The other night, my young madam, whose thoughts are always composed and even, went to sleep as soon as we got to bed, and then her busy imagination went to work with all the vivacity of an intriguing chamber-maid.

Lady Jane. And how can you tell that, pray?

Lady Bell. Out of your own mouth you shall be judged. Miss Neville, she talked in her sleep, like a beauty in a side box, and then fell a singing.

*No, no ; he is true, and I believe ;
He look'd, he sigh'd, he can't deceive ;
No, no ; I have conquer'd ; he is mine ;
My heart is touch'd, and I resign.*

Lady Jane. Oh ! you scurrilous creature.

Miss N. Fairly caught, Lady Jane.

Lady Jane. All odious slander ; you judge of me by yourself.

Lady Bell. I do so. I mean to be married, and am frank enough to own it. But you may let "concealment feed on your damask cheek." My damask cheek, I hope, was made for other purposes.

Lady Jane. Gracious ! there is no bearing this. What a mad girl you are !

Lady Bell. Not in the least. A natural character. One would not, to be sure, tell a hideous man that one loves him ; but when one has encouraged him by degrees, and drawn him on like a new glove, and perhaps done him a mischief in the doing of it, why then—

Lady Jane. What then ?

Lady Bell. One would draw him off again, and may be ask a pretty fellow to help a body ; and then the wretch looks so piteous, and kneels at your feet, then rises in a jealous fit. I take my everlasting farewell ; never to return ; no, never ; what to her ? who encouraged me ? encouraged him ? who promised ? broke her promise ? The treacherous, faithless, dear deluding—then returns in an instant ; hands dangling ; eyes imploring ; tongue faltering : Lady Bell—Lady Bell—when you know that I adore you. And I burst into a fit of laughter in his face. Oh ! that's my joy, my triumph, my supreme delight. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lady Jane. And is not there a kind of cruelty in all this ?

Lady Bell. Oh! your very humble servant, my sweet Lady Graveairs. Cruelty! The difference between you and me, sister, is this; you deny your love to your female friends, and own it to the man; now I deny it to him, but among ourselves, I fairly own that Miss Neville is not more impatient to be married to Sir Harry, than I to—

Miss N. Who, I? Spare, me, I beg of you. Why Sir Harry?

Lady Jane. Now, now, your turn is come. Never spare her, sister.

Miss N. You must excuse me. I am not in spirits for all this raillery. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Lady Jane. You shan't leave us.

Miss N. Give me leave: I beg you will. I'll go and talk to Madam La Rouge. Perhaps I may succeed for you. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Lady Jane. Well, if you must go. How you run on, sister! And are you really in love?

Lady Bell. Over head and ears.

Lady Jane. With whom?

Lady Bell. Not with captain Bygrove: how alarmed you are! With Millamour, sister.

Lady Jane. Fix that roving temper, if you can: he will be on his knees to you, and the first pair of black eyes that enters the room will be through his heart.

Lady Bell. As to that, I give myself very little trouble: but if I could once catch him paying his adoration to me, my aunt Bromley does not rise and sink poor Miss Neville's spirits with such exquisite skill in the art of tormenting, as I should his. I should use him as the men do their punch: a little more sweet, a little more sour; a little more spirit: more acid again; then perhaps say it's good for nothing; and then, perhaps—

Lady Jane. What?

Lady Bell. Sip it up at last, as you would do at first. You wicked girl, how could you ask me such a question? La! what am I about? I have a thousand things to do.

Enter MISS NEVILLE and MADAM LA ROUGE, R.H.

La Rou. Ah! my lady! always so gay! English eliminate no effect upon you. *De manieres de Paris* for all de vorl. *En verite vous est charmante.*

Lady Bell. Oh! Madam La Rouge, you say such polite things: but you rob me of all my money. My sister is rich: you had better deal with her. Sister, you'll be married before me. (*Sings.*)

No, no, he is true, and I believe, &c. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Lady Jane. Was ever any thing so crazy?

[*Exit*, R.H.]

La Rou. Mademoiselle, I tell you, persuade my lady to have de lace, and you come to my house, me give you ver pretty present.

Miss N. Oh! you have a national talent for applying a little bribery.

La Rou. Ah! *Monsieur Malvil.*

Enter MALVIL. L.H.D.

Mal. Madam La Rouge, I did not expect this pleasure.

La Rou. It is always pleasure to see *mes amis*;—You have ver good choice—Sir Harry have taste as well as you. Mademoiselle, you are ver great favourite.

Miss N. A favourite! keep your vivacity for some other subject: don't make me the town talk.

La Rou. Monsieur, you lose all your time. (*Goes to him, and speaks low.*) You wait de fortune from madam Bromley: Sir Harry will take her vidout any money at all. Vat you slow for?

Mal. Are the apartments kept ready at your house?

La Rou. De apartment it is ready. You take it two, tree weeks ago, and pay de rent for noting—I leave you vid de lady; and I go mind *mes affaires*. *Bon voyage.* [*Exit*, L.H.]

Mal. I have disengaged myself, to have the honqur of attending you.

Miss N. Your attention is thrown away. Did not I hear Mr. Millamour's voice?

Mal. Yes; he came with me; he is gone into the next room to pay his compliments to Lady Jane. You look chagrined, what has disturbed you?

Miss N. The old story; Mrs. Bromley's eternal whims.

Mal. Your delicacy charms me: it has fixed me yours. I long for nothing so much, as to see you out of her power. They have a strange report about town: people will be talking; the whisper goes that Mr. Bygrove, amidst all his grief, is sily in a hurry for another wife. Mrs. Bromley, they say, encourages him: and at the same time has a design upon my friend Millamour.

Miss N. The world is not always wrong.

Mal. Malice will be busy; and does not spare the young ladies.

Miss N. If any thing is said to their disadvantage, believe me, they do not deserve it.

Mal. I dare say not: I don't think they are too forward. I am sorry to see, in one of the papers to-day, a character of Sir Harry, not at all favourable. His little follies, his whims, and caprices one does not mind: he may walk in Dashwould's train as long as he pleases; that only makes him ridiculous. But it grieves me to hear that perfidy stains his character, and, as I am told the worst of perfidy; the ruin of beauty and innocence is his ruling passion.

Miss N. This is very odd: somebody has been at the trouble of sending me an anonymous letter to that very effect: and why to me? I am not able to decypher.

Mal. I don't like anonymous letters. In general they aim at mischief, but this perhaps, is meant as a caution to you: it must be a friend that sent it. Mrs. Bromley, I know, has no opinion of Sir Harry. His designs, with regard to you, she does not think favourable. My heart interests me for you. You know I

am \ll heart. The plan which Mrs. Bromley has proposed!—Hark! I think I hear Millamour coming. I'll follow you up stairs.

Miss N. O, sir! you have frightened me out of my wits. [Exit, R.H.S.E.]

Mal. She loves Sir Harry, I see; and yet she shan't slip through my hands. I can set on Mrs. Bromley to lead her a weary life, and if I can prevail upon Millamour to renounce Lady Bell, and marry the widow, my business is done. When Miss Neville is heartily tormented by Mrs. Bromley, affliction softens the mind, and I may then decoy her away, and stand upon terms with the family. But Dashwould's wit will fly about. No matter: he is a sad scoundrel, and does not mind how he murders reputations. So! here comes Millamour. I must get clear of him, and talk further with Miss Neville.

Enter MILLAMOUR, R.H.

Mil. From this moment I blot all other women from my memory. Malvil, wish me joy. The perplexity of choice is now at an end.

Mal. Why, what has happened?

Mil. Lovely Lady Jane.

“And yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.”
I can't stay to tell you now.

Mal. Nor will I stay to interrupt your raptures. You know, I wish you success. [Exit, R.H.S.E.]

Enter LADY BELL, R.H

Lady B. (Reading.)

Who yields too soon, must soon her lover lose.

Would you restrain him long? then long refuse.

Mil. (Looks at her, and smiles.) There is something commanding in that air of vivacity.

Lady B. (Reads.)

Oft at the door let him for entrance wait,

There let him in——

How! Millamour here! how could you surprise me so? You horrid thing! how long have you been here?

Mil. Been, madam?—I have been—I have been in the next room, paying my respects to your sister.

Lady Bell. And never inquired for poor Lady Bell?

Mil. Your ladyship wrongs me. You are doing injustice to your own charms: they can never be forgot.

Lady Bell. I see how it is: the other day you was listed in my service, and now a deserter to my sister! you are right, you would have been upon hard duty with me.

Mil. Any duty but a forlorn hope would be—

Lady Bell. Hope!—why sure, you would not have had the intolerable assurance, to entertain the smallest degree of hope. My sister, I suppose, has given you some hope. Ay! that's her way: she moves by settled rules, and shines with equal light. Now I—I am a mere comet, I blaze of a sudden; dazzle for a while, then wheel away, and am thought of no more.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Mil. That gaiety of her's is charming. (*Aside.*) The impression your ladyship makes——

Lady Bell. Words; mere words;—no: I am a strange piece of wild nature: never the same for two minutes together. Now, my sister, she is a Prussian blue, holds her colour, and is always the same.—I—I am a more changeable silk—I shift about, and display my wit, and my folly, so curiously blended, that no body can tell where one begins, or the other ends. I am not worth your notice. (*Sings, and crosses to R.H.*)

Mil. (*Looking at her.*) She has described herself admirably; without variety, a woman is a downright piece of insipidity.

Lady Bell. Yes, I have my whims. Never the same for two minutes together. Now I love to give a scope to folly, and the men say, “curse catch her, she pleases more, when in the wrong, than other women when they are in the right.” Then good sense is the word; and the next moment I can't bear the fatigue of thinking; why won't somebody write a comedy to divert me when all spirit, and I long to lead up the *Yal*

*Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their weakness all their charms they owe.*
(Sings, and crosses to L.H.)

Mil. (Aside.) Lady Jane is mere mediocrity compared to her

Lady Bell. Lord! I run on a strange rate. Yours,
Mr. Millamour: au revoir. (Crosses to R.H.)

Mil. A moment longer: you must not leave me:
You possess my heart: possess it without a rival.

Lady Bell. Hey! what's the matter now?

Mil. Do not trifle with a passion sincere as mine. I
adore you, my Lady Bell; adore your matchless charms;
thus on my knees adore.

Lady Bell. Stay, stay; let me see what the poet
says, (Reads quick.)

*Oft at your door let him for ent'rance wait,
There let him kneel, and threaten and entreat.*

There, stay there; don't offer to stir. Now put up
both your hands, and pray, pray, have compassion,
Lady Bell. [Exit laughing, R.H.]

Mil. She flies disdainful from her lover's view,
Yet looks and bids him, as she flies, pursue.
[Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mrs. Bromley's.*

Enter LADY JANE, and CAPT. BYGROVE, R.H.

Lady Jane. And laid his commands upon you to
address my sister?

Capt. B. Most peremptorily.

Lady Jane. You have obeyed him, I hope.

Capt. B. You know your power too well; you know

that I am devoted to you, and that my happiness depends upon the promise you have made me.

Lady Jane. There, that is always the way with you men: every thing we say, is construed into a promise.

Capt. B. And have not you promised?

Lady Jane. (*Looks at him, and smiles.*) Need I answer that question? How easily frightened you are! but you have some reason to be alarmed. Millamour has been on his knees to me, breathing such raptures.

Capt. B. Ay!—who has set him on?—what can be at the bottom of this?—And have you listened to him?—Here comes Dashwould; he perhaps can explain.

Lady Jane. He will only laugh at us; and so I'll make my escape. (*Going.*)

Capt. B. Not to hear Millamour again, I hope.

(*Takes her hand.*)

Lady Jane. Well, well, to purchase my liberty, you need not fear. I have received his vows, delivered with such ardour!—how terrified you look!—I have listened to him, to alarm my sister with an idea of Millamour's growing passion for me. If her jealousy is once touched, it may fix her resolution. At present, she is as volatile as Millamour himself.

Enter DASHWOULD, R.H.

Dash. As volatile as Millamour? what can that be? I never knew any thing that would bear a comparison.

Lady Jane. What think you of my sister?

Dash. Lady Bell has her whims. I left her above stairs, in close conference with Millamour; he has deserted your ladyship already, Mrs. Bromley will be the next, I hope: your father, Captain, would grieve more for that, than for his deceased wife.

Lady Jane. And then Miss Neville's turn may come.

Dash. Oh! no. To sport with her would be injury. But a brisk widow, is fair game.

Capt. B. Yes, and it may help to cure my father of folly.

Lady Jane. It would be sport, but I despair of it. Well, there's a gentleman wants your advice, and so I'll leave you together. [*Crosses, and exit, R.H.*]

Capt. B. My dear Dashwould, you must assist me.

Dash. What distresses you?

Capt. B. My evil genius is at work. You know what my father has resolved upon. Lady Bell is the person he chooses for me.

Dash. I know all that business: a counterplot of the widow's fertile brain, to disappoint Lady Bell, and wreak her malice on Millamour.

Capt. B. But the malice falls on me only. Why will not Millamour know his own mind? Lady Bell loves him; I know she does. I am thwarted in the tenderest point; what must be done?

Dash. Do as they would have you: you ensure success. Millamour's jealousy takes fire upon the first alarm, and while the passion holds, he will have vigour enough to act decisively.

Capt. B. May I hazard the experiment?

Dash. It's a sure card. Take my advice.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, R.H.

Miss N. Mrs. Bromley's coach has just stopped at the door: had not you better step up stairs, gentlemen?

Enter SIR HARRY, R.H.

Sir Har. Dashwould, you are absent too long. They are all as dull as a funeral, above stairs.

Dash. (*Aside to Capt. B.*) How the baronet follows Miss Neville from room to room!—Come, Captain, I'll play a game of picquet with you before dinner—*Allons!* [*Exit with Capt. B. R.H.*]

Sir Har. If I might have the liberty, ma'am, to—
Miss N. Another time, if you please, Sir Harry.
Mrs. Bromley is coming; I hear her voice.

Sir Har. And you promise me the hearing?

Miss N. You are entitled to it sir. I beg you'll leave me now.

Sir H. I obey your commands; I am gone; you'll remember. [Exit, R.H.]

Miss N. Here she comes; and I think in good humour.

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY, L.H.

Mrs. B. Oh! I am heartily tired. I have been paying visits to people who have never been let into my house, and who, I hope, will never be at home for me. I hate them all, but out of civility, we must keep up an acquaintance. Where are the girls? Has any body been here?

Miss N. Mr. Millamour, ma'am, and the rest of the gentlemen that dine here: they are all above stairs.

Mrs. B. Stupidity! did not I give orders—How long has Millamour been here?

Miss N. About an hour.

Mrs. B. With Lady Bell, I suppose—Thou base ingratitude! and Sir Harry is here too, I reckon. Does your match go on? You shall go back to the country. I promise you. You'll be the ruin of those girls. They shall have no visitors when my back is turned. I'll give orders to all the servants this very moment.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Enter Sir JOHN MILLAMOUR, L.H.

Sir John. To see Mrs. Bromley looking so well—

Mrs. B. You are very polite, sir. Business calls me now, Sir John; I beg your pardon.

[Crosses, and exit, L.H.]

Sir John. Has my son been here to-day?

Miss N. He is above stairs with Lady Bell, sir.

Mrs. B. (*Within, L.H.*) Miss Neville, Neville, I say!

Miss N. You'll excuse me, Sir John; what can she want? [Crosses, and exit, L.H.]

Sir John. This visit portends some good, I hope; I

shall be happy if he has declared himself. I'll step and see what he is about. (Crosses to L.H.)

Enter MILLAMOUR, R.H.

Mil. Exquisite! lovely angel!

Sir John. Well!—how! what!

Mil. I beg your pardon, sir, I am not at leisure; I am in the third region; and can't descend to the language of the nether world.

Sir John. Then you are in love, George.

Mil. She is a sister of the graces, and surpasses the other three. I am fixed; unalterably fixed; and am going about the marriage articles directly.

Sir John. They are at my lawyer's, ready engrossed, and only wait for the lady's name to fill up the blanks.

Mil. I know it, sir; I must step for them; I have it through my heart: I feel it here: I am your humble servant, sir. (Going, L.H.)

Sir John. No, no, do you stay here; I'll step for Mr. Copyhold. The writings shall be here in ten minutes. [Crosses, and exit, L.H.]

Mil. The sooner the better, sir.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Loll, lol lol. (Sings.)

Enter MALVIL, L.H.

Mal. Bravo! you seem in prodigious spirits.

Mil. I am so: I am happy in myself, and happy in my friends, and happy in every circumstance, and in tip-top spirits, and—my dear Malvil, yours down to the ground.

Mal. Methinks I sympathize with you. When our friends are happy, the sensation is well called a fellow feeling.

Mil. Malvil, I thank you; your turn of mind is formed for lasting friendship. With Dashwould it is all

dissipation, and giddy mirth, the mere bubble of pleasure. To you, I may talk seriously. The topic of the day is enough for Dashwould. I can now tell you, that I shall be happy for life. But for Dashwould, I should have been settled long ago. That fellow has led me into a thousand errors.

Mal. He has his admirers, and not without reason. He thinks me his enemy. Dashwould, notwithstanding all his faults, does hit the mark sometimes. I don't usually laugh at his pleasantry; I don't like to encourage him too much: but it must be owned, he is often right. Behind his back I cannot help being diverted by him. He has a quick insight into characters.

Mil. No want of penetration there.

Mal. He is a shrewd observer.

Mil. Nobody more so.

Mal. If he has a regard for any body, it is for you. You are the only man I never heard him speak ill of. A match with Lady Bell is not to his mind. He talked seriously on the subject. Has not he told you?

Mil. Not a syllable.

Mal. I wonder at that. Lady Bell, he says, shewed herself early. Impatient of advice, attentive to nothing but her beauty! whole days at her looking glass—I repeat his very words.—At her toilet every feature had its instructions how to look; but no instruction for the mind. And then, says he, that terrible love of gaming!—

Mil. Gaming!

Mal. Don't you know it? I can't say I ever saw it myself. Time will determine her character.

Mil. If she loves gaming, it is pretty well determined already. But my Lady Jane, there's a model for her sex to imitate.

Mal. Have you watched her well? People should appear what they really are. Mrs. Bromley has been very communicative about Lady Jane.

Mil. You alarm me. My dear friend, explain!

Mal. To do Lady Bell justice, she is above disguise. And though she has her faults, I have seen her please by her very faults.

an. Mil. (Smiling.) And so have I. Her very blenishes are beauty spots.

Mal. No frankness about the youngest girl. It is friendship for you that makes me speak. Her character is all forced, studied, put on with her rouge.

Mil. Does she paint?

Mal. A little; the prudent touch. I am sorry for her. When she is settled in the world, many qualities, which now lie concealed, will break out into open daylight.

Mil. What a masked battery there will be to play off upon her husband!

Mal. Their aunt told me all in confidence. You may judge how painful it is to her. I have known the family for some time. I can't but be sorry for the young ladies.

Mil. And since this is the case, I don't care how little I know of them, or their family.

Mal. No occasion to quarrel with the family. Great merit about Mrs. Bromley. She made an admirable wife, and at an early period. She was but seventeen when she was married.

Mil. No more?

Mal. Not an hour: she is not thirty: an estate in her own right, and the command of half a borough. No opposition there; the old houses have the votes. A man may get a seat without trouble. Does not Sir John want to see you in Parliament?

Mil. Yes. It would give him pleasure.

Mal. Well, you will judge for yourself. Were I as you, I should know what course to take. Here she comes! a good fine woman! a man may there sit down to his happiness at once.

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, L.H.

Mr. B. Mr. Millamour.—(Curtsies.)—Mr. Malvil, what have you done with Mr. Bygrove?

Mal. I parted with him where you set us down.—

(*Speaks to her aside.*)—I have talked to Millamour, and I think it will do.

Mrs. B. Go you up stairs. (*Aside to Malvil, L.H.*)

Mal. How charmingly you look! like Lady Bell's eldest sister!

Mrs. B. Po! you are laughing at me.

Mal. Not I, truly: I appeal to Millamour. I'll take the liberty to join the company above.—(*Aside to Mil.*)—She is the best of the family. [*Exit, M.D.*]

Mrs. B. A valuable man Malvil is! He has a great esteem for you, sir. His sincerity is unequalled. You seem thoughtful, Mr. Millamour.

Mil. Thoughtful, ma'am!—There are certain subjects that—what Malvil says is true.—A man may marry her, and sit down to his happiness at once.

(*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. Sir John has been saying a great deal to me about you.

Mil. Has he, ma'am!—There is a circumstance, which he is as yet a stranger to—a circumstance which, to communicate, will perhaps—it is what I have long wished, and—

Mrs. B. Faultering! hesitating! (*Aside.*) I interrupt you.

Mil. There is a circumstance, ma'am!—the affair is—my father for a long time—Sir John, for a long time—Sir John has wished—

Mrs. B. To see you married?

Mil. To see me married, ma'am—and—he has—he has wished it much.—And a settlement, by way of jointure,—long ready for the lady's name—that is—any lady, who shall honour me with her affection—and—

Mrs. B. No lady can be insensible of your pretensions.

Mil. You are very good, ma'am; and after long observation, and a lasting passion grafted on it, which, though silent hitherto—yet working secretly—when disclosed at length—may to the person in the world—who already formed by experience, may in every respect—and if without presuming too far—

Mrs. B. What a delicate confusion he is in. (*Aside.*)

Mil. And if this paper, ma'am—

Mrs. B. (*Taking the Paper.*) When given by you, sir—

Enter BYGROVE, L.H.

Perverse and cruel ! (*Walks aside.*)

Byg. You both look grave ; nothing amiss, I hope.

Mrs. B. Every thing is as it should be, sir. *Mr.* Millamour will do what is right—(*Smiling at him.*)—You may leave it all to him ; trust to his judgment.

Enter SIR HARRY, M.D.

Sir H. Millamour, I have such a story for you : Malvil and Dashwould have been quarrelling about you, and—

Byg. Po ! and here they all come ; I knew the substance could not be far off, when the shadow projected before it.

Enter LADY BELL, DASHWOULD, and MALVIL, M.D.

Lady Bell. *Mr. Dashwould*, do you think I'll bear this ? What liberty will you take next ? You think, because I laugh, that I am not offended.—Aunt, I received a letter, and he has attempted to snatch it from me.

Dash. Why it brings a little cargo of ridicule from the country, and my friend Malvil sees no joke in it.

Mal. When my friend's name is brought in question, sir—

Lady Bell. It is diverting, notwithstanding.—Aunt, what do you think ! My cousin Cynthia, you know, was to be married to Sir George Squanderstock ; her mother opposed it, and broke off the match, and now it's come out, that she was all the time the clandestine rival of her own daughter.

Mil. Not inapplicable to the present business! (Aside.)

Mrs. B. Go, you giddy girl, no such thing!

Mil. (Aside.) She charms by her very faults.

Sir H. (Goes up to Bygrove.) And Dashwould has been saying—

Byg. Po! repeat none of his sayings to me.

Lady Bell. Did you say any thing, Mr. Dashwould? What was it? (Crosses to Dash. R.H.)

Dash. Oh! nothing. Sir George Squanderstock is my very good friend.

Mal. And for that reason you might spare him. No man is without his faults.

Dash. Ay, allow him faults, out of tenderness.

Byg. Sir George is a valuable man, sir, and represents his country to great advantage.

Dash. He does so; takes a world of pains; nothing can escape him; Manilla ransom not paid; there must be a motion about that matter: he knots his handkerchief to remember it.—Scarcity of corn! another knot—triennial parliaments—(Knots.)—juries judges of law as well as fact—(Knots.)—national debt—(Knots.)—bail in criminal cases—(Knots.)—and so on he goes, till his handkerchief is twisted into questions of state; the liberties and fortunes of all posterity dangling like a bed-roll; he puts it in his pocket, drives to the gaming table, and the next morning his handkerchief goes to the wash, and his country and the minority are both left in the suds.

Lady Bell. What a description! } (Both laugh.)

Sir H. Hey! lively Lady Bell!

Mil. Ho! ho! I thank you, Dashwould.

Mrs. B. (Aside to Millamour.) How can you encourage him? Let us leave them to themselves.

Mal. You see, Mr. Bygrove—

Byg. Ay! thus he gets a story to graft his malice upon, and then he sets the table in a roar at the next tavern.

Sir H. Never be out of humour with Dashwould, Mr. Bygrove; he keeps me alive; he has been exhi-

Byg. Looking pictures of this sort all the morning, as we rambled about the town.

Byg. Go on, Sir Harry, ape your friend in all his follies; be the nimble marmozet; to grin at his tricks, and try to play them over again yourself.

Sir H. Well now, that is too severe: Dashwould, defend me from his wit. You know I swallow all your good things.

Dash. You never bring any of them up.

Enter Miss NEVILLE, L.H. and whispers Mrs. Bromley.

Mrs. B. Very well, Neville, I'll come presently.

[Exit Miss Neville, L.H.]

Mal. (*Looking at Miss Neville.*) I shall stay no longer. Mr. Bygrove, will you walk? *[Exit, L.H.]*

Byg. No, sir, I shall not leave the enemy in this room behind me: a bad translator of an ancient poet, is not so sure to deface his original, as his licentious strain to disparage every character.

Dash. Sir Harry, he will neither give nor take a joke.

Sir H. No, I told you so.

Byg. Let me tell you once for all sir—

Dash. I wish you would.

Byg. Why interrupt? Do you know what I was going to say?

Dash. No, do you?

Mil. I'll leave them all to themselves.

[Steals out, M.D.]

Mrs. B. (*Aside.*) Millamour gone! *[Exit, M.D.]*

Byg. And what does all this mighty wit amount to? The wit in vogue, exposes one man; makes another expose himself; gets into the secrets of an intimate acquaintance, and publishes a story to the world; belies a friend; puts an anecdote, a letter, an epigram into the newspaper; and that is the whole amount of modern wit.

Dash. A strain of morose invective is more ^{agree-}ing to be sure.

Byg. (*Looking about for Mrs. Bromley.*) Well, sir, we'll adjourn the debate. You may go on; misrepresent every thing; if there is nothing ridiculous, invent a story; and when you have done it, it is but a cheap and frivolous talent. Has a lady a good natural bloom? Her paint must be an expensive article. Does she look grave? She will sin the deeper. Is she gay and affable? Her true character will come out at the Commons. That is the whole of your art, and I leave you to the practice of it. (*Going, L.H.*)

Dash. Satirical Bygrove! now the widow has him in tow.

Byg. (*Turning round.*) Could not you stay till my back was fairly turned? [*Exit, L.H.*]

Dash. What a look there was!

Lady Bell. At what a rate you run on! you keep the field against them all.

Dash. Sir Harry, step up, and watch him with the widow.

Sir H. I will; don't stay too long.

Dash. I'll follow you: and hark, make your party good with Miss Neville.

Sir H. You see, Lady Bell, a fling at every body.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Dash. The baronet does not want parts; that is to say, he has very good materials to play the fool with. I shall get him to marry Miss Neville.

Lady Bell. Bring that about, and you will for once do a serious action, for which every body will honour you.

Dash. In the mean time, do you watch your aunt Bromley: she is your rival.

Lady Bell. Rival? that would be charming!

Dash. It is even so. Now Millamour's understanding is good, but his passions quick: if you play your cards right—

Lady Bell. Are you going to teach me how to manage a man?

an. Dash. Coquetry will never succeed with him. A quicksand does not shift so often as his temper. You must take him at his word, and never give him time to change and veer about.

Lady Bell. Totally out of nature.

Dash. Oh! very well; I give up the point.

[*Exit, M.D.*]

Lady Bell. You may leave the man to my management. My aunt Bromley rival me! that would be delightful.

Enter JADY JANE, M.D.

Well, sister!

Lady Jane. Can you be serious for a moment?

Lady Bell. Well, the solemnity of that look! Must I set my face by yours, and contract a wrinkle, by a formal economy of features, which you, like the rest of the world, mistake for wisdom?

Lady Jane. Will you hear me? They are hurrying this match too fast, I think. Sir John is come, and his lawyer is expected every moment. He wants to conclude the affair this day, and my aunt does not oppose it. But I don't like all this hurry.

Lady Bell. And why need you be concerned about it?

Lady Jane. Do you think Millamour capable of love?

Lady Bell. For the moment. It will be difficult to fix him.

Lady Jane. What would you have me do?

Lady Bell. Do?—Nothing.

Lady Jane. How silly! you know it is not my seeking.

Lady Bell. What are you about? Talking in your sleep again? Lady Jane, wake yourself. What have you taken into your head?

Lady Jane. Why, since Mr. Millamour has prevailed with me—

Lady Bell. His affections then are fixed upon you?—Why the man has been dying at my feet, with a face as long as my arm.

Lady Jane. You will permit me to laugh in my turn.

Lady Bell. Oh! I can laugh with you, and at you, and at him too. This gives spirit to the business: here are difficulties, and difficulties enhance victory, and victory is triumph.

Lady Jane. Very well! oh! brave! laugh away! you will be undeceived presently.—If this does not take, I am at the end of my line. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lady Bell. What does all this mean? Rivalled, outwitted by my sister! Insupportable! This begins to grow serious.

Enter MILLAMOUR, M.D.

Mil. Sdeath! she is here! Sir John is quite impatient, and I am going for his attorney.

Lady Bell. And Lady Jane is impatient too: she is the object of your choice.

Mil. Lady Jane! you are pleasant, very pleasant!

Lady Bell. She has told me with inflexible gravity!

Mil. She is a great wit; and great wits have great quickness of invention; and so a story is easily dressed up. I could crack my sides with laughing. If trifling civilities have been received as a declaration of love—

Lady Bell. And is that the case? Very whimsical indeed!

Mil. Yes, very whimsical! I am eternally yours, ma'am, and I am on the wing, and your ladyship's adorer.—Confusion! [*Going, L.H.*]

Enter LADY JANE,

Lady Jane. (*Aside.*) Now to plague them both.—Sister, you may hear it from himself.

Lady Bell. That lady, sir, has the strangest notion—

Lady Jane. You will be so good as to explain all to my sister.

Mil. (*Aside.*) Both upon me at once.—I have ex-

ar-jined, madam, and all further talk about it is unnecessary.

Lady Bell. Only to satisfy her curiosity.

Lady Jane. To shew my sister her mistake.

Mil. (*To Lady Jane.*) I have made every thing clear, ma'am.—(*To Lady Bell.*)—Have not I, Lady Bell? And—(*Turns to Lady Jane.*)—every thing now is upon a proper footing.

Lady Jane. Very well; only give her to understand—

Mil. Your understanding is admirable—(*Turns to Lady Bell.*)—I told you she would talk in this style.—(*Turns to Lady Jane.*)—You are perfectly right, and nobody understands things better.—(*Turns to Lady Bell.*)—Nobody whatever.

(*Looks and laughs at both by turns.*)

Lady Bell. But give me leave, you must speak out, sir.

Mil. (*Aside to Lady Bell.*) Never argue about it, it is not worth your while.

Lady Jane. There is some mystery in all this.

Mil. No; all very clear:—(*To Lady Jane.*)—drop it for the present.

Lady Bell. But I desire no doubt may remain.

Lady Jane. And I don't like to be kept in suspense. (*Both pulling him by the arm.*)

Mil. Distraction! I am like a lawyer, that has taken fees on both sides. You do me honour, ladies; but upon my soul, I can't help laughing. It will divert us some day or other, this will. Oh, ho, ho! I shall die with laughing. (*Breaks from them.*)

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, L.H. and SIR JOHN, R.H.

Mrs. B. What is all this uproar for?

Mil. Another witness of my folly!

(*Runs to the other side.*)

Enter DASHWOULD, M.D.

Dash. Millamour, I give you joy. Mr. Copyhold,

your attorney, is come with the deeds. What's t' matter?

Mil. The strangest adventure! I can't stay now. The ladies have been very pleasant. You love humour, and they have an infinite deal. I'll come to you in a moment. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir John. George, don't run away, let us finish the business.

Dash. If he says he'll marry, you may depend upon him. A poet determined to write no more, or a gamester forswearing play, is not sure to keep his word. I wish I may die, if I don't think him as much to be relied upon as a prime minister.

Lady Bell. Aunt, would you believe it? The demure Lady Jane—(*Bursts into a laugh.*)—She has taken such a fancy into her head! Millamour she thinks is up to the eyes in love with her.

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha! poor Lady Jane!

Lady Jane. And my sister's pride is hurt. She carries it with an air, as if she had made a complete conquest.

Mrs. B. How ridiculous the girls are! your son has opened his mind to you, Sir John?

Sir John. He has, and I approve of his choice. I hope it is as agreeable to you as to his father.

Mrs. B. I don't know how to refuse my consent.

Enter BYGROVE, L.H.U.E.

Byg. (*Listening.*) What does all this mean?

Dash. As I could wish. There he is.

(*Seeing Bygrove.*)

Mrs. B. Since it has your approbation, Sir John, I believe I must yield my consent. I never thought to marry again, but since you will have it so—

Sir John. Lady Bell, I understand, is willing to do me the honour of being my daughter-in-law.

Lady Bell. Oh! ho, ho, ho! this makes amends for all. My dear aunt Bromley, are you imposed

apon? Did you listen to the traitor's vows?—The
 perfidious?— (Laughs violently.)

Dash. He will soon be settled, Sir John, since there
 are now three rival goddesses contending for him. Mr.
 Bygrove, you are come in good time.

Byg. What fool's part are you to play now?

(Coming forward.)

Mrs. B. Sir John, I desire I may not be made your
 sport. Have not I here, under his hand, a declaration
 of his mind; here, in this copy of verses, given to me
 by himself, an earnest of his affection?

Lady Bell. Verses, aunt?

Lady Jane. Verses to you?

Mrs. B. Verses to me: only hear, Sir John. (Reads.)
 "I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
 And fain would have paid adoration."

Lady Bell. Stay, stay; mine begin the same way.
 (Takes out a paper.)

Lady Jane. The very words of mine.

(Takes out a paper.)

Mrs. B. Will those girls have done? (Reads.)
 "But when I endeavour'd the matter to break,"

Lady Bell. (Reads.) "Still then I said least of
 my passion."

Mrs. B. Will you be quiet? (Reads.)

"Still then I said least of my passion;
 I swore to myself"—

Lady Bell. (Reads fast.) "And resolv'd I would
 try"—

Mrs. B. and Lady Bell. (Reading together.)
 "Some way my poor heart to recover."

Lady Jane, Lady Bell, and Mrs. B. (Reading
 eagerly together.) "But that was all vain, for I
 sooner could die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her."

Lady Bell. Oh, ho, ho, ho! Mr. Dashwould, what
 a piece of work has he made!

Dash. And the verses copied from Congreve.

Lady Bell. Copied from Congreve!

(Laughs heartily.)

Sir John. I never was so covered with confusion !
[*Exit.*]

Lady Bell. I never was so diverted in all my days

Dash. He has acted with great propriety upon the occasion.

Mrs. B. He has made himself very ridiculous. He has exposed nobody but himself. Contempt is the only passion he can excite. A crazy, mad, absurd—

(*Tearing the paper.*)

Lady June. An inconstant, wild, irresolute—

(*Tears the paper.*)

Lady Bell. Ha, ha, ha ! so whimsical a character.

[*Kisses the paper, and exit, R.H.*]

Dash. (*To Bygrove.*) What shall I give you for your chance ?

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Byg. More than I'll give you for your wit. [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*An Apartment at Mrs. Bromley's*

Enter DASHWOULD and SIR HARRY, M.D.

Dash. This way, Sir Harry. While they are all engaged in the pleasures of the table, I want a word with you in private. Did you mark Miss Neville, at dinner ?

Sir Har. You know I did. And when Mrs. Bromley railed at her——

Dash. She railed at her with a littleness of spirit, that disgraced wealth and influence, and gave to poverty the superior character. Were I at the head of such a fortune as yours, to choose a wife, she should be the object of my affection. You like her, that's clear.

Sir Har. But she does not like me, and that's as
of. Somebody has done me a prejudice there. She
received this letter, and gave me it to read.

Dash. (*Reads.*) "To Miss Neville"—(*Opens it.*)
Without a name.

Sir Har. A poison'd arrow in the dark.

Dash. (*Reads.*) "Anonymous letters are generally
the effect of clandestine marriage; this comes from a
friend. If your honour, your virtue, and your peace of
mind are worth your care, avoid the acquaintance of
Sir Harry. He is the deceiver of innocence, and means
to add your name to the list of those whom his trea-
chery has already ruined. Make use of this hint, and
act accordingly." A pretty epistle—(*Pauses.*) Don't I
know this hand? So, so! I understand it, I can trace
this; say no more, Sir Harry: pursue Miss Neville
the closer for this. Will you let such a fellow as Mal-
vil rob you of a treasure?

Sir Har. You don't suspect him?

Dash. Leave it all to me. Assure Miss Neville that
this shall be cleared up. Hush! we are interrupted:
go and join the company.

Enter MALVIL, M.D.

Sir Har. Pshaw! plague! the company without you—

Dash. Very well; leave me now. [*Exit Sir H. M.D.*
What's the matter, Malvil?

Mal. It will be over presently: a sudden sensation;
I can't bear to see others made unhappy. Mrs. Brom-
ley is a very valuable woman, but at times rather vio-
lent.

Dash. And that's much to be lamented, is not it?

Mal. You may laugh at it, sir, but I think it a se-
rious matter. I left poor Miss Neville in a flood of
tears: and——here she comes.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, M.D.

Dash. Not rising from table so soon?

Miss N. Excuse me, sir, I had rather not stay.

Dash. Never mind Mrs. Bromley's humours ; we will all take your part.

Miss N. I am not fit for company, sir.

Dash. I am sorry to lose you. (*Crosses to L.H.*)
I'll leave you with my worthy friend : he will administer consolation. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Miss N. Was there ever such inhuman tyranny ? Insulted before the whole company !

Mal. It hurts me to the quick. I could not have believed her capable of such violence.

Miss N. You saw that I gave her no provocation.

Mal. It pains me to see what I do.

Miss N. During the whole time of dinner, ~~it was~~ one continued invective against me.

Mal. Millamour's behaviour had disconcerted her. But that is no excuse. Goodness by fits, and generosity out of mere whim, can never constitute a valuable character. I am sorry to see you so afflicted.

Miss N. You are very good, sir.

Mal. No, I have no merit in it ; the instincts of my nature leave me no choice. I have studied myself, and I find I am only good by instinct. I am strangely interested for you. I have thought much of your situation ; our time is short ; they will be all rising from table presently. Attend to what I say : since Mrs. Bromley is so incessant in her tyranny, do as I already hinted to you. Withdraw from this house at once. Madam La Rouge has an apartment ready for you. You may there remain concealed. In the mean time, I shall be at work for you. I shall prevail upon Mrs. Bromley to keep her word, about the five thousand pounds. That added to what is in my power, will make a handsome settlement for you.

Miss N. You heard what she said to Sir Harry ?

Mal. She wants to drive you to some act of despair ; perhaps to give you up a sacrifice to Sir Harry's loose desires.

Miss N. Are you so clear about Sir Harry ?

Mal. (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath ! I see she loves him. Here-

after I will open a scene to astonish you. (*Pauses and looks at her.*) You can never be happy under this roof.

Mrs. Bromley will make this quarrel up, I know she will. The whole of her virtue consists in repentance, but what kind of repentance? A specious promise to reform her conduct, and a certain return of the same vices.

Miss N. She has made me desperate. I can stay here no longer. I'll go back to the country: I shall there be at peace.

Mal. You will there be too much out of the way. When you are settled at Madame La Rouge's, the haughty Mrs. Bromley will see to what she has driven you, and for the sake of her character, will begin to relent. Sir Harry must not know where you are. He means your ruin, I am sorry to say it, but I can give you such convincing proof—

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, M.D.

Mrs. B. Do you go to your room, madam; let me see you no more to-day.

Mal. It was a mere unguarded word that fell from Miss Neville. (*Speaks to Mrs. Bromley aside.*) Millamour is ashamed of his conduct. He is under my influence still; I shall mould him to your wishes.

Mrs. B. (*Aside to him.*) I am a fool to think any more about him. Go to him; watch him all day; you will not find me ungrateful. (*Loud.*) And pray tell those girls to come up stairs. [*Exit Malvil, M.D.*] Mighty well, madam; you must sit next to Sir Harry: you have no pretensions, have you? And you must vouch for Lady Bell too? She does not love gaming; that story is all calumny. Bespeak yourself a place in the stage coach; you shall quit this house, I promise you.

Miss N. It will be the last time I shall receive those orders, madam. Your favours are so embittered, there is such a leaven of pride, even in your acts of bounty, that I cannot wish to be under any further obligations. If doing justice to Lady Bell, is avowing

my sentiments, in the cause of so amiable a friend, can give you umbrage, I am not fit to remain in this house.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Mrs. B. O brave! you shall travel. Give her a fortune!—No, let Lady Bell reward her. How!—Millamour, as I live.

Enter MILLAMOUR, M.D.

Mil. Deliver me, fate; she here:—madam—I—I—I—you are not going to leave us, I hope.

Enter SIR JOHN, L.H.

Mrs. B. (*Smiling at Millamour.*) And how can you look me in the face?

Mil. (*Seeing Sir John*) I am glad you are come, sir, I wanted to—

Mrs. B. Perverse!—What brings Sir John? (*Aside.*)—I shall expect you above stairs, gentlemen. I must try once more to fix that irresolute, inconstant man.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Sir John. What a day's work have you made here?

Mil. Sir!

Sir John. Can you expect any good from all this? Ever doing and undoing! These proceedings are terrible to your father.

Mil. You know, sir, that to gratify you is the height of my ambition.

Sir John. For shame! don't imagine that you can deceive me any longer. Are you to be for ever in suspense? Always resolving, and yet never decided? Never knowing your own mind for five minutes.

Mil. You seem exasperated, but I really don't see the cause.

Sir John. No?—Can't you feel how absurd it is to be always beginning the world? For ever in doubt? Every day after day embarking in new projects, nay, twenty different projects in one day, and often in an hour?

Mil. Spare my confusion: I feel my folly; I feel it all; and let my future conduct—

Sir John. George, can I take your word? I know you have been at the gaming table.

Mil. The gaming table!

Sir John. Say no more: I know it all: after the indulgence I have shewn you, I now see that my hopes are all to be disappointed. If you have a mind to atone for what is past, pursue one certain plan, and be somebody. The time now opens a new scene, and calls for other manners. Reform your conduct, and I shall be happy. But I am tired of this eternal levity: my patience is worn out. I shall stay no longer in this house, to be a witness of your absurdity. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mil. I have made myself very ridiculous here. I can't shew my face any more in this family. I'll go back to the Temple, and not marry these ten years. The law leads to great things: a seat in parliament, a vote or two against your conscience, a silk gown, and a judge; that's the course of things. I'll pursue my ambition—Honest friend, (*Calls to a Servant.*) hist! honest friend, will you be so good as just to get me my hat?

Enter DASHWOOD, M.D.

Dash. (L.H.) No, I bar hats. What, going to desert us? The sport is just beginning. Bygrove has been lecturing his son, and quarrelling with Malvil. The integrity of that honest gentleman is suspected at last. He was the worthiest man in the world this morning, as good a creature as ever was born, but now he has sold himself to the widow. Lady Bell has been lively upon the occasion; and Malvil, to support his spirits, has plyed the Burgundy, till he looks the very picture of hypocrisy, with a ruddy complexion, and a sparkling eye.

Mil. You may divert yourself, sir; I have done with them all. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Dash. But I can't part with you: you shall join us;

Malvil shall have no quarter: he will stick to his glass till his charity for his neighbour begins to stagger; then off drops the mask; he will have courage enough to rail at mankind, and his true character will come forth, like letters in lemon juice before the fire.

Mil. Pho! absurd! I am on the rack. Why did you force me to stay dinner? I have been so weak, so frivolous.

Dash. How so? Because you changed your mind? There is nothing more natural. Don't you see men doing the same thing every day? Down goes the old mansion; a new one rises; exotic trees smile on the landscape, and enjoy the northern air; and when the whole is finished, in less than a twelve-month, the auctioneer mounts his pulpit. "Pleasing contiguity"—"Beautiful, and picturesque scene"—"Delectably featured by Nature"—"Shall I say twenty thousand?"—Down it goes to the highest bidder, who pays his money, and runs away the next morning with an opera singer to Italy.

Mil. (*Laughing.*) Why, yes, we see those things every day.

Dash. No doubt; men are fickle and inconstant.

Mil. Very true; it is the way through life; in the lowest rank, as well as the highest. You sha'n't see a journeyman weaver, but he has his disgust, like a lord, and changes his lodging, his house of call, his barber, and his field-preacher.

Dash. Certainly; and then there is a real charm in variety. Besides, what you did to-day, was a mere frolic.

Mil. Nothing more: and that fellow, Malvil, was the occasion of it. My heart never rightly warmed to that man. I shall never consult him again. Affairs were in a right train, if he had not interposed.

Dash. You shall have your revenge. I have a mine to spring, will blow him up—(*Laughs.*) His advice to-day has served to produce the widow's character.

Mil. Yes, it has given a display of her. (*Laughs.*)

How could she think me in earnest? Marry her! I would go into the army sooner.

Dash. A good pretty trade, the army, if you are killed in battle, it is your affair; if you conquer, you may retire, and live very prettily upon half pay.

Mil. Very true: the law is a more certain road.

Dash. A good agreeable life the law is: for ever entangled in the cobwebs of Westminster hall; and you help to spin them yourself into the bargain.

Mil. And at the end of twenty years you are thought a good promising young man.

Dash. In the mean time, you are constantly hiring out your lungs, and ever in a passion about other people's affairs.

Enter LADY BELL, and LADY JANE, M.D.

Lady Bell. Come, sister, leave the men to themselves. Mr. Dashwould, has their wit frightened you away?

Mil. (*Looking at her.*) "Look in her face and you forget them all."

Dash. Won't your ladyship have compassion on that gentleman?

Lady Bell. Compassion!—my sister and I, we hope for his protection?

Enter CAPTAIN BYGROVE, M.D.

Capt. B. When you go away from company, Lady Bell, you draw every body in your train.

Lady Bell. Oh! you have so overpowered me with civil, and tender things!

Mil. (*Aside.*) What does he follow her for?

Lady Bell. A l'honneur, gentlemen. (*Goes up to Millamour.*) Uncle! Uncle Millamour, when you are married to my aunt, I hope you will be kind to us both.
(*Curtsies.*)

Mil. (*Turning away.*) Confusion! daggers! daggers!

Lady Jane. (*Curtsying.*) May I salute you, uncle?

Mil. Pho! this foolery! (*Walks away.*)

Lady Bell. Let us give him all his titles!—Brother, when you marry my sister. (*Makes a low curtsy.*)

Mil. How can you, Lady Bell?

Lady Jane. Uncle!—Brother! } (*Both laugh.*)

Lady Bell. And Brother Uncle! }

Mil. (*Breaking away from them.*) This is too much—No patience can endure it. (*Turns to Lady Bell.*) Madam, this usage—(*Lady Bell and Lady Jane both laugh loud.*)

Lady Jane. Come, sister, let us leave him.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Lady Bell. Oh! ho! ho! I shall expire.—(*Sings.*)

Mil. Why will you torment me thus? (*Takes her by the hand.*) Am I to be for ever made your sport?

Lady Bell. Oh you would not have me laugh. To be sure, when one considers, it is a serious matter. And though Captain Bygrove (*Pointing to him.*) has orders to be in love with me; and though he has declared himself in the warmest terms—

Mil. And could you listen to him?

Lady Bell. And yet after all your promises, when you had touched my heart— (*In a softened tone.*)

Mil. Jealous of me by this light. (*Aside.*)

Lady Bell. After all your faithless vows, to break them as you have done, like a Turk, or a Jew, or a Mahometan, (*Crying,*) and leave me like Dido and Æneas, it is enough to break a young girl's heart— (*Crying bitterly.*) so it is, it is—There, will that please you? (*Bursts into a laugh.*) Adieu, uncle! my compliments to my aunt—

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Mil. Damnation!

Enter SIR HARRY, M.D.

Sir Har. Did not I hear somebody crying?

Mil. Yes, and laughing too. Captain Bygrove, you said something to Lady Bell, what was it, sir?

Capt. B. What I desire the world to know; I love

her, I adore her. My father has ordered it, Mrs. Bromley approves: Lady Bell encourages me; and I shall be the happiest of mankind.

Mal. You and I must talk apart, sir. You know my prior claim. Attempt my life rather than my love. You must think no more of her, sir: she is mine by every tie, and so I shall tell her this moment.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Dash. Now hold that resolution, if you can.

Capt. B. I have managed it well.

Dash. Admirably!

Sir H. What does all this mean? *Dash* would, you are wanted in the next room. *Malvil* is in for it: he sits ~~it~~ watching *Miss Neville*, while every idea fades away from his countenance, all going out one by one, and his eye sinks into all the dim vacuity of a brisk no meaning at all.

Dash. I'll look in upon them.—*Bygrove*, I see *Miss Neville*: let us give *Sir Harry* his opportunity.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, R. H.

Miss N. I thought *Lady Bell* was here; I beg your pardon, gentlemen.

Dash. Your company is always agreeable, is not it, *Sir Harry*? The gentleman will speak for himself. Come, *Bygrove*, I have occasion for you.

[*Exit with Capt. Bygrove, M. D.*]

Sir H. May I now presume, madam—

Miss N. You choose your time but ill, *Sir Harry*. I have so many things to distract me, I cannot listen to you now.

Sir H. (*Takes her hand.*) But you promised to hear me; I have long beheld your sufferings.

Miss N. They do not warrant improper liberties. I can be humble as becomes my situation. I hope you will not oblige me to shew that spirit, which virtue is as much intitled to, as the proudest fortune in the kingdom.

Sir H. I mean you no disrespect. That letter is a black artifice to traduce my character.

Miss N. Your character, I dare say, sir, will come out clear and unsullied. You will permit me to take care of mine. It is all I have to value. I shall not continue any longer in this house. Mrs. Bromley has made it impossible; I wish you all happiness, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir H. I wonder what Dashwould will say to all this. I shall like to hear him: he will turn it to a joke, I warrant him. No end of his pleasantry. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter MALVIL, in liquor, M.D. BYGROVE and DASHWOULD, R.H.

Mal. Very well; make the most of it. Since you force me to speak, I say her character is a vile one.

Byg. Here is a fellow whom wine only inspires with malice.

Dash. Pho! malice! Malvil has no harm in him.

Mal. You may talk of Mrs. Bromley, but she is as vile a character, as pride, and insolence, and avarice, and vanity, and fashionable airs, and decayed beauty can jumble together.

Byg. Here's a return for her hospitality!

Mal. Marry her, I say; marry her, and try.

Byg. You shall not have a shilling with Miss Neville.

Mal. There, the secret's out: you want to marry her, and make her break her word. Mankind's a villain! a medley of false friends, eloping wives, stock jobbers, and usurers; wits that won't write, and fools that will. (*Sings.*)

Byg. Dashwould, you are a panegyrist, compared to this man.

Dash. Yes, he takes your trade out of your hands.

Mal. She is Mrs. Bromley, the widow, and you are Mr. Bygrove, the widower; and so, bite the biter, that's all.

Byg. His wit soars above you, Mr. Dashwould,

Mal. Wit is a bad trade. Letters have no friends left in these degenerate times. Shew a man of letters to the first of your nobility, and they will leave him to starve in a garret. Introduce a fellow, who can sing a catch, write a dull political pamphlet, or remarks upon a Dutch memorial, or play off fire-works, and he shall pass six months in the country, by invitation. Mæcenas died two thousand years ago, and you are not historian enough to know it.

Dash. He makes a bankrupt of me.

Byg. I have found him out: I know him now: a pretended friend, that he may more surely betray you. Go, and get some coffee to settle your head.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Mal. Mrs. Bromley will settle your head.

Dash. Let us take him up stairs; he'll tumble over the tea-table, to shew his politeness. (*Taking him by the arm.*) Come, the ladies wait for us.

Mal. Mankind, I say, is a villain! (*Sings.*)

Enter LADY BELL, R.H.

Lady Bell. Bless me, Mr. Malvil!

Mal. All Dashwould's doing to expose a body. Do you look to Millamour, that's what I say to you.

Dash. He shan't stay to plague your ladyship.— Come, Malvil, let us go and be tender of reputation above stairs.

Mal. I'm alway's tender, and you are scurrilous.

[*Sings and exit, led by Dashwould, R.H.*

Lady Bell. How Millamour follows me up and down! charming! here he comes.

Enter MILLAMOUR, R.H.

Mil. Lady Bell, allow me but one serious moment.

Lady Bell. This bracelet is always coming off.

(*Fiddles with it.*)

Mil. Whatever appearances may have been, I burn

with as true a passion, as ever penetrated a faithful heart.

Lady Bell. (Aside and smiling.) I know he is mine.—This silly, obstinate bauble! What were you saying? Oh! making love again.

Mil. By this dear hand I swear—*(Seizes her hand.)*

Lady Bell. Hold, hold, no violence. Give me my liberty, and thus I make use of it.

(Runs away from him, R.H.)

Enter CAPTAIN BYGROVE, R.H.

Lady Bell. (Meeting him.) Oh! I have been wishing for you. How could you stay so long?

Capt. B. They detained me against my will. But you see I am true to my appointment.

Mil. (Aside to Bygrove.) Are you so? You shall keep an appointment with me.

Lady Bell. I was surrounded with darts and flames. That gentleman was for renewing the old story, but it is so ridiculous!

(Walks up the stage with Capt. Bygrove)

Mil. Distraction! to be insulted thus!

Lady Bell. (As she walks up.) You have prevailed upon me to be in earnest at last. Since your father has proposed it, and since you have declared yourself, why, if I must speak, get my aunt's consent, and mine follows of course.

Mil. (Listening.) If ever I forgive this.

Capt. B. Mrs. Bromley has consented. *(Then aside to Lady Bell.)* He has it; this will gall his pride.

Mil. No end of her folly. I was bent on marriage, but now it's all her own fault. And yet she knows my heart is fixed upon her.

Lady Bell. (Walking down with Capt. Bygrove.) You are so obliging, and I have so many things to say to you; but if people will not perceive, when they interrupt private conversation.

Mil. If ever I enter these doors again, may the scorn of the whole sex pursue me. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Capt. B. We have carried this too far.

Lady Bell. The barbarous man, when he should have taken no denial, but have lain on the ground, imploring, beseeching—Delightful ! here he comes again.
(*Goes to Capt. Bygrove.*)

Enter MILLAMOUR, L.H.

Mil. (Walking up to Lady Bell.) Is it not strange, that you can't know your own mind for two minutes together ?

Lady Bell. Ho ! ho ! the assurance of that reproach.
(*Walks away.*)

Mil. (To Bygrove.) Appoint your time and place : I must have satisfaction for this.

Capt. B. To-morrow morning, when the marriage ceremony is over.

Mil. I shall expect you, sir.
(*Going.*)

Enter LADY JANE, L.H.

Mil. This is lucky. I was in quest of your ladyship.

Lady Jane. In quest of me, sir ?

Mil. In quest of you, ma'am. I have been waiting for an opportunity, and, if the sincerest sorrow can expiate past offences.—Here's a chair, ma'am.

Capt. B. (To Lady Bell.) We may drive him to extremities with Lady Jane : I'll leave you to recover your wanderer.
[*Exit, R.H.*]

Mil. (Sitting down.) If you will permit me to assure you—

Lady Jane. But while my sister is my rival—

Mil. Your sister's charms carry their own antidote with them. If there is faith in man, I mean to atone for what is past.

Lady Bell. (Coming forward.) So, so ; with what pleasure she hears him ! (*Aside.*) Did you speak to me, Mr. Millamour ?

Mil. There was a time, ma'am !—(*Turns to Lady*

Jane.)—Now she wants to interrupt us: don't let us mind her, and she'll withdraw.

Lady Bell. Wear the willow, Lady Bell! ~~Not~~ a word, sir; you are in the right: my spirits are too violent for you; and though what I say is not absolutely wit—do you like wit? I'm sure you ought, for it is undefineable, like yourself.

Mil. (Smiling.) That is not ill said.

Lady Bell. (Sits at a distance.) Horrid! I shall be vapoured up to my eyes. I'll try my song, to banish melancholy. Where is that foolish guitar?

(Goes for it.)

Mil. Now her jealousy is at work. I knew she would be mortified. Let us agree to pique her pride, and probe her to the quick.

Lady Bell. Though I can't sing, it diverts a body to try.
(Sits down and sings.)

SONG.—LADY BELL.

*Sabrina, with that sober mien,
The converse sweet, the look serene :
Those eyes that beam the gentlest ray,
And though she loves, that sweet delay ;
Unconscious, seems each heart to take,
And conquers for her subject's sake !*

Mil. Vastly well ! *(Listens, smiles, looks at her, draws his chair near her, and beats time on her knee.)*

Lady Bell. (Sings.)
*The tyrant Cynthia wings the dart,
Coquetting with a bleeding heart ;
Has cruelty, which all adore,
Flights that torment, yet please the more :
Her lover strives to break his chain,
But can't, such pleasure's in the pain.*

Mil. Oh ! charming ! charming ! *(Kisses her hand.)*

Lady Bell. What are you about, you wretch ? Only look sister. I suppose, sir, when you have done, you will give me my hand again ?

Lady Jane. I promise you, sister, your triumph will be short. [Exit, L.H.]

Lady Bell. How she flung out of the room !
(*Rises, and walks about.*)

Mil. You know, Lady Bell, that I am yours by conquest. I adore you still, and burn with a lover's faithful fires.

Lady Bell. Come, and have a dish of tea to cool you. Will you come ?—(*Beckons him.*)—Won't you ? Well, consider of it, and when you know your own mind, you may change it again. [Exit, R.H.]

Mil. There now ! Every thing by turns, and nothing long. Fickle do they call me ? A man must be fickle, who pursues her through all the whimsies of her temper. Admire her in one shape, and she takes another in a moment.

*One charm display'd, another strikes our view,
In quick variety for ever new.* [Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mrs. Bromley's House.*

Enter MILLAMOUR and DASHWOULD, R.H.

Mil. Am I to be sacrificed to your humour ?

Dash. Am I to be sacrificed to your absurdity ?

Mil. When pleasantry is out of all time and place—

Dash. Why then I shall be tired of all time and place.

Mil. Look ye, Mr. Dashwould, it is time to be serious. The wit that wounds the breast of a friend, is the pest of society.

Dash. What does all this mean, sir ? What is it about ?

Mil. If I lost money at play, was it for you to carry the tale to my father? for you to subject me to his reproaches?

Dash. I don't know by what fatality it happens, but that generally comes last, which ought to be mentioned first. I repeated nothing to Sir John: who did? Do you ask that question? Malvil, sir, with his usual duplicity.

Mal. Malvil? He has this moment told me how pleasant you were upon the subject, and at my expense.

Dash. Yes, when he had revealed the whole, and with false tenderness lamented your folly.

Mil. 'Sdeath! I understand it now. I have been absurd here.

Dash. I don't dislike you for your absurdity: that serves to divert one: Malvil excites other feelings. You know the character he gave you of Lady Bell.

Mil. Yes, and all slander.

Dash. I left him but now, representing you to Lady Bell in the same colours—and here—(*Shews a letter.*)—Here I have him fast. An anonymous letter against Sir Harry, sent for his own purposes to Miss Neville. All his contrivance, dictated by himself, and written at an attorney's desk. You know old Copyhold?

Mil. Did he pen the letter?

Dash. One of his clerks was the scribe. The young man is now in the house, at my request, and ready to prove Malvil the author. Here he comes—things are not ripe as yet. Say nothing now.

Enter MALVIL, L.H.

Mil. Walk in; you come opportunely.

Mal. If I can be of any service—

Mil. To be of disservice, is your province; and when you have done the mischief, you can transfer the blame to others.

I have been rather off my guard to-day. I am

not used to be overtaken in that manner: my head is not quite clear.

Mil. Then this business may sober you. What was your whisper to me about that gentleman?

Mal. That he treated with wanton pleasantry, what I thought a serious matter. I may mistake the means, but the end of my actions I can always answer for. Sir John might hear of the affair from another quarter, so to soften his resentment—

Mil. You took care to excite it.

Mal. I—I—I am apt to carry my heart at my tongue's end.

Dash. I knew his heart was not in the right place.

Mal. I did not address myself to you, sir.

Mil. I know you have the grimace of character, Mr. Malvil, armed at all points with plausible maxims. But which of your maxims can justify the treachery of betraying the secret of a friend? Who does it, is a destroyer of all confidence; and when he attempts to varnish his conduct, with the specious name of friendship, the malignity strikes the deeper: artful, smiling malignity.

Mal. I deserve all this. Friendship in excess is a fault. There are bounds and limits even to virtue. It would be well if a man could always hit the exact point. There is however something voluptuous in meaning well.

Dash. Well expressed, Malvil! ha! ha! you are right.

Mil. No more of your musty sentences.

Mal. Morals are not capable of mathematical demonstration. And—now I recollect myself—it did not occur at first—it was Madame La Rouge told the affair to Sir John. This gentleman here—I suppose you will take his word—he says she hears every thing, tells every thing, and he calls her a walking newspaper: not that she means any harm. I only mean to say—

Dash. O! fie, don't be too severe upon her.

Mal. She said at the same time—you know her manner—she told Sir John, that you are in love with

half a dozen, and will deceive them all, and Lady Bell into the bargain.

Mil. Distraction ! she dare not say it. This is another of your subterfuges. You know, sir, how you traduced Lady Bell, and made that gentleman the author of your own malevolence. At any other time and place, my sword should read you a lecture of morality.

Mal. You are too warm : and since I see it is so, to avoid contention, I shall adjourn the debate.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Mil. Deceive Lady Bell !—Whoever has dared to say it ?—Madame La Rouge lives but a little way off. I'll bring her this moment, to confront this arch impostor.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Dash. You'll be sure to return.

Mil. This very night shall unmask him. [*Exit, L.H.*

Dash. I shall depend upon you. Malville shall answer to Sir Harry : all his artifices shall be fairly laid open.

Enter BYGROVE, R.H.

Byg. Mr. Dashwould, we are now good friends. I have reposed a confidence in you. You know every thing between me and Mrs. Bromley, but you see how she goes on.

Dash. And I see how you go on. You are the dupe of your own policy.

Byg. How so.

Dash. The widow's schemes are seconded by your own imprudence. Can't you see, that if Millamour were once married out of your way, Mrs. Bromley would then be at her last stake, and you might have some chance ? And yet your son has it in command to defeat my friend Millamour with Lady Bell.

Byg. How ! light breaks in upon me. Gull that I was ! my son shall marry Lady Jane directly.

Dash. To be sure ; and the consequence is, that Lady Bell declares for Millamour.

Byg. Right : I am for ever obliged to you ; I'll go

and speak to my son this moment ; Lady Jane shall be his, without delay. [Exit, R.H.]

Dash. So much for my friend, the Captain : I have settled his business.

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, L.H.

Mrs. B. Mr. Dashwould, I am so distracted—a terrible business has happened.

Dash. What's the matter ?

Mrs. B. Miss Neville ! I can't think what is become of her—she is not to be found, high or low. We have searched every where for her. What can be the meaning of this ?

Dash. Is Malvil gone ?

Mrs. B. This very moment : he has no hand in it. He sees, and pities my distress. He is gone to make inquiry. A girl that I was fond of, and never said an angry word to.

Dash. You have been remarkably mild.

Mrs. B. You know how tender I have been of her.—What can have put this into her head ? How long has Millamour been gone ?—I understand it now. This is his exploit.

Dash. You wrong him. I will undertake to discover this plot for you.

Enter BYGROVE, R.H.

You can comfort the lady, sir ; I shall return immediately. [Exit, R.H.]

Byg. (L.H.) May I take the liberty, madam—

Mrs. B. Why torment me thus ? You are all in a plot against me.

Enter LADY BELL, LADY JANE, and CAPTAIN BYGROVE, L.H.

Mrs. B. There, Lady Bell, there is your lover run away with your cousin.

Lady Bell. I can depend upon her. I can still venture to answer for her honour.

Byg. She will come back, you need not alarm yourself.

Mrs. B. You have seduced her, for any thing I know. I am distracted by you all, and will hear no more.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Byg. Mrs. Bromley, permit me to say a word.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Lady Bell. I hope there is nothing amiss. I can rely upon Miss Neville's discretion; I think I can. Come, sister, let us go and inquire.—(*Going, looks back.*)—Hey! you two are staying, to say delicate things to each other.

Capt. B. Our difficulties, you know, are at an end. I have my father's orders to follow my own inclination. Had Millamour staid, I have a plot would have fixed him your ladyship's for ever.

Lady Jane. And we sha'n't see him again this month, perhaps.

Lady Bell. Let him take his own way. I am only uneasy about Miss Neville at present.

Enter DASHWOULD, R.H. with a letter in his hand.

Dash. This way, you are wanted: I have a letter here, that discovers all.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Lady Bell. But what does it say? Let us go and hear it directly.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Madame La Rouge's.*

Enter MILLAMOUR and LA ROUGE, L.H.

Mil. Have you sent to Dashwould?

La Rou. Yes, I have send him letter.

Mil. Miss Neville here, you say?

La Rou. She come an hour ago, all in tear.

Mil. Then she is safe.—You are sure you never

Did any thing to Sir John about the gaming business?
—You did not say that I should deceive Lady Bell?

La Rou. Monsieur Malvil, he tell you so?

Mil. Yes; and I tremble for the consequence.

La Rou. It is one great villain—I great respect for you. *Vous est aimable.* Monsieur Malvil, he is great fripon. And I ver sorry he be marry to Mademoiselle Neville.

Mil. Married to her?

La Rou. You not know it?—He is marry to her dis day.—He take my apartment tree week ago. He not have it known dat he is marry for five or six day; write letter to me dis afternoon: he must be let in ver private; de servant not to see him; go up de back stairs to her room, and so *l'affaire est faite.*

Mil. And thus he has seduced her from her relations? Let me see the letter. (*Reads the letter.*)

Madame la Rouge,

Miss Neville has this day given me her hand in marriage. I would not have it known for some time. Conduct me to her apartments, unknown to your servants. The way up the back stairs will be best. Your secrecy shall be rewarded by

Martin Malvil.

La Rou. I not tink him so bad to talk of me, and tell such parcel of story, vid not one word of true.

Mil. So; here he is in black and white. To come privately, is he? If I could detain him here, and prevent all means of his escaping—

La Rou. Escape? Up back stairs, he must come through dat apartment;—(*Pointing to a door in the back scene.*)—I turn de key in de back door: *viola votre prisonier*; he is prisoner.

Mil. Exquisite woman! I'll lock this door, and secure the key.—(*Locks the door in the back scene.*)—Hush! (*A rap at the street door, L.H.*)

La Rou. *Le voila*: he come now.

Mil. Fly, let him in; send once more to Dashwood; I want him this instant; fly, dispatch.

La Rou. I do all vat you bid me. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Mil. It is honest of her to make this discovery. If this be Malvil—a soft whisper that—(*Listens.*)—it is he, I hear his voice—I shall have the merit of defeating villainy, and protecting innocence.—Don't I hear Miss Neville?—(*Goes to R.H.D.*)—Miss Neville!

Enter MISS NEVILLE, R.H.D.

Miss N. Madam La Rouge!—Oh, sir! what brings you hither?

Mil. It is your interest to hear me; your happiness depends upon it.

Miss N. Alas! I fear he is too rash.

Mil. Command your attention, and listen to me: Malvil has planned your ruin.

Miss N. Impossible! he has too much honour: why will you alarm me thus? I am unfortunate, and you, sir, need not add to my afflictions.

Mil. You have trusted yourself to a villain: he means, at midnight, to gain access to your person, to triumph over your honour, and then leave you to remorse, to shame, and misery. Read that letter.—(*Gives it her, and she reads it to herself.*)—She's an amiable girl, and I dare say, will make an admirable wife.—Hark! I hear him in yonder room. Suppress each wild emotion of surprise, and wait the event.

Miss N. I can scarce believe what I read. What have I done? (*Weeps.*)

Mil. I will direct you; rely upon me.

Enter DASHWOULD, LADY BELL, and LADY JANE, L.H.D.

Dash. La Rouge has told us the whole story.

Mil. Hush! no noise.

Lady Bell. My sweet girl, how could you frighten me so?

Miss N. I blush for what I have done: but Mrs. Bromley's cruelty drove me to despair.

Lady Jane. My dear, all will be well : don't flurry yourself.

Lady Bell. Though my aunt vexed you, why run away from me ?

Enter MRS. BROMLEY, BYGROVE, SIR HARRY, and CAPTAIN BYGROVE, L.H.D.

Mrs. B. Where is this unhappy girl ?

Mil. A moment's patience.

Enter MADAME LA ROUGE, L.H.D.

Mil. Is he safe ?

La Rou. He is dere in de room as safe as in Bastile.

Mil. Speak to him through the door : now all be silent.

La Rou. Monsieur Malvil, open de door.

Mal. (Within, M.D.) Do you open it, you have the key.

La Rou. De key, it is dere : Miss Neville, it is gone to bed ; all de house asleep : I in de dark ; now is your time.

Mil. (To La Rouge.) Hush ! here is the key.

(Takes away the lights.)

Mal. (Within.) Will you dispatch ?

La Rou. Attendez : here is de key : I let you out.

(Unlocks the door.)

Enter MALVIL, M.D.

Mal. All in darkness : is she gone to bed.

La Rou. (Leading him.) She wait for you : vere was you married ?

Mal. St. James's parish : Sir Harry has not succeeded ; she prefers me. Say nothing of it yet awhile.

La Rou. No ; not a vord : tenez, I get light for you. *[Exit, L.H.D.]*

Mal. So ; I have carried my point. The family

will be glad to patch up the affair, to avoid the disgrace.

Enter MADAME LA ROUGE, L.H.D. with Lights.

La Rou. Ah! you look *en cavalier*; 'ver good apartment for you; and dere is good picture. And dis room is well furnish: look about you: more picture, and all original. (*Turns him to the company.*)

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! your servant, Mr. Malvil!

Mal. Hell and confusion!

Mil. (*Taking him by the arm.*) There are bounds and limits even to virtue.

Dash. (*At his other arm.*) Morals are capable of mathematical demonstration.

Lady Bell. (*To Miss Neville.*) Let us withdraw from all this bustle. Sir Harry, step this way, I want you.—

(*Exit with Miss Nev. Lady Jane, and Sir H. L.H.*)

Dash. This is all according to the fitness of things.

Mil. Something voluptuous in meaning well.

Byg. Dashwould, your ridicule is now in season to expose such a character. He is fair game, and hunt him down as you please.

Mal. The fiends are about me!—Mr. Bygrove, you are a thinking man, I appeal to you.

Mil. I appeal to this letter, sir.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Mal. The letter is forged—let me see it.

(*Snatches at it.*)

Dash. And I have another proof! this anonymous scrawl, written by your direction, and sent to Miss Neville, to give a stab to the character of Sir Harry. Do you deny it, sir? Your secretary is now in the house; I brought him with me; he is ready to prove you the author of this mean, clandestine mischief.

Mal. All false: all a forgery. Where is this French impostor? Where is your witness, sir?—(*To Dash.*)—I'll put them both to the proof this moment.

(*Exit, L.H.*)

Dash. No private parlying.

Byg. No ; we must all hear.

Mrs. B. Yes ; all must hear.

Mil. My presence may be necessary. (*Going, L.H.*)

Capt. B. Millamour, stay and give me joy.

Mil. Of what ?

Capt. B. The idol of my heart ! To-morrow makes
her mine.

Mil. Well, I give you joy. Who is she ?

Capt. B. My Lady Bell, thou dear fellow : come,
et us go and see what they are about.

Mil. Let us go and see who shall cut the other's
throat.

Capt. B. A pleasant employment.

Mil. You shall tear this heart out, before you tear
Lady Bell from me.

Capt. B. Very well ; have your frolic.—This works
as I could wish. (*Aside.*) [*Crosses and exit L.H.D.*]

Mil. Despair and frenzy ! if she is capable of a
reachery like this—

Enter LADY BELL, L.H.D.

Lady Bell. You have done some good at last, Mr.
Millamour.

Mil. Lady Bell !—(*Pauses, and looks at her.*)—
once thought—but you will break my heart.

Lady Bell. It will bend a little, but never break.

Mil. Will you listen to me ? There is a tyrant fair,
and you have interest with her ; you can serve me ; all
the joys of life are centered there.

Lady Bell. (*Smiles aside.*) He is mine against the
world. And so you want my interest ? That's lucky,
or I have a favour to request of you.

Mil. Is there a favour in the power of man, you may
not command at my hands ?

Lady Bell. You are very good, sir ; there is a per-
son, but the levity of his temper—

Mil. (*Aside.*) She means me.—Your beauty will
reclaim him.

Lady Bell. (*Smiles at him.*) May I rely upon you?

Mil. What an angel look there was!—(*Aside.*)—and do you ask the question?

Lady Bell. When sincere affection—

Mil. It is generous to own it.

Lady Bell. And since the impression made by—

Mil. Do not hesitate.

Lady Bell. Made by Captain Bygrove—

Mil. Made by Captain Bygrove. (*Turns away.*)

Lady Bell. That wounds deep—(*Aside.*)—and if you will assist my fond, fond hopes—it will be generous indeed.

Mil. This is a blow I never looked for.—(*Aside.*)—Yes, ma'am, it will be generous—and in return, if you will intercede for me with Lady Bell—pho! with a— with Lady Jane, I say—I say if you will intercede for me with Lady Jane—

Lady Bell. Oh! by all means. And as I approve of your choice—(*He walks away, she follows him.*)—I hope you will approve of mine; and by mutual acts of friendship, we may promote each other's happiness.

Enter DASHWOLD, L.H.D.

Dash. Malvil is detected.

Lady Bell. And Sir Harry has settled every thing with Miss Neville. Go and wish him joy.—[*Exit*

Dash. L.H.D.—My sweet friend will be happy at last. (*Going.*)

Mil. (*Taking her hand.*) But you won't marry the Captain?

Lady Bell. Will you make interest for me?

Mil. How can you torment me thus?

Lady Bell. You have done some service, and you may now entertain a degree of hope.—(*Smiling at him.*)—But have you another copy of verses for my aunt?

Mil. How can you?—(*Kisses her hand.*)—She yields, and I am blessed indeed.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, SIR HARRY LOVEWIT, LADY JANE, *and* CAPTAIN BYGROVE, L.H.

Lady Bell. Here, Sir Harry, in the presence of this company, I give you, in this friend of mine, truth, good sense and virtue. Take her, sir, and now you have got a treasure.

Sir H. (To Miss Neville.) It shall be my pride to raise you to that sphere of life, which your merit, and your sufferings from— (*Looks at Mrs. Bromley.*)

Mrs. B. Why fix on me, sir?

Sir H. They are much mistaken, who can find no way of shewing their superior rank, but by letting their weight fall on those, whom fortune has placed beneath them.

Dash. And that sentiment, however I may rattle, I wish impressed upon all the patrons of poor relations, throughout his majesty's dominions.

Miss N. (Crosses to Mrs. B.) Mrs. Bromley, I have much to say to you. My obligations to you I shall never forget. I am not ashamed, even in the presence of Sir Harry, to own the distress in which you found me. If at any time I have given offence; if under your displeasure. I have been impatient, you will allow for an education that raised me much above my circumstances. That education shall teach me to act as becomes Sir Harry's lady, with affection, with duty to him; and to you, madam, with gratitude, for that bounty which saved me from calamity and ruin.

Mrs. B. Your words overpower me. I feel that I have done wrong. I rejoice at your good fortune: your merit deserves it. (*She takes her hand—they retire a little up the stage.*)

Dash. Why this is as it should be.—Mr. Bygrove, I hope soon to wish you joy.

Byg. Compared to Malvil, thou art an honest fellow, and I thank you.

Dash. Millamours, is there no recompence for your

virtue? in a modern comedy, you would be rewarded with a wife.

Mil. Lady Bell has more than poetical justice in her power. I wish Sir John were here: he would now see me reclaimed from every folly, by that lady.

Mrs. B. (*Advancing between Dashwould and Bygrove.*—*Miss N. is now with Sir Harry.*) If it is so, I congratulate you both.

Lady Bell. It is even so, aunt: the whim of the present moment. Mr. Millamour has served my amiable friend, and I have promised him my hand—and so—(*Crosses to him and holding up both hands.*)—which will you have? Puzzle about it, and know your own mind if you can.

Mil. With reluctance thus I snatch it to my heart.

Lady Bell. Sister, what nunnery will you go to? Mr. Bygrove, command your son to take her.

Capt. B. That command I have obeyed already.

Lady Jane. Since the truth must out; we made use of a stratagem to fix my sister and that gentleman.

Lady Bell. To fix yourself, if you please. I knew you would be married before me.

Mil. Dashwould, give me your hand. Your wit shall enliven our social hours, and while I laugh with you at the events of life, you shall see me endeavour to weed out of my own mind every folly.

Dash. You do me honour, sir; and if Mr. Bygrove will now and then give and take a joke—

Byg. As often as you please:—but take my advice, and don't lose your friend for your joke.

Dash. By no means, Mr. Bygrove—except now and then, when the friend is the worst of the two.

Mil. The varieties of life, till now, distracted my attention.

*But when our hearts victorious beauty draws,
We feel its pow'r, and own its sov'reign laws;
To that subservient all our passions move,
And even my constancy shall spring from love.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

IF after Tragedy 'tis made a rule,
To jest no more, I'll be no titt'ring fool,
To jog you with a joke in Tragick doze,
And shake the dew-drops from the weeping rose.
Prudes of each sex affirm, and who denies?
That in each tear a whimp'ring Cupid lies
To such wise, formal folk, my answer's simple;
A thousand Cupid's revel in a dimple.
From their soft nests, with laughter out they rush,
Perch'd on your heads, like small birds in a bush.
Beauty resistless in each smile appears:
Are you for dimples, ladies, or for tears?
Dare they in Comedy our mirth abridge?
Let us stand up for giggling privilege;
Assert our rights, that laughter is no sin,
From the screw'd simper, to the broad-fac'd grin.
So much for self; now turn we to the Poet:
"Know your own Mind."—Are any here who know it?

EPILOGUE.

To know one's mind is a hard task indeed,
And harder still for us, by all agreed.
Cards, balls, beaux, feathers, round the eddy whirling,
Change every moment, while the hair is curling.
The Greeks say—"Know thyself"—I'm sure I find,
I know myself that I don't know my mind.

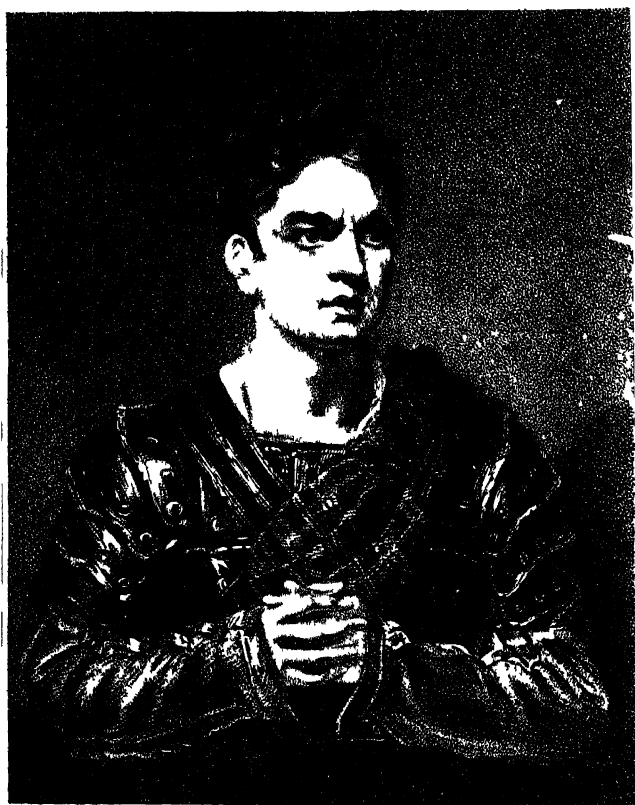
Know you your minds, wise men?—Come let us try (*Looking up*)

I have a worthy cit there in my eye;
Tho' he to sneer at us takes much delight,
He cannot fix where he shall go to night.
His pleasure and his peace are now at strife,
He loves his bottle, and he fears his wife.
He'll quit this house, not knowing what to do;
The Shakspeare's Head first gives a pull or two,
But with a sideling struggle he gets thro';
Darts across Russel Street: then with new charms,
The syren, Luxury, his bosom warms,
And draws him in the vortex of the Bedford Arms.
Happy this night!—But when comes wife ^{to-morrow}
"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

I see some laughers here, pray which of you
Know your own mind:—in all this house but few
Wits never know their minds;—our Minor Bards
Changing from bad to worse, now spin charades
O'er Law and Physic we will draw a curtain;
Here nothing but uncertainty is certain.
Grave locks, coats, wigs—the Doctors now relinquish 'em,
They're right—from Undertakers to distinguish 'em.

The Courtiers, do 'em justice, never doubt,
Whether 'tis better to be in or out.
Some Patriots too, know their own mind and place,
They're firmly fix'd to get in when they can;
Gamblers, don't waver; they all hazards run,
For some must cheat, and more must be undone.
Great Statesmen know their minds, but ne'er reveal 'em,
We never know their secrets, 'till we feel 'em.

Grant me a favour, Critics: don't say nay;
Be of one mind with me, and like this play.
Thence will two wonders rise: Wits will be kind,
Nay more—behold a Woman *Knows her Mind.*



MACBETH.

A TRAGEDY.

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

MACBETH.

Macbeth has long been the most popular of Shakspeare's tragedies : its beauties are of a more palpable kind, and come more home to the common apprehension than those of Lear, Hamlet, or Othello, which are yet perhaps superior and most assuredly do not yield to it in excellence. But however we may rank it in the scale with Shakspeare's other plays, it is at all events a most glorious production, and one which exalts the poet far above the greatest writers of any time or any country.

The Witches appear to be the most important point for criticism, no writer before Schlegel seems to have thoroughly entered into the merits of this subject, for the defence of the poet invariably rested on the manners of the age, which, though it might prove the fiction to be true, as certainly could not prove it to be sublime ; while, on the other hand, the attacks were always founded on a comparison with authorities that Shakspeare did not own, and by which, therefore, he could not decently be tried. Schlegel, perhaps, refines too much, when he says that the witches are mere women when speaking among themselves, and when, addressing Macbeth, are under the influence of spirits. We can see nothing of all this ; the witches in selling themselves to the powers of darkness, have added nothing to their original state of womanhood, but the tenfold wish and power to work evil. the language of a ploughman does not become more polished or his manners more elegant, because the weapons of death are put into his hands ; he will grow more brutal, and his speech may be more violent but certainly not more refined. Even so it is with the witches, their language is coarse, for where should they have got knowledge ? But they are terrible from their power, and hateful from their use of it. If any thing were wanted to prove Shakspeare a sublimer poet than

Æschylus, or *Milton*, or *Dante*, we have it here ; their materials were sublime, but *Shakspeare* has produced as great effects from the lowest and most disgusting objects : nothing can be more awful than the incantation-scene, and yet what more base than the ingredients of the cauldron ?

Lady Macbeth is drawn with a masterly hand ; her crimes and her sufferings are of grandeur almost supernatural ; the partial visitings of remorse too are in perfect keeping. In the awful hour of night and murder, when all nature seems to cry out against the deed, one kindly feeling alone clings to her heart,

——“ Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.”

This solitary human expression casts a momentary blaze on the scene of horror, only to render the subsequent darkness more tremendous. Let any one read this with the fitting circumstances of time and place, and he will feel its force more fully than by any stage representation. It is not in the blaze of lights and the presence of numbers that the awe of this scene is to be duly estimated ; the cricket will not cry, nor the owl shriek to the imagination, unless in loneliness and the doubtful light of a midnight chamber.

Macbeth's character is so beautifully described by his ambitious wife, that it seems like presumption to add a jot to her delineation.

——“ Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou dost have, great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.”

Act 1, sc. 5.

The heroism of *Macbeth* is the heroism of a mere soldier,—of the body, and not of the mind. In the murder-scene he is an absolute coward ; with the witches he is desperate, not resolute ; it is in the field of battle only that he is a brave man. It has indeed been said that *Shakspeare* intended to show the inseparable connexion between true courage and morality ; but *Shakspeare* had too much knowledge of human nature to think of any such thing ; daily experience shews us that vice is often

brave, and virtue cowardly. Besides, he has left us a Richard the Third, who was as little to be censured for fear, as praised for goodness. Iago, moreover, was a very approved soldier, and yet he had a very indifferent name for virtue.

The plot deserves the highest praise ; the very multitude of its incidents makes the time of its action seem short ; it is as if the balance weights had been taken from the clock of time and the wheels ran on with unchecked velocity ; three great events take place, and though they must of necessity have happened at very distant periods, yet the poet ~~has~~ so admirably linked them together by minor incidents, that no pause occurs, and consequently the unity of time does not appear to be violated

Of the alterations nothing can be said, unless to express our wonder at the stupid barbarians, who dared to lay hands on this perfect work with the idea of its improvement. We cannot do better than quote the words of Schlegel, who to the shame of the nation be it said, has more respect for the poet, than the generality of his own countrymen.

“Lag doch niemand Hand an Shakspeare's Werke, um etwas wesentlich daran zu ändern ; es bestraft sich immer selbst.”

Let no one lay hand on Shakspeare's works to alter any thing essential, it carries its own punishment with it

G. SOANE.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours and twenty minutes. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R H is meant Right Hand
L H Left Hand.
S E Second Entrance
U E Upper Entrance.
M D Middle Door
D E Door to Flat
R H D Right Hand Door.
L H D Left Hand Door

Costume.

MACBETH.

First dress.—Scarlet plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap, feathers, and breast-plate.—Second dress.—Purple robe, white satin vest, and coronet for the head.—Third dress.—Kelt, tartan, cap and armour.

MALCOLM.

Scarlet and green plaid vest, kelt, tartan, breastplate, cap and feathers.

KING.

Crimson velvet robe and vest, richly embroidered

BANQUO.

Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, breast-plate and cap.

MACDUFF.

Ibid

LENOX

Red and blue,—ibid

ROSSE.

Blue and crimson,—ibid.

SIWARD.

Scarlet velvet doublet, trunks and cloak, breast-plate, hat and feathers.

SEYTON.

Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap and feathers.

PHYSICIAN.

Black velvet doublet, trunks, cloak, &c.

SERJEANT.

Green and red plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap, &c.

MURDERERS.

Green worsted plaid dresses.

LADY MACBETH.

First dress.—Black velvet, trimmed with point lace, and plaid sarsnet scarf.—Second dress.—White satin, trimmed with silver, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with ermine and silver; coronet for the head.—Third dress.—White muslin morning wrapper trimmed with lace, and a veil,—ibid.

GENTLEWOMAN.

Green satin dress, trimmed with silver, and spangled veil

HECATE.

Blue vest, with stars shaded by blue gauze, Robe of do and cap ornamented with snakes.

WITCHES

Similar, but varying in colours.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Duncan, (King of Scotland.)</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Malcolm</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Donalbain</i>	Miss Carr.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Macbeth</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Banquo</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Macduff</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.	Mr. Terry
<i>Lenox</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Rosse</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Fleance</i>	Miss A. Carr.	Master C. Parsloe.
<i>Sward</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Seyton</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont
<i>Physician</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Serjeant</i>	Mr. Coveney.	
<i>Murderers</i>	{ Mr. Cooke. Mr. Minton.	} Mess. King & Atkins.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Connor.
<i>Heate</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Taylor
<i>First Witch</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard
<i>Second Witch</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Third Witch</i>	Mr. Watkinson.	Mr. Fawcett.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The open Country.*

Thunder and Lightning. — Three WITCHES discovered.

1st. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2d. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.(1)

3d. *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.

1st. *Witch.* Where the place ?

2d. *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3d. *Witch.* There to meet with—

1st. *Witch.* Whom ?

2d. *Witch.* Macbeth.

1st. *Witch.* (*Noise of a cat.*) I come, Gray-mal-
kin.(2)

2d. *Witch.* (*Noise of a toad.*) Paddock calls.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :(3)

(1) The battle in which Macbeth was then engaged.

(2) From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch to take on her a cat's body nine times.—To understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

(3) The meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

[*Exeunt ; 1st. and 2d. Witch, L.H. 3d. Witch, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace of Fores.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, ROSSE, and ~~THE~~ Chamberlains, with
keys and wands, L.H., *meeting a bleeding* OFFICER, R.H.

King. (In the Centre.) What bloody man is that?
He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. (L.H.) This is the serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Off. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdowald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses(1) is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore:(2) but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave!
And ne'er shook hands nor badg farewell to him,

(1) Light and heavy armed foot.

(2) Meaning, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him
Alluding to his first successful action, elated by which he attempted to
pursue his fortune, but lost his life.

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Off. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norwegian lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Off. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both:—go, get him surgeons.

[*Exeunt, Officer and Two Attendants, R.H.*
Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Fife.

Len. (R.H.) What a haste looks through his eyes!

Rosse. (L.H.) So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF, R.H.

Macd. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Macd. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky, (1)
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:

(1) The sense of the passage collectively taken is this—*Where the triumphant flutter of the Norwegian standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.*

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,(1)
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,(2)
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Macd. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,(3)
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thine of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest:—go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done.

[*Exeunt Macduff and Lenox, R.H.*]

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won
 (*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath, and Bridge in the back
 ground, over the Mountains.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter 1st. WITCH, R.H.S.E. 2d. WITCH, L.H.S.E.

3d. WITCH, R.H.

1st. Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2d. Witch. Killing swine.

3d. Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st. Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give
 me, quoth I.*

(1) Defended by armour of proof.

(2) That is,—gave him as good as he brought, shewed he was his equal.

(3) *Colmes' inch*,—now called *Inch comb*, is a small island lying in the Frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columba; called by Camden, *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*

Aroint thee, witch! (1) the rump-fed (2) ronyon (3)
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, (4)

And, like a rat, without a tail, (5)

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2d. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind, (6)

1st. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3d. *Witch.* And I another.

1st. *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

- And the very (7) ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

'T'he shipman's card. (8)

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid : (9)

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

(1) Avaunt, or be gone.

(2) The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

(3) Scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf.

(4) Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle, or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

(5) It was the belief of the times that though a *witch* could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. Though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures.

(6) This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them.

(7) Exact.

(8) The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle ; or perhaps the *sea-chart* so called in our author's age.

(9) Accursed—unhappy.

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—

Look what I have.

2d. *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1st. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(*A March at a distance, L.H.*)

3d. *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird(1) sisters, hand in hand, (*They join
hands, and walk mysteriously round.*)

Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.

2d. *Witch.* Thrice to/thine,—

(1st. *Witch bows thrice.*)

3d. *Witch.* And thrice to mine,—

(3d. *Witch bows thrice.*)

1st. *Witch.* And thrice again,—

(2d. *Witch bows thrice.*)

All. To make up nine.

1st. *Witch.* Peace;—the charm's wound up. (*They
stand on R.H. of the stage.*)

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and the Army, over the
Bridge, L.H.U.E.*

ORDER OF PASSING THE BRIDGE.

*Standard—Six Guards—Band, (playing a March.)
—Six Officers—Macbeth—Banquo—Three Guards
—Standard, and Three Guards, remain on the
Bridge.*

Mac. Command they make a halt upon the heath.
(*Within.*) Halt,—halt,—halt!

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

(1) *Wierd* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wýrd*, *fatum*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of *Hector Boethius*, in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies*, by Chaucer and Holinshed.

So wither'd and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you, or are you aught
 That man may question? (1) (*Each Witch lays the fore-
 finger of her right hand on her lips, and with
 her left hand points to Macbeth.*)—You seem
 to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips : (*Crosses to them.*) you should be
listen,

And yet your beards(2) forpid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Mac. (*On L.H.*) Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1st. Witch. (*R.H. — Each Witch takes her finger
 quickly from her lips before she speaks.*) All
 hail, (3) Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2d. Witch. (*Next to 1st. Witch.*) All hail, Mac-
 beth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3d. Witch. (*Next to 2d. Witch.*) All hail, Macbeth!
 that shalt be king hereafter. (*Each Witch
 drops on her knee. They continue to point at
 Macbeth, till Banquo adjures them — “ In the
 name of truth,” — at which they all start up.*)

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I'the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, (4) or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, (5) and of royal hope,
 That he seems wrapt (6) withal; to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;

(1) That man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful
 to ask questions.

(2) *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins.

(3) *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Saxon, i. e. *ave, salve*.

(4) Creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, are these
 real beings, before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy.

(5) Estate, possession, fortune.

(6) *Rapt* is rapturously affected. .

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1st. Witch. Hail !

2d. Witch. Hail !

3d. Witch. Hail !

1st. Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2d. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d. Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth, ~~and Banquo~~.

Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail ! (*Going, R.H.*)

Mac (*Crosses hastily over to the Witches.*) Stay,

—you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

By Sinel's(1) death, I know, I am thane of Glamis ;

But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence ? or why,

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting ?—

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Witches vanish, R.H.*
Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them :—whither are they vanish'd ?

Mac. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.—(*Trumpet
sounds, R.H.*)—Who's here ?

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R.H.

Macd. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

(1) The father of Macbeth.

The news of thy success : and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,(1)
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,(2)
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Len. We are sent,
To give thee from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macd. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him call thee, thane of Cawdor :
(*Macbeth and Banquo start.*)

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What ! can the devil speak true? (*Aside.*)

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Macd. Who was the thane—lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose ;
For treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd
Have overthrown him.

Mac. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—(*Aside.*)—Thanks for your
pains.— (*To Macd. and Len.*)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
(*Aside to Banquo.*)

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them.

Ban. That, trusted(3) home,

(1) Wrapped in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c.

(2) The news, came as *thick* as a *tale* can travel with a *post*.—That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

(3) Entirely, thoroughly relied on.—*Home* means to the uttermost.

Might yet enkindle(1) you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange :
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.
(They converse apart.)

Mac. (Aside.) Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting(2)
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor :
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion(3)
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart(4) knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings : (5)
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, (6) that function
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
 But what is not. (7)

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mac. (Aside.) If chance will have me king ; why,
 chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him

(1) Stimulate, fire you.

(2) Information.

(3) Temptation.

(4) Fixed, firmly placed.

(5) *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents them while the objects are yet distant.

(6) *Double* and *single* signifies *strong* and *weak* when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind.

(7) All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.—*Surmise*, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future.

Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Mac. (Aside.) Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. (1)

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour : (2) — my dull brain was
wrought (3)

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them (4) — Let us toward the king. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other. (*To Banquo.*) (5)

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. Till then, enough. — Come, friends. (*March.*)
[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Palace at Fores.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, ROSS E,
and two Chamberlains, L.H.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
Those in commission yet returned ?

Mal. (On L.H. of Donal.) My liege,
They are not yet come back.

But I have spoke

With one that saw him die : who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it ; he died

(1) i. e. Time with his hours.

(2) Indulgence, pardon.

(3) *Worked, agitated, put into commotion.*

(4) He means that they are registered in the table-book of his heart.
So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his memory.

(5) You having weigh'd it in the interim.

As one that had been studied, in his death (1)
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face, (2)
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, L H

O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee 'Would thou hadst less deserved .
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay. (3)

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. (4)—(*Macbeth crosses
behind to R.H.*)—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,

(1) Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied* for *learned* in science.

(2) We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.

(3) More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but *more* than *all*—*i. e.* the greatest recompense, can pay.

(4) ~~the~~ *suberant*, perfect, complete in thy growth.

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
 The Prince of Cumberland—(*All bow to Malcolm.*)
 which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you. (*To Macbeth.*)

Mac. The rest is labour which is not us'd for you;
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.—

(*The King and nobles retire up the stage.*)

Mac. (*Crosses to R.H.*) (*Aside.*) The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
 Let not light see my black and deep desires:
 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done to see. [*Exit, R.H.*]

King. (*Advancing.*) True, worthy Banquo: he is
 full so valiant: (1)

And in his commendations I am fed;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

SCENE V.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.H. reading a Letter.

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, (2) they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I*

(1) He is to the full as valiant as you have described him.

(2) By the best intelligence.

burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives (1) from the king, who all hailed me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Say it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
 highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round, (2)
 Which fate and metaphysical (3) aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SEYRON, L.H.

What is your tidings?

Sey. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation?

Sey. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

(1) Messengers.

(2) Diadem.

(3) Supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [Exit Seyton, L.H.]
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, (1) unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ; (2)
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose ; nor keep pace between
The effect and it ! (3) Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, (4) you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! (5) Come, thick night,
And pall (6) thee in the dunest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife (7) see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket (8) of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold !*—(9)

(1) This expression signifies not the *thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*.

(2) *Remorse*, in ancient language signifies pity.

(3) Lady Macbeth's purpose *was* to be effected by action. *To keep pace between the effect and purpose*, means to delay the execution of her purpose ; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, all hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose, (that is, the murder of Duncan) could not be carried into execution.

(4) *Take away my milk*, and put *gall* into the place.

(5) *Nature's mischief*, is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness.

(6) Wrap, invest.

(7) *Knife* was anciently used to express a *sword* or *dagger*.

(8) Blanket was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.

(9) The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them, except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed and then no man shall be as hardy as to bid *hold* to the general.

Enter MACBETH, L.H.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, (1) and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters : (2)—to beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for : and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch ;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give sole sovereignty and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear :
 To alter favour (3) ever is to fear :
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE VI.—*The Gates of Inverness Castle.*

A flourish of trumpets and drums.

*Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONAL-
 BAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and two Cham-*

(1) *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*, that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*.

(2) Thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

(3) Look.

berlains, R.H.S.E.—(Malcolm, Donalbain, and Macduff, pass over behind to L.H.)

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat;(1) the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.(2)

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve.
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woozily here: no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,(3) but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, SKYTON, and two Ladies,
through the gate.*

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—

(All bow to Lady Macbeth.)

The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid heaven yield(4) us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.(5)

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him

(1) Situation.

(2) *Senses* are nothing more than each man's sense. *Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.

(3) Convenient corner.

(4) Reward—So Ophelia, "God 'ield you."

(5) *We*, as hermits, will pray for you.

To his home before us : fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, (1)
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.—(*Takes Lady M.'s hand.*)
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)
[*Exeunt through the gate.*]

SCENE VII.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACBETH, R. H.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly ; if the assassination
Could trammel (2) up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, (3) success :—that but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, (4)—
We'd jump (5) the time to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
Commends (6) the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan

(1) Subject to account.

(2) *Trammel*, is a net.

(3) Cessation, stop.

(4) By the *shoal of time*, our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity.

(5) We'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being.

(6) This verb has many shades of meaning. It seems here to signify *offers* or *recommends*.

Hath borne his faculties⁽¹⁾ so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—how now! what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.H.

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you
 left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since:
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—Art thou
 afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
 Letting I dare not wait upon, I would,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage? (2)

Mac. Prythee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?

(1) *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power.

(2) The adage alluded to is, *the cat loves fish, but dares not wet her
 feet*

When you durst do it, then you were a man :
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you have done to this.

Mac. If we should fail ?——

Lady M. We fail !—

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, (1)
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince, (2)
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt (3) of reason
 A limbeck (4) only : when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched (5) natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
 His spongy officers ! who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell ? (6)

(1) Shakspeare took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the pig remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move.

(2) Overpower, subdue.—*Wassel*—anciently called *Wasc haile*, was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year *Wasc haile*, and *drinc-hail*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English. *Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland countries, and signifies at present what is called Lamb's-wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel*, is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion, it evidently means intemperance.

(3) Receptacle.

(4) The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory ; through which every thing shall pass and nothing remain.

(5) Soaked, saturated with liquor.

(6) *Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which murder is now used.

Mac. Bring forth men-children only !
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, (1)
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have don't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death ?

Mac. I am settled, and bend (2) up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.—The Gallery.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Torch, R.H

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down : I have not heard the
 clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, sir.

Ban. There's husbandry (3) in heaven,
 Their candles are all out.—
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,

(1) Understood, apprehended.

(2) A metaphor from the bow.

(3) Thrift, frugality.

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose !

Enter SEYTON with a Torch, and MACBETH, L.H.D.
Who's there ?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices : (1)
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up (2)
In measureless content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Mac. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you. (3)

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Mac. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you !

[Exeunt Fleance, and Banquo, L.H.U.E.]

Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Seyton, L.H.]

(1) Rooms appropriated to servants ; perhaps it should be read *officers*.

(2) *Shut up*, is to conclude.

(3) i. e. If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and content,—when 'tis, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

'Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, (1) gout (2) of blood,
Which was not so before.—I here have no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, (3) and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now withcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, (4) for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. (*A clock strikes two, R.H.*)
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit, R.H.D.*
(*Thunder and lightning.*)

(1) Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means the *haft* or *handle* of a dagger.

(2) Spots.

(3) That is, over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.

(4) Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform.

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.H

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—hark!
—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell man,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited rooms
Do mock their charge with snores: (1) I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Mac. (Within, R.H.) Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. My husband!

Enter MACBETH, R.H.D. with two bloody daggers.

Mac. I have done the deed:—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady M. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Mac. Hark!—Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd murder!

(1) That is, by going to sleep, they ~~close~~ ^{close} and make light of the trust reposed in them.

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cried, *God bless us*, and *Amen*, the
other ;

As(1) they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear,(2) I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more !*

To all the house ;—

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried ? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things : go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers ; the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

(1) As if.

(2) Listening to their fear.

Mac. (*Knocking within, L.H.*) Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine, (1)
 Making the green—one red.

Enter LADY MACBETH, &c. H.D.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. (*Knocking within, I.H.*)

I hear a knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it then ? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. (*Knocking within, I.H.*)

Hark ! more knocking :

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
 myself. (*Knocking within, L.H.*)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! Ay, 'would thou
 could'st ! (*Knocking within, L.H.*) [*Exeunt, I.H.*]

Enter SEYTON, MACDUFF, and LENOX, L.H.U.L.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, 'ere you went to bed,
 That you do lie so late ?

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
 cock. (2)

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?——
 Our knocking has awak'd him : here he comes.

Enter MACBETH, L.H.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

(1) To stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red

(2) Cock crowing

Mac. Good-morrow, both ! [*Exit Seyton, I. H.*]

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Mac. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Mac. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 'tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, physics(1) pain.
This is the door:

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited(2) service. [*Exit, R. H. D.*]

Len. Goes the king from hence to-day ?

Mac. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

▲
Enter MACDUFF, R. H. D.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Mac. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Mac. What is't you say ? the life ?

(1) Affords a cordial to it.

(2) Appointed.

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox, R.H.D.*]

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror., (*The bell rings out.*)

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE, L.H.U.E.

O, Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murder'd!

Enter MACBETH and LENOX, R.H.D.

Mac. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, R.H.U.E.

Mal. What is amiss?

Mac. You are, and do not know it.

'The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd: the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

[*Exeunt Donalbain and Malcolm, R.H.D.*]

Mac. O yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Mac. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : (1) who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known ?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of heaven I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence (2) I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Mac. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together ;
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt, Mac. and Len. R.H. the rest, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood on the skirt of a Heath.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter the three WITCHES, and a chorus of WITCHES.

1st Witch. Speak, sister, speak ; —is the deed done ?

(1) The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their breeches, i. e. *hilt* or *handles*.

(2) Intention, design.

2d Witch. Long ago, long ago ;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single ; following crimes on former wait ;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue :

Dread horrors still abound,

And every place surround,

As if in death were found

Propagation too.

1st Witch. He must,—

2d Witch. He shall,—

3d Witch. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chorus. He must, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance.

2d Witch. Agreed.

3d Witch. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1st Witch. When cattle die, about we go ;

When lightning and dread thunder

Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,

What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2d Witch. When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

And monarchs die despairing,

What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3d Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1st Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew.

To which we dance in some old mill,

Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,

To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

2d Witch. Sometimes about a hollow tree,

Around, around, around dance we ;
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,
 And beetle singing drowsy hums ;
 Sometimes we dance o'er fern or furze,
 To howls of wolves, or barks of culis ;
 And when with none of those we meet,—

Chor. We dance, to th' echoes of our feet.

(*Thunder, &c.*)

3d Witch. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
 When others tremble, we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
 To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACDUFF, L.H. meeting LENOX, R.H.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Len. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ? (1)

Macd. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Len. 'Gainst nature still :—

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
 Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

(1) Intend, design.

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Len. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ; (1)
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Len. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Len. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;
—adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

[*Exeunt, Macd. R.H. Len. L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Fores.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R.H.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't ; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity :
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings : if there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—(2)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ?

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

But, hush ; no more.

*Enter MACBETH, as King ; SEYTON, LENOX, ROSSE,
and Attendants, through the gates.*

Mac. Here's our chief guest :
If he had been forgotten,

(1) Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a bury-place.

Prosper.

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.—
To-night, we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me : to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Mac. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. We should have else desir'd your good
advice—

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,—
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better, (1)
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us

Mac. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend (2) you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.H.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, heaven be with you!
[*Exeunt, all but Mac. and Sey. through the castle gates.*]

(1) That is, if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative.

(2) Send, or dismiss you to mount them.

Sirrah, a word : attend those men our pleasure ?

Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Mac. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Seyton, L.H.D.*]

To be thus, is nothing :—

But to be safely thus :—our fears in Banquo

Stick deep : and in his royalty of nature (1)

Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;

And, to (2) that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none, but he,

Whose being I do fear : and, under him,

My genius is rebuk'd : as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd (3) my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

And mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings.—The seed of Banquo kings !—

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance ! (4)

(1) Nobleness, supreme excellence.

(2) In addition to.

(3) Defiled.

(4) This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée. Se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne undefi* a l'outrance a challenge, or a combat, a l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.

Enter SEYTON, with two Officers, L.H.D.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.—

[Exit Seyton, L.H.D.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Off. It was, so please your highness.

Mac. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,(1)

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

2d Off. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1st Off. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,(2)
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mac. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

1st Off. True, my lord.

Mac. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,(3)
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

(1) Gospelled, means, kept in obedience of that precept of the gospel, which teaches us "to pray for those that despitefully use us"

(2) Tugged or worried by fortune.

(3) Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where every minute of his being is represented as thrusting at the nearest part where life resides.

2d Off. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.—

1st Off. Though our lives—

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: (1) and with him,—
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,—
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

1st Off. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mac. I'll call upon you straight! abide within.

[*Exeunt Officers*, L.H.D.]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen; and SEYTON, R.H.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will. [*Exit*, L.H.D.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.—

Enter MACBETH, L.H.D.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,

(1) That is, you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction, I may stand clear of suspicion.

Of sorriest fancies(1) your companions making?—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mac. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.(2)—Duncan is in his grave;—
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lady M. Come on: gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks: be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.(3)

Mac. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight: ere the black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,(4) with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

(1) Worthless, ignoble, vile.

(2) *Ecstasy* in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means, the emotion of pain, agony.

(3) The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited:—*eterne* for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer.

(4) The *shard-borne* beetle is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
 chuck,(1)
 Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,(2)
 (*Crosses to L.H.*)
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens: (3) and the
 crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse. (4)
 Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
 [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Park near the Palace at Fores.*

Enter the Two OFFICERS, L.H.

1st. Off. The west yet glimmers with some streaks
 of day:
 Now spurs the lated(5) traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.
2d. Off. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. (*Within, R.H.*) Give us a light there, ho!
1st. Off. Then it is he; the rest;
 That are within the note of expectation,(6)
 Already are i'the court.

(1) Corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*.

(2) *Seeling*, i. e. *Blinding*. It is a term in falconry.

(3) By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*.

(4) This appears to be said with reference to those dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released.

(5) Benighted.

(6) That is, those who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

2d. *Off.* His horses go about.

1st. *Off.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

2d. *Off.* A light, a light !

1st. *Off.* 'Tis he, (*They retire, R.H.*)

Enter FLEANCE, with a torch, and BANQUO, R.H.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, L.H.*]

1st. *Off.* Let it come down. [*Exeunt Officers, L.H.*]

Ban. (Within.) O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly ;—

Re-enter FLEANCE, hastily, L.H.

Fle. Murder ! murder ! murder ! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ban. (Within.) Thou may'st revenge.—O slave !—
O, O, O ! (*Dies.*)

Re-enter OFFICERS, pursuing FLEANCE, L.H.

1st. *Off.* Why didst strike out the light ?

2d. *Off.* Was't not the way ? (1)

1st. *Off.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.

2d. *Off.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1st. *Off.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Banquetting-room, in the Palace
at Fores.*

(*Music.—A Banquet prepared.*)

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON,
Attendants, Guards, &c. discovered.

(1) The best way to evade discovery, and effect their purpose.

ORDER OF THE BANQUET.

*Guards—Banner.**Banner—Guards.**Throne.*

MARSHAL—KING—QUEEN—SEYTON.

*Gent.**Lady.**Gent.**Lady.**Gent.**Lady.**Rosse.*

Table Decorated

Table Decorated

*Gent.**Lady.**Gent.**Lady.**Gent.**Lady.**Lenox.**A Chair*

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down : at first;

And last, the hearty welcome.(1)

Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host :

Our hostess keeps her state ;(2) but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends :

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Mac. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks :—

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i'the midst :

Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—

*Enter 1st. OFFICER, L.H.D.—Macbeth crosses over
to him, and takes him aside.*

There's blood upon thy face.

1st. Off. 'Tis Banquo's then.

(1) All, of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.

(2) Continues in her chair of state at the head of the table.

Mac. Is he despatch'd?

1st. Off. My lord, his throat is cut: that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance.

1st. Off. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Mac. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock.

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

1st. Off. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched(1) gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Mac. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies: the worm,(2) that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Officer, L.H.D.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,(3)

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer! (*Crosses to centre.*)

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

(1) *Trancher*, to cut. Fr.

(2) This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind

(3) Meaning, that which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a gift; it is something that must be paid for. It is common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us.

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

*(Banquo enters, bloody, L.H. and seats himself
in the vacant chair.)*

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blames upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Mac. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Mac. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Mac. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought⁽¹⁾
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—*(Comes down from the
throne to Macbeth, on R.H. and takes him
apart.)*—Are you a man?

Mac. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws,⁽²⁾ and starts,—
Impostors to true fear,⁽³⁾—would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

(1) As speedily as thought can be exerted.

(2) *Flaws* are sudden gusts.

(3) *Impostors to true fear*, mean impostors when compared with
true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Mac. 'Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!—How
 say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
 If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
 Those that we bury, back; our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Banquo, L.H.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame! (*Returns to her seat.*)

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden
 time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;(1)
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end: but now, they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: this is more strange
 Than such a murder is. (*Apart.*)

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Mac. I do forget:—

Do not muse(2) at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to
 all;

Then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full:—
 (*Seyton pours out the wine, and presents it to
 the king.*)

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss
 'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,(3)

(1) *The peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes*

(2) Wonder.

(3) We desire to drink.

And all to all.(1)

Rosse. Our duties, and the pledge.

Enter BANQUO, R.H.

Mac. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other:
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mac. What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling, I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery,(2) hence! — [*Exit Banquo, R.H.*

• Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.—(*Comes down from the
throne to Macbeth, on L.H. and speaks to him
apart.*)

Mac. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,(3)
Without our special wonder? You make me strange(4)
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

(1) Meaning, all good wishes to all, such as he had named above, love, health, and joy.

(2) Unsubstantial pageant.

(3) Can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us

(4) You make me amazed. The word strange was then used in this

When mine are blanch'd(1) with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse :

Question enrages him : at once, good night :—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

[*Exeunt, all but the King and Queen, on the sides nearest to them.*]

Mac. It will have blood : they say, blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ; (2)

Augurs, and understood relations,(3) have

By magot-pies,(4) and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Mac. I hear it by the way; but I will send :

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, unto the weird sisters :

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,—

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

(1) Turned pale.

(2) Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (See the Third Book of the *Æneid*.) revealed the murder of Polydorus.

(3) By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other which have no visible combination or dependence.

(4) Magot-pie, is the original name of the bird. The modern *Mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. (1)

Mac. Come, we'll to sleep : my strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*The open country.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter the three WITCHES, L.H. meeting HECATE, R.H.

1st. Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ? you look an-
gerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.—
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.

[*Exeunt the three Witches, R.H.*]

1st. Spirit. (*Within, R.H.*) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate !
O, come away !

Hec. Hark ! I am call'd :—my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

(2) *You want sleep, which seasons, or gives the relish to all nature
Indiget somni vitæ condimentū.*"

— 2d Spirit. (*Within*, R.H.) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate !
O, come away !

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
Where's Stadlin ?

3d Spirit (*Within*.) Here ;—

Hec. Where's Puckle ?

4th Spirit. (*Within*.) Here ;—

5th Spirit. (*Within*.) And Hoppo too, and Hell-
waine too ;—

6th Spirit. (*Within*.) We want but you, we want
but you.

Enter the Chorus of Witches.

Cho. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

1st Spirit. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell, what news ?

2d Spirit. All goes fair for our delight.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

(*Hecate places herself in her Chair.*)

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

While the moon shines fair !

To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss !
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Cho. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

[*Exeunt Hecate in the air and the Witches*, R.H.
and L.H.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.—In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

(*Thunder.*) *The three WITCHES discovered.*

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. (1)

(1) A cat from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps this: "When Galinthia was changed into a cat, by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, *Metam.* c. xxix.) by witches, (says Pausanias in his *Boeticks*,) *Hecate* took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. *Hecate* herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So, *Ovid*—

"*Fele soror Phæbi latuit.*"

As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies; and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, instead of *going or flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*. and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft."

2d Witch. R.H. Thrice : and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

~~"~~ Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
~~Sweltered~~ venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason, Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vannius was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingen, bufo vtro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Vinificum caprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft*.

" Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake :
Eye of newt, and toe of frog ;—
For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients, may be known by consulting the books *De Viribus Animalium* and *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

" Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab ;"

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined ; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth ; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer ; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

" And now about the cauldron sing,—
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

And, in a former part :

" ——— weird sisters, hand in hand,—
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine !"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country ;—" When any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth ; for they imagine that there is a spirit

3d *Witch*. L.H. Harper cries ;(1)—'tis time,(2) 'tis time.

1st *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom (3) sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

All. (*Going round the cauldron.*) Double, double (4) toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron bubble.

2d *Witch*. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake :

in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one "of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, u hite*" There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

(1) *Harper*, perhaps, may be only a mis-spelling, or mis-print, for *happy*. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590 :

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey. So, in the nineteenth *Iliad*, 350.

"Ἡ δ' ΑΡΠΗ εἰκυῖα τανυπέρυγι, ΛΙΓΥΦΩΝΩ,

Οὐρανῷ ἐκκατέπαλτο,—

Thus rendered by Chapman

"And like a *harpie* with a voice that shrieks," &c

(2) —'Tis time, 'tis time.) This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments ; but *cries*, i.e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters.


Harper cries. —'Tis time, 'tis time.

(3) *Swelter'd venom*.— This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. So, in the twenty-second Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*

"And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but before,
The evening sun beheld them *swelter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's *Novels* (1620) the following sentence also occurs : — "an huge and mighty toad even *sweltering* (as it were) in a hole full of poison." — "*Sweltering* in blood," is likewise an expression used by Fuller, in his *Church History*, p 37. And in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593, is a similar expression.

"He spake great things that *swelter'd* in his grease."

 Double, double toil and trouble,) As this was a very extraordi

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork,(1) and blind-worm's sting,(2)
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. (Going round the cauldron.) Double, double
 toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3d Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
 Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,(3)
 Of the ravin'd(4) salt-sea shark ;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;(5)
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,(6)
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. (Going round the cauldron.) Double, double
 toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2d Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, R.H.U.R.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;

nary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it :

Double, double toil and trouble ;

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme.

(1) Serpents, have very thin tongues, and the same three-forked.

(2) Slow-worm.

(3) The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

(4) *Ravin*, is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*.

(5) These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held on account of the *holocausts*.

(6) Entrails

And every one shall share i' the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*Enter SPIRITS, and the Chorus of WITCHES, from
 different parts of the stage.*

MUSIC AND SONG.

*Hec. Black spirits and white,—
 Red spirits and grey,—
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

*1st Spirit. Tiffin, Tiffin,
 Keep it stiff in.*

*2d Spirit. Firedrake Puckey,
 Make it lucky.*

*3d Spirit. Liard Robin,
 You must bob in.*

*Cho. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !*

4th Spirit. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, put in that.

5th Spirit. Here's Libbard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

*6th Spirit. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder ;
 Those will make the charm grow madder.*

*Hec. Put in all these ; 'twill raise a pois'nous
 stench !*

Hold—here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

*Cho. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !*

*Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,(1)
 Something wicked this way comes :—(Noise with-
 out, L.H.)*

(1) It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations, which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

Upper locks, whoever knocks.

[Exeunt all but the three Witches, R.H.U.E. and L.H.U.E.]

Enter MACBETH, L.H.U.E.

Mac. How now, you secret, black, and mid-night
hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

Mac. Call them, let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow : (1)—grease, that's sweaten
From the murder's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself and office, deftly (2) show. (Thunder.)

*First APPARITION, an armed head, rises from the trap
in the middle of the stage.*

Mac. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

Appa. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.
(Descends)

(1) Probably, Shakspeare caught the idea of this offence against nature from the laws of Kenneth the Second, King of Scotland “ *If a sowe eate hyr piggs, let hyr be stoned to death, and buried, that no man eate of hyr fleshe.*”

(2) Adroitly

Mac. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd(1) my fear aright:—but one word
more—

1st Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first. *(Thunder.)*

2d APPARITION, a bloody child rises.

Appa. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.

Appa. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn,
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. *(Descends.)*

Mac. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. *(Thunder.)*

3d APPARITION, a Child crowned, with a bough in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?(2)

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

Appa. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *(Descends.)*

Mac. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest;(3) bid the tree

(1) To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string

(2) The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head The *top* is the ornament that rises above it.

(3) *i. e.* Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier
pressed

Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
 Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you!— (*Thunder.—The
 cauldron sinks.*)

Let me know,
 Why sinks that cauldron? (*Groans without.*)
 And what noise is this?

1st Witch. Show!

2d Witch. Show!

3d Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

*Apparitions of eight Kings, the last with a glass in
 his hand, followed by BANQUO, pass across the
 stage from R.H.U.E. to L.H.U.E.*

Mac. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former:—filthy hags!
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!—
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom?—(1)

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more:—

BANQUO enters,—and the Witches vanish, R.H.

Horrible sight!—Ay! now, I see, 'tis true!
 For the blood-bolter'd(2) Banquo smiles upon me,

(1) The dissolution of nature. *Crack*, has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense.

(2) To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrimed*.

And points at them for his.—What? is this so?—
Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—(1)
Come in, without there!

Enter SEYTON, L.H.U.E.

Sey. What's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Sey. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Sey. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st (2) my dread ex-
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand: and even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting, like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
Where are these gentlemen? [*Exeunt, R.H.*

(1) In the ancient almanacks, the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

(2) *Anticipate*, is here, to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

SCENE II.—*The Country,—in England.**Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, L.H.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword : and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : (1) each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touched you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. (2)

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.
Why in that rawness (3) left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee !—
Fare thee well, lord :

(1) Birthright.

(2) A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a
royal commission.

(3) Without previous provision, without due preparation, without
maturity of counsel.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mal. Be not offended ;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right :
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself, I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful ;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.
The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them : but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprou the universal peace, confound
* All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, Scotland ! Scotland ! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation, miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power : and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste : (1) but heaven above
 Deal between thee and me ! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth :
 Now we'll together ; and the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.—See who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. (2)

(1) Over hasty credulity.

(2) Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress.

Enter Rosse, L.H.

Macd. (*Crosses to the centre.*) My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good heaven, betimes remove

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : (1) the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for whom, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

(1) *Modern*, is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, common ; and *ecstasy* is used for a temporary alienation of mind

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
 Now is the time of help : your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
 We are coming thither : gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
 An older, and a better soldier, none
 That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not latch them.(1)

Macd. What concern they ?
 The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,(2)
 Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
 But in it shares some woe : though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever.
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
 That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife, and
 babes,
 Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
 Were, on the quarry(3) of these murder'd deer,
 To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
 What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows
 Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

(1) To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.

(2) A peculiar sorrow, a grief that hath a single owner.

(3) *Quarry* is a term used both in hunting and *falconry*. In both sports, it means the game after it is killed.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children,—all my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute(1) it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let
grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
(*Kneels.*)

Cut short all intermission ; (2) front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too ! (*Rises.*) [*Exeunt, R. H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) Contend with your present sorrow like a man

(2) i. e. all pause, all intervening time

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LADY MACBETH's Chamber in the Castle
at Dunsinane.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN and a PHYSICIAN, R.H.

Phy. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper, R.H.

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phy. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark, she speaks.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky! (1)—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone; to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Phy. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.
Look after her; (*The Gent. crosses to R.H.*)
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her,—
Good heaven, forgive us all!

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter MACBETH, and Attendants, R.H.

'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee—*Then fly, false
 thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg (2) with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter 2d. OFFICER, R.H.

2d Off. There is ten thousand——

Mac. Geese, villain?

2d. Off. Soldiers, sir.

Mac. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?(4)
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors(5) to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

2d. *Off.* The English force, so please you.

(1) Tell me not any more of desertions Let all my subjects leave me—" I am safe till, &c.

(2) *Su ag*, sink down by its own weight.

(3) **Base fellow**

(1) An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied*, *patched*, or parti-coloured coats, anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families.

(5) They inflict others who see them with cowardice

Mac. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Officer, R.H.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
 When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear,⁽¹⁾ the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON, R.H.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Mac. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on.—

Enter the PHYSICIAN, L.H.

Send out more horses, skirr⁽²⁾ the country round:
 Hang those that talk of fear.— [*Exit Seyton, R.H.*

How does your patient, doctor?

Phy. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Mac. Cure her of that:
 Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the fowl bosom of that perilous stuff,

(1) Dry.

(2) Scour

Which weighs upon the heart?

Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

*Enter SEYTON, with the King's Truncheon, and a
Marshal with his Armour, R.H.*

Mac. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of
them?

Phy. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Mac. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)
[Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Birnam Forest.*

(A March.)

*Enter MALCOLM, STWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX,
ROSSE, and Soldiers, L.H.U.E.*

Mal. (In the centre.) Cousins, I hope, the days are
near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Macd. (R.H.) We doubt it nothing.

Siw. (L.H.) What wood is this before us?

Len. (Next to Mal. L.H.) The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Rosse. (*Next to Mal. R.H.*) We learn no other, but
the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Macd. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and less (1) hath given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Siw. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say, we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate : (2)
Towards which advance the war.

[*March.—Exeunt into the Wood, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts of the Castle at
Dunsinane.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, Marshal, and Attendants, L.H.

Mac. Hang out our banners; on the outward walls,
The cry is still, *They come* :—Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

(1) Greater and less—high and low

(2) Determine.

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

(*A cry within, of women, L.H.*)

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell(1) of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON, L.H.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. She should have died hereafter;

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and—to-morrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;(2)

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.—

Enter First OFFICER, R.H.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

1st Off. Gracious my lord,

(1) My hairy part, my capillitium. *Fell* is *skin*.

(2) Not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be* recorded.

I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, say, sir.

1st Off. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mac. Liar and slave !

1st Off. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Mac. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling(1) thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much :—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane* ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone !—
Ring the alarum bell :—blow, wind ! come, wrack ! (2) |
At least we'll die with harness(3) on our back.

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

(1) *C'ung*, in the northern counties signifies anything that is shrivelled or shrunk up.

(2) In the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, the sentiment of Eteocles, in nearly the same situation, bears a striking resemblance to this of Macbeth

— ἴτω μὲν ὤϋρ, ἴτω δὲ φάσγανα,
Ζεύγνυσθε δ' ἵππους, πεδία πίμπλασθ' ἀρμάτων,
'Ως ἔπαρήσω τῷ δ' ἐμὴν τυραννίδα.

Eur. *Φοινισσ.* A. I. Sc. 6.

(3) An old word for armour.

SCENE V.—*A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.**(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)*MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and
Soldiers, with boughs, discovered.

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw
down,
And show like those you are:—you, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Len. This way, my lord, the castle's best approach'd.

Siw. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

(Alarums.)

*[Exeunt; Mal. Macd. Len. Scotch Banner, and
Six Guards, R.H.—Siw. Rosse, English Banner,
and Six Guards, L.H.]*

SCENE VI.—*A Court in the Castle at Dunsinane.**(Alarums.)**Enter MACBETH, R.H.*

Mac. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.—*(Alarums.)* *[Exit, R.H.]*

Enter MACDUFF, L.H.

Macd. That way the noise is:—tyrant, shew thy face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes,⁽¹⁾ whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheath again undceded.
 Let me find him, fortune! and
 More I beg not. (*Alarums.*) [*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE VII.—*The gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.*—(*Alarums.*)

Enter MACBETH, from L.H. through the gates.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them. (*Going to R.H.*)

Enter MACDUFF, through the gate, and coming down, R.H.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Mac. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out ! (*Fight.—Alarums*)

Mac. Thou lovest labour :
 As easy may'st thou the entrenchant air ⁽²⁾
 With thy keen swore impress, as make me bleed :
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,

(1) Common soldiers.

(2) Air which cannot be cut.

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Mac. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter (1) with us in a double sense :
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; (2) and under-writ,
Here you may see the tyrant.

Mac. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last :—
Lay on, Macduff ;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold ! enough !* (3)
[*Alarums.—They fight.—Macbeth falls and dies.*
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums—shout, &c.*)

*Enter MALCOLM, ROSSE, LENOX, SIWARD, Gentle-
men and Soldiers, through the gate.*

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art : the time is
free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, (4)
That speak my salutation in their minds :
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. King of Scotland, hail !
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

(1) Shuffle with ambiguous expressions.

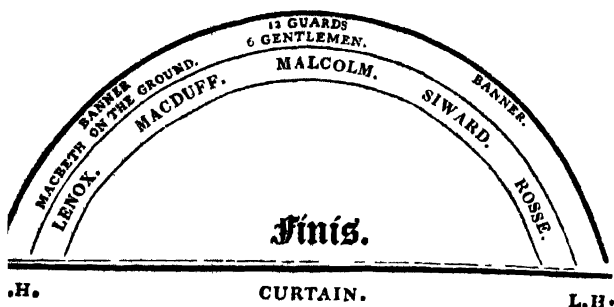
(2) That is on cloth suspended on a pole.

(3) By crying *hoo*, i. e. hold.—See p. 15, note 9.

(4) Wealth.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls





Oxberry's Edition.

THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

A TRAGEDY;

By Mr. Arthur Murphy.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY H. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER

The subject of this tragedy is not very interesting in any shape, and least of all is it calculated for the purposes of the drama ; it is one of those mock pieces of heroism which so often captivate the many, but which not being founded in nature, have at all times a very close affinity to the burlesque. In reference to the stage—and it is in that light only we are now looking at it—the idea of a daughter supplying the place of a wet nurse to a father is at best not very pleasing, nor is there any self-sacrifice in the deed to conceal its indelicacy or elevate it to the tone of the tragic drama. Looking at Euphrasia's conduct in the most favourable point of view, what is it? she does but allow affection for a father to overcome affection for a child, a preference, which if it does not deserve censure, most assuredly does not merit praise. The love of a mother to a child is an instinct, implanted in woman's breast by nature herself, and as such it cannot be violated without a crime. After all, too, nothing is so cheap as this ambiguous virtue, which is only practised at the expense of other, and better qualities ; it is the doubtful liberality of a miser, who, when death is about to divide him from his wealth, bequeathes it to a hospital rather than to his relations, upon which a splendid monument records his generosity. Euphrasia makes no sacrifice beyond what circumstances compel her to make ; she has to choose between two affections, and unluckily her choice is more heroic than natural—that is, supposing there is any sacrifice at all ; if there is none, her affection amounts to nothing, for the simple act of suckling her father differs from her having fed him in any other way, only by its being more disgusting.

Voltaire found it infinitely ridiculous that Milton should write an Epic poem on an apple, even though that apple involved the fate of all

mankind, but what would he have said to a tragedy founded on the father of a young woman, suckling an old man? *Risum teneatis amici* .

The idea was no doubt borrowed from Valerius Maximus de pietate in parentes, who has two stories on the subject, but neither of them worth much, as the reader will see by the following quotations. The object of affection in the first story is a mother instead of a father, which places the act in a much more interesting point of view.

DE AMORE FILIÆ ERGA MATREM

Sanguinis ingenui mulierem prætor apud tribunal suum capitali crimine damnatam, triumviro in carcere necandam tradidit ; quam receptam, is qui custodiæ præerat, misericordia motus, non protinus strangulavit. Aditum quoque ad eam filiæ, sed diligenter excussæ, ne quid cibi inferret, dedit, existimans futurum ut inedia consumeretur. Cum autem jam dies plures intercederent, secum ipse querens quidnam esset, quod tamdiu sustentaretur, curiosius observatâ filia, animadvertit illam exerto ubere famem matris lactis sui subsidio lenientem ; quatenus admirabilis spectaculi novitas ab ipso ad triumvirum, a triumviro ad prætorem, a prætore ad consulum judicium perlata, remissionem pænæ mulieri impetravit. Quo non penetrat aut quid non excogitat pietas, quæ in carcere servandæ genetricis novam rationem invenit. Quid enim tam inusitatum, quid tam inauditum, quam matrem uberibus natæ alitam ? Putaverit aliquis hoc contra rerum naturam factum, nisi diligere parentes prima naturæ lex esset. Lib. v. cap. 4

DE FILIÆ PIETATE IN PATREM.

Idem prædicatum de pietate ejus existimatur quæ patrem suum Censoria consimili fortunâ affectum parique custodiæ traditum, jam ultima senectutis, velut infantem pectori suo admotum aluit. Hærent ac stupent hominum oculi, cum hujus facti pictam imaginem vident, casusque antiqui conditionem, præsentis spectaculi admiratione renovant in illis nutis membrorum lineamentis viva ac spirantia corpora intueri credentes ; quod necesse est animo quoque evincere aliquanto efficaciore pictura literarum vetera pro recentibus admonito recordari.

Idem.

Unpromising as this story is, it has not been at all improved by Murphy's mode of handling it ; the characters are feeble, and the lan-

guage has not the slightest pretensions to the name of poetry. Dionysius raves about murder, and Euphrasia about piety, but there is no mind in the one, and no tenderness in the other, such a man as the Dionysius of Murphy never could have been any thing but a school-master, if indeed he had talent enough even for that occupation. It is here that we find the great distinction between the descriptive poet and the dramatist; taste, observation, and poetic feeling, may suffice for mere description, but the tragic writer must have, over and above these qualities, a strong understanding, if his characters are to be intellectual; he may, indeed, make his heroes brave without himself possessing courage, because between a brave and a timid act there can be no doubt even to the meanest capacity, but it is only for understanding to find acts and language for understanding. Hence it is that the heroes of modern tragedy, like this violent gentleman Dionysius, have passions in abundance, but very little intellect, the poets themselves having too limited a stock of that commodity to waste any of it upon fictitious characters. A vague idea seems to have got abroad, that imagery is true poetry, just as in the decline of Roman greatness the flowers of rhetoric were accepted for real oratory, the result has been the same in either case--the destruction of the art itself.

In the formation of human beings, nature, with her usual love of variety, always blends bad and good together, never making any one so good but she is sure to spoil it by some alloy of bad, nor so bad but that the evil is qualified by a measure at least of good. Murphy, on the contrary, picks out one character on whom he packs all the evil which might reasonably be divided amongst all the company, and having sent forth this scape-goat into the wilderness, the rest of the dramatic personæ are like new-leached linen; there is not a spot amongst them. The worst of it is, that the common mind has no sympathy whatever with these outrageously virtuous characters; they belong so little to our general thoughts and habits, that we take no more interest in their affairs, than we do in those of the inhabitants of the moon; besides that there may be a little envy in the feeling; a sinner has no great admiration for a prude, for reasons sufficiently evident without any explanation.

A foolish tale was current in Murphy's time, and has since been repeated, that the author caught the idea of writing this tragedy from a picture of what is usually styled the "Roman Charity," in which a

sentinel is represented bursting into tears, on beholding a daughter while

“ The milk design’d
For her own off-spring, on a parent’s lip
Allays the parching fever.”

But there is not the least occasion for all this romance, there is no “*nodus vindice dignus* ;” the translator of Tacitus was not likely to be ignorant of *Valerius Maximus*, or of a tale that was familiar to every school boy ; pictures sometimes take their subjects from tragedies, but tragedies are not very generally founded on pictures, and, in truth, there is nothing in the Grecian Daughter so remarkable that her birth should need a prodigy.

As to the poetical justice of the piece, there is no denying it ; the usurper is stabbed, and the lawful king regains his throne ; Midas himself could not have settled affairs more justly ; but then this poetical justice is by no means worldly justice, and it is the business of the dramatist to show us the world as it is, not as it ought to be ; the interval between the two is most prodigious.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON.

(He peeps in at the Stage Door.)

Hip—music—music—Have you more to play?
Some what I'd offer—top your catgut, privy.

Will you permit, in I not pronounce me rude
A boot seller one moment to intrude
My name is Foolcap—nee you saw me last,
Fortune hath given me a new helping cat
To all my toils a wife hath put a stop—
A devil then, but now I keep a shop
My master died, poor man—He out of print
His widow,—she had eyes, and took my hint
A prey to grief she could not bear to be,
And so turned over a new leaf with me.

I drive a trade, have authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day
Travellers—who not one foreign country know
And pastoral poets—in the sound of Bow
Translators—from the Greek they never read,
Cantabs and Sophs—in Covent Garden bred
Historians, who can't write,—who only take
Scissors and paste,—cut, vamp, a book they make.

I've treated for this play, can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do
If for mine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff,
'I have a newspaper, and there can puff

A newspaper does wonders!—None can be
In debt, in love, dependent or quite free
Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead

But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease ;
 In short a newspaper does what we please.
 There jealous authors at each other bark,
 Till truth leaves not one glimpse, no not one spark ;
 But lies meet lies, and jostle in the dark.
 Our hard within has often felt the dart
 Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
 I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,
 To answer all, and vindicate his name.
 Bat he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,
 Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
 Would any know,—while parties fight pell-mell,
 How he employs his pen ?—his play will tell.
 'To that he trusts ; that he submits to you,
 Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings,—moral,—new.
 The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear ;
 Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.
 If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight ;
 Stay—let me see ;—I think I'd better wait—
 Yes ;—I'll lie snug till you have fix'd its fate.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and
 half

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant. Right Hand.
 L.H. Left Hand.
 S.E. Second Entrance.
 U.E. Upper Entrance.
 M.D. Middle Door.
 D.I. Door in Flat.
 R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
 L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

EVANDER.

Scarlet cloth vest, purple mantle, flesh-coloured arms, legs, and sandals

PHILOTAS.

Green Grecian tunic and robe, lambrekeen, ibid.

MELANTHON.

Slate-coloured, ibid

PHOCION.

White tunic, blue robe, ibid.

DIONYSIUS

White tunic, scarlet, ibid.

CALIPPUS.

Pink, ibid.

ARCAS.

Blue, ibid.

GREEK HERALD

Grecian herald's dress.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

Grecian military dresses, various colours.

EUPHRASIA.

White muslin dress and drapery, with gold Grecian border. Second dress.—Plain muslin dress and drapery.

ERIXENE.

White dress and drapery, with coloured Grecian border.

Persons Represented.

		<i>Original, 1772</i>
<i>Evander</i>	Mr. Barry	
<i>Dionysius</i>	Mr. Palmer.	
<i>Phocion</i>	Mr. J. Aickin.	
<i>Melanthos</i>	Mr. Aickin.	
<i>Philotas</i>	Mr. Reddish.	
<i>Arcas</i>	Mr. Hurst.	
<i>Calippus</i>	Mr. Inchbald.	
<i>Greek Soldier</i>	Mr. Davies.	
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Wheeler.	
<i>Greek Herald</i>	Mr. Packer.	
<i>Euphrasia</i>	Miss Barry.	
<i>Eraxene</i>	Miss Platt	
	<i>Drury Lane</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
<i>Evander</i>	Mr. Pope.	{ Mr. Kemble Mr. Young
<i>Dionysius</i>	Mr. Raymond.	Mr. Conway
<i>Philotas</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. Terry
<i>Melanthos</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Phocion</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Arcas</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Greek Herald</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Creswell.
<i>Calippus</i>	Mr. Elrington.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Greek Soldier</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Howell.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Waldegrave.	
<i>Euphrasia</i>	Mrs. Bartley.	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Eraxene</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Bristow

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Syracuse.*

Enter PHILOTAS and MELANTHON, L.H.

Melan. Yet, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

Phil. No more; it must not be.

Melan. Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequester'd prisoner?—Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.

Phil. Urge thy suit no further:
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders
Forbid access: he is our sov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

Melan. Thou canst not mean it: his, to give the law!
Detested spoiler!—his! a vile usurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
Surnam'd the tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monster waded through whole seas of blood,
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod;
'Till rous'd at length, Evander came from Greece,
Like freedom's genius came, and sent the tyrant,
Stript of his crown, and to his humble rank

Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence,
A wandering sophist through the realms of Greece.

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod

Melan. But soon that pow'r shall cease: behold his
walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Melan. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!
The good Evander then—

Phil. Alas! Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

Melan. How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers—

Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Melan. Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes
Have seen the good old king: say, why is this?
Wherefore debarr'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Canst grant admittance: let me, let me see him.

Phil. Entreat no more ; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful ; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

Melan. But when dūn night—

Phil. Alas ! it cannot be : but mark my words :
Let Greece urge on her general assault.
Dispatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order,
Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature ;
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

Melan. If any spark of virtue dwell within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

Melan. Ha ! mov'd him, say'st thou ?

Phil. At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear :
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Melan. Clandestine murderer ! Yes, there's the scene
Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd ;
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmur'd on the shore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life ? Oh ! grant my pray'r ;
My timely succour may protect his days ;
The guard is yours—

Phil. Forbear ; thou plead'st in vain ;
I must not yield ; it were assur'd destruction.
Farewell ; dispatch a message to the Greeks ;
I'll to my station ; now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit, R.H.]

Melan. Oh ! lost Evander ! Lost Euphrasia too !

How will her gentle nature bear the shock
 Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
 A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch
 Whom the hard hand of misery had grip'd !
 In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow ;
 Perhaps provoke her fate : Greece arms in vain ;
 All's lost ; Evander dies !

Enter CALIPPUS, L.H.

Calip. Where is the king ?
 Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,
 Retire disorder'd ; to the eastern gate
 The Greeks pursue ; Timoleon rides in blood !
 Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Melan. To the citadel
 Direct thy footsteps ; Dionysius there
 Marshals a chosen band.

Calip. Do thou call forth *(Crosses to R.H.)*
 Thy hardy veterans ; haste, or all is lost !—*[Exit, R.H.*
(Warlike Music.)

Melan. Now, ye just Gods, now look propitious
 down ;
 Now give the Grecian sabre ten-fold edge,
 And save a virtuous king. *(Warlike music)*

Enter EUPHRASIA, L.H.U.E.

Euph. War on, ye heroes,
 Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause !
 Let the wild tempest rise. Melanthon, ha !
 Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar ?
 Down tumbling from its base, the eastern tow'r
 Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
 Lies an extended ruin.

Melan. Still new horrors
 Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul.
 Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
 Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Melan. Alas ! that hour

Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,
 Would shed divinest blessings from its wing;
 But no such hour in all the round of time,
 I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euph. And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair
 Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes,
 Arm'd with the power of Greece: the brave, the just,
 God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress,
 He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
 A little interval shall set the victor
 Within our gates triumphant.

Melan. Still my fears
 Forbode for thee. Wouldst thou hadst left this place,
 When hence your husband, the brave Phocion, fled,
 Fled with your infant son!

Euph. In duty fixed,
 Here I remain'd, while my brave, gen'rous Phocian
 Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
 Bore my sweet little one.—Full well thou know'st
 The pangs I suffered in that trying moment!
 Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek?
 And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?
 Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
 Resolv'd with him and with my blooming boy,
 To trust the winds and waves? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Melan. I ne'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

Euph. Melanthon, how I lov'd, the gods, who saw
 Each secret image that my fancy form'd,
 The gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion,
 And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
 Could I desert my father? Could I leave
 The venerable man, who gave me being,
 A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
 To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
 To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
 Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
 Shall merit heart-felt praise.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go;
 Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,

This breast that still should yield its nurture to him ;
 Fly with my infant to some happier shore ;
 If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.

Melan. I would not add to thy afflictions ; yet
 My heart misgives ;—Evander's fatal period——

Euph. Still is far off, the gods have sent relief,
 And once again I shall behold him king.

Melan. Why should I utter that would plunge thee
 down
 In deep despair ?

Euph. The spirit-stirring virtue,
 That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.
 No, I will trust the gods. Desponding man !
 Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
 Timoleon drives the tumult of the war ?
 Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates ?
 The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat ;
 Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust,
 His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin ;
 Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
 Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
 And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

(Crosses to L.H.)

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

Melan. Ha ! the fell tyrant comes.—Beguile his
 rage,
 And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.
 (*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

*Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, PERDICCAS and Offi-
 cers, R. H.*

Dion. The vain presumptuous Greek ! his hopes of
 conquest,
 Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.
 Proudly elate, and flushed with easy triumph
 O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
 He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
 Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
 To seek their safety by inglorious flight.
Euph. O Dionysius, if distracting fears

Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
 A frail and tender sex. Till the fury
 Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval,
 In safety let me soothe to dear delight
 In a lov'd father's presence; from his sight,
 For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse,
 Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
 Indulge a daughter's love: worn out with age,
 Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
 And with his converse charm my ear no more.

Dion. Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's
 o'er,

Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.
 Though now, unequal to the cares of empire,
 His age sequester him, yet honours high
 Shall gild the evening of his various day.
 Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
 Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch
 A well oar'd-galley to Hamilear's fleet;
 At the north point of yonder promontory
 Let some selected officer instruct him
 To moor his ships, and issue on the land.

[*Exit, Per. R.H.*

Then may Timoleon tremble: (*Crosses to L.H.*) ven-
 geance then

Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
 With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

[*Enter Dionysius and Officers, L.H.*

Euph. What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
 If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
 List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Melan. Woe, bitt'rest woe impends; thou wouldst
 not think—

Euph. How!—Speak!—unfold—

Melan. My tongue denies its office.

Euph. How is my father? Say, Melanthon—

Melan. He—

I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror !
 Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
 First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
 No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
 In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd,
 He pines in bitterest want.

Euph. Well, my heart,
 Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

Melan. Enough his sword has reek'd with public
 slaughter ;

Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

Euph. Oh ! night, that oft hast heard my piercing
 shrieks

Disturb thy awful silence ; oft has heard
 Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave,
 From this sad breast resounding, now no more
 I mean to vent complaints ; I mean not now
 With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
 His hand hath heap'd on our devoted race.
 I bear it all, with calmest patience bear it ;
 Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost.

Melan. Despair, alas ! is all the sad resource
 Our fate allows us now.

Euph. Yet why despair ?
 Is that the tribute to a father due ?
 Blood is his due, Melanthon ; yes, the blood,
 The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
 Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
 Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,
 Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.
 And thou, O filial piety ! that rul'st
 My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage ;
 Assume the port of justice ; show mankind
 Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuse,
 Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Moderate your zeal,
 Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
 These wild upbraidings.

Euph. Shall Euphrasia's voice
 Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies ?

Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst ?
 Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
 Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs ;
 Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause,
 Alarm'd and rous'd with horror ?—Yes, Melanthon,
 The man of blood shall hear me ; yes, my voice
 Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
 Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of heav'n
 Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
 Melanthon, come ; my wrongs will lend me force ;
 The weakness of my sex is gone ; this arm
 Feels tenfold strength ; this arm shall do a deed,
 For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at !
 This arm shall vindicate a father's cause.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild romantic Scene, amidst overhanging Rocks ; a Cavern on one side.*

ARCAS, with a Spear in his hand, discovered.

Arcas. The gloom of night sits heavy on the world ;
 And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
 As 'twere a pause of nature : on the beach
 No murmuring billow breaks ; the Grecian tents
 Lie sunk in sleep ; no gleaming fires are seen ;
 All Syracuse is hush'd ; no stir abroad,
 Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
 That beats the sullen wave. And hark !—Was that
 The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
 Piercing the midnight gloom ?—It is the sound
 Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
 Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
 Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, from the Cavern, R.H.

Phil. What ho!—brave Arcas!—ho!

Arcas. Why thus desert thy couch?

Phil. Methought the sound
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

Arcas. At intervals, the oar's resounding stroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like silence thro' the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

Phil. Do thou retire,
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy post. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Arcas. How fares
Your royal pris'ner?

Phil. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.
Oh! would I could relieve him!

Arcas. May no alarm disturb thee.

[*Exit into the Cavern, R.H.*]

Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the sullen sky held forth
Unerring signals.—With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;
And lo! athwart the gloom a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire!—What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what, ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy purpose:
Who, and what art thou?

Euph. (*Without, L.H.*) Mine no hostile step;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
It is a friend approaches.

Phil. Ha! what mean
Those plaintive notes?

Euph. Here is no ambush'd Greek,

No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.
 An humble suppliant comes.—Alas, my strength
 Exhausted, quite forsakes this weary frame.

Phil. What voice thus piercing through the gloom
 of night—

What art thou? What thy errand?—quickly say,
 Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

(*He goes off, L.H. and returns with Euphrasia.*)

Euph. Let no mistrust affright thee. Lo! a wretch,
 'The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
 Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
 To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
 For sure the pow'r is thine; thou canst relieve
 My bleeding heart, and soften all my woes.

Phil. Euphrasia!

Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?
 Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;
 The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
 The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
 All things are mute around us; all but you,
 Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euph. Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;
 Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

Phil. How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him fet-
 tered;

Oh! give him to me:—if ever
 The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,
 Admit me to Evander: in these caves
 I know he pines in want: let me convey
 Some charitable succour to a father.

Phil. Alas! Euphrasia, 'would I dare comply.

Euph. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
 Wert born in Greece:—Oh!—by our common pa-
 rent—

Nay, stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay—
 You have a father, too!—think, were his lot
 Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
 Chain'd to the earth, with slow-consuming pangs

He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye
 Implor'd relief, yet cruel man denied it ;—
 Wouldst thou not burst through adamantine gates,
 'Through walls and rocks, to save him? Think Phi-
 lotas,

Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
 Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
 When thus a parent wants the common food,
 The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

Phil. 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess, thy as-
 sistance,
 Evander wants not ; it is fruitless all ;
 Thy tears, thy wild intreaties, are in vain.

Euph. Ha ! thou hast murdered him ! He is no
 more !
 I understand thee ; butchers, you have shed
 The precious drops of life.

Phil. Alas ! this frantic grief can nought avail ;
 Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,
 In this dead hour, this season of repose ?

Euph. And dost thou then, inhuman that thou art.
 Advise a wretch like me to know repose ?
 This is my last abode ; these caves, these rocks,
 Shall ring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs ;
 Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give
 'These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds ;
 Call on Evander lost ;
 And cruel gods, and cruel stars invoking,
 Stand on the cliff in madness and despair !

Phil. By heav'n,
 My heart in pity bleeds.

Euph. Talk'st thou of pity—
 Yield to the generous instinct ; grant my prayer ;
 Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
 And shew you have some sense of human woe.

Phil. Oh ! thou hast conquer'd—Go, Euphrasia, go,
 Behold thy father—

Euph. I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous
 man !

Phil. Yet mark my words ; if aught of nourishment

'Thou wouldst convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent—

Euph. I will observe your orders :
On any terms, oh ! let me, let me see him.

Phil. Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd
way.

Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks ; the pious act
Timoleon shall reward ; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue, shall reward the deed.

(*Goes into the cave.*)

Phil. Prevailing, pow'ful virtue !—Thou subdu'st
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy purpose.
'Would, I could save them !—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy,
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear.

[*Exit into the cave,* R. H.]

SCENE II.—*The inside of a Cavern.*

Enter ARCAS and EUPHRASIA, R. H.

Arcas. No : on my life I dare not.

Euph. But a small,
A wretched pittance ; one poor cordial drop,
To renovate exhausted drooping age :
I ask no more.

Arcas. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls :
Our lives were forfeit else : a moment's parley
Is all I grant ; in yonder cave he lies.

Evan. (*within the cell.*) Oh ! struggling nature ! let
thy conflict end.

Oh ! give me, give me rest ?

Euph. My father's voice !
It pierces here ! it cleaves my very heart !
I shall expire, and never see him more.

Arcas. Repose thee, princess, here (*Draws a couch, L.H.*)—here rest thy limbs,
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

Evan. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Euph. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief?

Arcas. All I can grant,
You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without restraint.

(*Opens a cell in the back scene.*)

Euph. Hold, hold, my heart! Oh! how shall I
sustain

The agonizing scene? (*Rises.*) I must behold him:
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that his mansion?

Arcas. Take your last farewell. (*Crosses to L.H.*)
His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Evan. (*Raising himself.*) Oh! when shall I get
free? These lingering pangs—

Euph. Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of woe!

Evan. Dispatch me, pitying gods, and save my
child!

I burn, I burn! Alas! no place of rest!

(*Rises and comes out.*)

A little 'air; once more a breath of air:

Alas! I faint—I die. (*Falls against a rock.*)

Euph. Heart-piercing sight!

Let me support you, sir.

Evan. Oh! lend your arm—

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee—That kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my senses—Lead me forward.

And is there left one charitable hand

To reach its succour to a wretch like me?

Euph. Well may'st thou ask it. Oh, my breaking
heart!

The hand of death is on him.

Evan. Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me.

'Tis well ; (*Sits on couch.*)—I thank thee ; thou art kind and good ;

And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

Euph. Do you not know me, sir ?

Evan. Methinks I know

That voice : art thou—Alas ! my eyes are dim !

Each object swims before me—No, in truth,

I do not know thee.

Euph. Not your own Euphrasia ?

Evan. Art thou my daughter ?

Euph. Oh, my honour'd sire ! (*Falls at his feet.*)

Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia ? come to close
A father's eyes !—Giv'n to my last embrace !

Gods ! do I hold her once again ?—Your mercies

Are without number— (*Falls on the couch.*)

I would pour my praise—

You read my heart—you see what passes there.

Euph. Alas ! he faints ; the gushing tide of transport

Bears down each feeble sense—Restore him, heaven !

Evan. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,

Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,

Will seem a speck in the great void of space.

Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age !

Nay, dry those tears—

Euph. I will, my father.

Evan. Where,

I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion ?

Euph. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

Evan. And left thee here,

Expos'd and helpless ?

Euph. He is all truth and honour :

He fled to save my child.

Evan. My young Evander !

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia ?—Oh, my heart !

Alas ! quite gone ; worn out with misery.

Oh ! weak, decay'd old man !

Euph. Inhuman wretches !

Will none relieve his want ? A drop of water

Might save his life ; and ev'n that's denied him.

Evan. These strong emotions—Oh! that eager air—
It is too much—(*Rises.*) Assist me, bear me hence,
And lay me down in peace.

Euph. His eyes are fix'd!
And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand.
What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus
Let him expire in these weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS, L.H.

Phil. Those wild, those piercing shrieks, will give
th' alarm.

(*Philotas crosses behind to Evander, R.H.*)

Euph. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

Evan. (*As he is carried off.*) O, Death! where art
thou?

Come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.
My child—where art thou? Give me—reach thy hand
Why dost thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!
Quite parch'd my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave to-
gether. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter ARCAS, L.H.

Arcas. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern
clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end: the hour
Now warns Euphrasia hence: what man could dare,
I have indulg'd. Philotas!—Ha! the cell
Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?
Philotas, speak!

Enter PHILOTAS, R.H.

Phil. Oh! vile detested lot,
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold
Its executioner, and smile upon him.
That piteous sight!

Arcas. She must withdraw, Philotas ;
 Delay undoes us both. The restless main
 Glows with the blush of day.

The time requires,
 Without or further pause, or vain excuse,
 That she depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes ;
 My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Arcas. 'Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our
 guard.

I dread th' event ; and hark !—the wind conveys
 In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
 The fates prepare new havock ; on th' event
 Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
 Delays Euphrasia !—Ha ! what means, Philotas,
 That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look ?

Enter PHILOTAS, R.H.

Phil. O ! I can hold no more ; at such a sight
 Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
 To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
 The pious fraud of charity and love ;
 Behold that unexampled goodness ; see
 Th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her ;—
 Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn, to view
 A child like her.

Arcas. Ha !—Say, what mystery
 Wakes these emotions ?

Phil. Wonder-working virtue !
 The father foster'd at his daughter's breast !—
 O, filial piety !—The milk design'd
 For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
 Allays the parching fever.

Arcas. That device
 Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,
 To minister relief ?

Phil. On the bare earth
 Evander lies ; and as his languid pow'rs

Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
 And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
 Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
 Ev'n as a mother doating on her child,
 And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
 Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
 A silent tear steals down, the tear of virtue,
 That sweetens grief to rapture ! All her laws
 Inverted quite, great nature triumphs still.

Arcas. The tale unmans my soul.

Phil. Ye tyrants, hear it,

• And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
 Unheard-of torture, virtue can keep pace
 With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
 To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Arcas. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
 I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
 Her father for her.

Phil. Oh ! her lovely daring
 Transcends all praise. By heav'n, he shall not die.

Arcas. And yet we must be wary ; I'll go forth,

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

And first explore each avenue around,
 Lest the fix'd centinel obstruct your purpose.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas ; we will act like men
 Who feel for others' woes.—She leads him forth,
 And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

Enter EUPHRASIA, and EVANDER, R.H.

Evan. Euphrasia, Oh ! my child ! returning life
 Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward—
 At the last gasp preserv'd ! Ha ! dawning light !
 Let me behold ; in faith, I see thee now ;
 I do indeed : the father sees his child.

Euph. I have reliev'd him.—Oh ! the joy's too great ;
 'Tis speechless rapture !

Evan. Blessings, blessings on thee !

Euph. My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,
 Could I abandon that white hoary head,
 That venerable form?—Abandon him,
 To perish here in misery and famine?

Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!
 Have triumph'd o'er me.
 Take him, take your father;
 Convey him hence: I do release him to you.

Evan. (*Crosses to centre.*) What said Philotas!—
 Do I fondly dream?

Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet
 Methought I heard him! Did he say, release me?

Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my
 pris'ner;

Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
 Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,
 Whose soft declivity will guide your steps
 To the deep vale, which these o'erhanging rocks
 Encompass round. You may convey him thence
 To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause;
 I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
 Yes, I will save 'em or perish in their cause.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Evan. Whither, oh! whither shall Evander go?
 I'm at the goal of life; if in the race,
 Honour has follow'd with no lingering step,
 But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath,
 To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
 And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euph. And will you then refuse, when thus the
 gods
 Afford a refuge to thee?

Evan. Oh! my child,
 There is no refuge for me.

Euph. Pardon, sir:
 Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat;
 There may'st thou dwell; it will not long be wanted;
 Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
 Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon !

Euph. Yes,

The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
Another day shall make the city his.

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily !—My child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent heav'n !
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;
Let them, oh ! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time transmit it to their boy !

Enter PHILOTAS, L.H.

Phil. All things are apt ;—the drowsy centinel
Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Euph. Oh ! let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen veins :
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.
To me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia ; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Euph. And will you then, on self-destruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me ?

Evan. Trust thee ! Euphrasia ? Trust in thee, my
child ?

Tho' life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee,
Oh ! thou art good ; (*She kneels, and he raises her.*)
thy virtue soars a flight

For the wide world to wonder at ; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child, [*Exeunt, L.H.*

ACT III.

SCENE I,—*Syracuse.*

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

Enter DIONYSIUS, and Officers, R.H.

Dion. Base deserters !
Curse on their Punic faith ! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek ? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse.
May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon their Lybian shore !

Enter CALIPPUS, R.H.

Calip. My liege, Timoleon, where the harbour
opens,
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

Dion. Ruin impends ; and yet, if fall it must,
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by fate.

Calip. Through ev'ry street
Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

Dion. With sacred rites their wrath must be ap-
peas'd.
Let instant victims at the altar bleed ;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their gods. [*Exit Calippus, R.H.*
The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle

In the fierce soldiery religious rage.

Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[*Exeunt Officers, R.H.*]

Enter PHILOTAS, R.H.

Philotas, thou draw near : how fares your prisoner ?
Has he yet breath'd his last ?

Phil. Life ebbs apace ;
To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs ! Sicilia's crown
No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.

Phil. It shall, dread sir ; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

Dion. Oh ! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse,
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts ;
The flatt'ring train, the centinel that guards me,
The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
And from the means of safety dangers rise.
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Phil. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
And sue for terms of peace ?

Dion. Detested thought !
No, though ambition teems with countless illa,
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
Though horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
But now ordain'd is mockery to heav'n.

'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless : then let daring guilt
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,

Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breast?

Phil. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em; bring the slaves before
me.

Phil. What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your
prisoners.

*Enter MELANTHON, with Greek prisoners, and
• PHOCION, R.H.*

Dion. Assassins, and not warriors! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head? Did not your swords at once
Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood?

1st Pris. We sought thy life—I am by birth a
Greek;

An open foe in arms, I meant to slay
The foe of human kind.—With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece,
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great revenge:
Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

1st. Pris. Then wilt thou see,
How vile the body, to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;
Our's the first lot; we've fail'd: on yonder plain
Appear in arms the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more! Melanthon, drag 'em
hence

To die in mis'ry. Impal'd alive,
 The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
 Selected from the rest, let one depart;
 A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
 Her chosen sons, her first adventurers, met.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Melan. Unhappy men! how shall my care protect
 Your forfeit lives?—Philotas, thou conduct them
 To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
 Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,
 We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell;
 That officer will guide your steps.

(*All follow Philotas, R.H. except Phocion.*)

Pho. Disguis'd
 Thus in a soldier's garb, he knows me not.
Melanthon!——

Melan. Ha!—Those accents!—Phocion here?

Pho. Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me,
 say,
 How fares Euphrasia?

Melan. Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious mo-
 ments

With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
 Why, with rash valour penetrate our gates?

Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
 Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
 The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
 The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
 For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;
 For her I burst the barriers of the gate,
 Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.
 A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps;
 We forc'd an entrance: the devoted guard
 Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
 Down from the walls superior numbers came.
 The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,
 If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
 But heav'n thought otherwise. *Melanthon*, say,
 I fear to ask it, lives Epyander still?

Melan. Alas, he lives imprison'd in the rock.

Thou must withdraw thee hence. Regain once more
 Timoleon's camp : alarm his slumb'ring rage :
 Assault the walls ; thou with thy phalanx seek
 The subterraneous path ; that way at night
 The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
 On the astonish'd foe.

Pho. By heav'n, I will !

My breath shall wake his rage ; this very night,
 When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
 Then Greece unsheaths her sword, and great revenge
 Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
 Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom !
 But first let me behold Euphrasia.

Melan. Hush

Thy pent-up valour : to a secret haunt
 I'll guide thy steps : (*Crosses to L.H.*) there dwell, and
 In not time

I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Oh ! lead me to her ; that exalted virtue
 With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin ;
 Shall bid my sword, with more than lightning's swift-
 ness,

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage,
 With blows repeated in the tyrant's veins.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A temple, with a monument in the middle.*

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIKENE, and three female attendants, L.H.

Euph. This way, my virgins, this way bend your
 steps.

Lo ! the sad sepulchre, where, hours'd in death,
 The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
 There, while her victims at your altar bleed,
 And with your hands the vaulted roof descend,
 There let me pay the tribute of a sigh.
 A weeping pilgrim o'er Endoia's urn.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

Euph. My tears have dried their source ; then let me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay

That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands

(Erixene receives a basket and vase from two of the virgins, and delivers them to Euphrasia—the third opens the door of the tomb.)

I'll burn, an offering to a parent's shade,

And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.

That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

(She goes into the tomb, M.D.)

Erix. Look down, propitious pow'rs ! behold that virtue,

And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHIIOTAS, R.H.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins ; rend your scatter'd garments ;

Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.

In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice

Th' impending wrath of ill-requited heav'n.

Ill omens hover o'er us. At the altar

The victim dropt, 'ere the divining seer

Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues trembled,

And from the marble drops of blood distill'd.

Erix. Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

Enter EUPHRASIA, from the tomb, M.D.

Euph. Virgins, I thank you—Oh ! more lightly
now

My heart expands : the pious act is done,

And I have paid my tribute to a parent.

And wherefore does the tyrant bemoan his way ?

He flies the altar, leaves th' unfinish'd rites.

Now there smiles propitious on his cause.

Fate lifts the awful balance ; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euph. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
Do you retire—

[*Exeunt Erixeue, and attendants, L.H.*

Retire, Philotas : let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate
'To pious worship, and to filial love.

Phil. Alas ! I fear to yield :—awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Euph. Now then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st indulge

The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue

Enter EVANDER, from the monument, L.H.

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again,
With a fond father's love to view thee ? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms ?

Euph. How fares my father now ?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being ; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

Euph. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Oh ! my father,
How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings ? How
Endure their barb'rous rage ?

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do.
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal spirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in bliss,
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh ! thither was Evander going.
But thou recall'st me ; thou !—

Euph. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still
Urge on the siege?

Euph. His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet,
Half lost, is swallow'd by the roaring sea;
The shatter'd refuse seek the Lybian shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders, heav'n!—Abroad
thy spirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

Euph. Ha!—hark!—what noise is that? It comes,
this way.
Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

Enter PHILOTAS, R.H.

Phil. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee. Oh! my sovereign,
My king, my injured master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee

(Crosses and kneels to Evander.)

Evan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Phil. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal—there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw—Trust to your faithful friends.
Pass but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Evan. But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people shew their rightful king.

Euph. Banish that thought. Forbear; the rash
attempt
~~Were fatal~~ to our hopes. Oppress'd, dismay'd,

The people look aghast, and, wan with fear,
None dare espouse your cause.

Evan. Yes, all will dare
To act like men;—their king, I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve;
My life was their's; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the subject's less?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves;
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Euph. Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears—

Evan. Forbear: the man, like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euph. Again th' alarm approaches! Sure destruction

To thee, to all, will follow:—Hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted aisle;
It gains upon the ear.—Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen.

Phil. And lo! Calippus
Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

Evan. Thou at the senate-house convene my
friends.

Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.

Anon I'll meet 'em there. [*Exit Philotas, R.H.*]

My child, farewell;

Thou shalt direct me now. (*Evander enters the Tomb.*)

Euph. (*Coming forward.*) How my distracted heart throbs wild with fear !
What brings Calippus ? Wherefore ? Save me, heaven !

Enter CALIPPUS, R.H.

Calip. This lonely musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion ; the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.

Euph. Ha ! what means
The tyrant ?—I obey ;—[*Exit Calippus, R.H.*]—and,
oh ! ye pow'rs,
Ye ministers of heaven, defend my father ;
Support his drooping age ; and when anon
Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh ! be the grave at least a place of rest ;
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth.

[*Exit, R.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Syracuse.*

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and Officers, R.H.

Dion. (*In centre.*) Away each vain alarm ; the sun
goes down,
Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach :
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourself,—still Dionysius here remains.

And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace ?
 By heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
 His boasted phalanx on the embattled plain.
 And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
 Dispatch his herald ?—Let the slave approach. "

(*Calippus crosses to R.H. and beckons the herald.*)

Enter HERALD, R.H.

Now speak thy purpose ; what doth Greece impart ?

Herald. Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms
 Is equal'd only by the softer virtues
 Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
 Sends me his delegate to offer terms.
 On which ev'n foes may well accord ; on which
 The fiercest nature, tho' it spurn at justice,
 May sympathize with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery :
 Thou shalt be heard.

Herald. The gen'rous leader sees,
 With pity sees, the wild destructive havock
 Of ruthless war ; he hath survey'd around
 The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
 And touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
 Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps !
 Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
 Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
 Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
 Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
 Uprear'd in Sicily ? and wherefore here
 The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
 Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
 Of half the year, while closer to her breast
 The mother clasps her infant ?

Herald. 'Tis not mine
 To plead Timoleon's cause ; not mine the office
 To justify the strong, the righteous motives
 That urge him to the war ; the only scope

My deputation aims at, is to fix
 An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
 That they, whose bodies on the naked shore,
 Lie weltering in their blood, from either host
 May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
 And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
 Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
 And leave our peaceful plains: the mangled limbs
 Of those he murder'd, from my tender care
 Shall meet due obsequies.

Herald. The hero, sir,
 Wages no war with those who bravely die.
 'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
 We sue for peace; and to the living too,
 Timoleon would extend it; but the groans
 Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
 A single day will pay the funeral rites.
 To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
 Without hostility, and all in honour;
 You to inter the troops, who bravely fell;
 We, on our part, to give an humble sod
 To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,
 And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so;
 I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn
 Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
 In vain shall thirst for blood.
 Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.
 Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[*Exeunt Herald and Officer, R.H.*]

By heav'n, the Greek hath offer'd to my sword
 An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut
 My great revenge. Calippus, let each soldier
 This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
 That, ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
 On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
 Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
 From every quarter we may rush undaunted,
 Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
 And by one carnage, bury all in ruin.

My valiant friends, haste to your several posts,
And let this night your calm unruffled spirit
Lie hush'd in sleep.—Away, my friends, disperse.

[*Exeunt Officers, R.H.*

Philotas !

Enter PHILOTAS, L.H.

Waits Euphrasia, as we order'd ?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.

[*Exit Philotas, L.H.*

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
All rise by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA, L.H.

Euph. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's
presence ?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears.
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
To soothe affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile dissembler !
Detested homicide !—(*Aside.*)—And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched ?

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty ; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution,

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,

Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euph. Ha! lead him hither!—Sir, to move him
now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather.—If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to
him.

Dion. Controul this wild alarm; with prudent
care
Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euph. Disastrous fate!
Ruin impends! This will discover all!
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. (*Aside.*)
Tho' much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

Dion. This night, this very hour, you both must
meet.

'T'gether you may serve the state and me.
'Thou see'st the havoc of wide-wasting war;
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.
Theu may'st prevent their fate.

Euph. Oh, give the means,
And I will bless thee for it!

Dion. From a Greek,
'Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband, Phocion—

Euph. Oh, say! speak of my Phocion!

Dion. He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euph. And does my Phocion share Timoleon's
glory?

Dion. With him invests our walls, and bids rebel-
lion
Erect her standard here.

Euph. Oh! bless him, gods!

Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
List on his side; against the hostile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd,
And a whole nation's voice.

Applaud my hero with a love like mine !

(Crosses to R.H.)

Dion. Ungrateful fair ! Has not our sovereign will
On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown ?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy ?

Euph. From thee the crown !—from thee ! Euphrasia's children

Shall on a nobler basis found their rights—
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

Dion. Misguided woman !

Euph. Ask of thee protection !

The father's valour shall protect his boy,

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction ; ere too late,
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these :
Instant send forth a message to your husband ;
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,
And measure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hostages ;
And for his treason both may answer.

Euph. Think'st thou then

So meanly of my Phocion ? Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear ?
Oh ! thou dost little know him—know'st but little
Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever-honour'd bright reward
Which fame entwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nations freed and tyrants laid in dust.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Dion. By heav'n, this night Evander breathes his last !

Euph. Better for him to sink at once to rest,

Than linger thus, beneath the gripe of famine,
 In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
 Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
 Of that fell malice, and that black suspicion
 That mark'd your father's reign :—vice liv'd secure;
 It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
 'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
 In that black period, to be great and good,
 Was a state crime; the powers of genius then
 Were a constructive treason!

Dion. Obdurate woman, obstinate in ill!
 Here ends all parley! Now your father's doom
 Is fix'd—irrevocably fix'd! This night
 Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
 Pursues his wearied life through every nerve!
 I scorn all dull delay. This very night
 Shall sate my great revenge! [Exit, R.H.]

Euph. This night, perhaps,
 Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
 My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,
 Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
 And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.
[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The inside of the Temple.*

Enter PHOCION, and MELANTHON, L.H.

Melan. Summon all
 Thy wonted firmness. In that dreary vault
 A living king is number'd with the dead.
 I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle
(Crosses to L.H.)
 Supports the central dome, that no alarm
 Surprize you in the pious act, [Exit, L.H.]

Pho. If here
 They both are found; if in Evander's arms
 Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
 For all my sufferings, all afflictions past.

Yes, I will seek them—~~ha~~!—the gaping tomb
 Invites my steps—now be propitious, heaven!
(He enters the tomb.)

Enter EUPHRASIA, R.H.

Euph. All hail, ye caves of horror!—In this gloom
 Divine content can dwell; the heart-felt tear,
 Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
 Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Who's there?—Evander?—Answer—tell me—speak—

Enter PHOCION, from the Tomb.

Pho. What voice is that?—Melanthon!

Euph. Ha! those sounds!—
 Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
 Or lost Euphrasia dies!

Pho. Heart-swelling transport!
 Art thou Euphrasia?—'Tis thy Phocion, love;
 Thy husband comes.—

Euph. Support me! Reach thy hand—

Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!

Euph. What miraele ~~has~~ brought thee to me?

Pho. Love
 Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

Euph. Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore
 here?

Why in this place of woe?—My tender little one,
 Say, is he safe?—Oh! satisfy a mother;
 Speak of my child, or I go wild at once:
 Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own!

Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign
 In Sicily; Timoleon's generous care
 Protects him in his camp. Dispel thy fears:
 The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

Euph. My father lives sepulchred ere his time,
 Here in Eudocia's tomb. Let me conduct thee—

Pho. I came this moment thence—

Euph. And saw Evander ?

Pho. Alas ! I found him not.

Euph. Not found him there ?

And have they then—have the fell murderers—Oh !

(*Faints away.*)

Pho. I've been too rash ; revive, my love revive ;
Thy Phocian calls ; the gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue !

Enter EVANDER and MELANTHON, L.H.U.E.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps :
Where is he ? Let me see him. (*Crosses to Euph.*)

Pho. My Euphrasia ;
Thy father lives !—Thou venerable man !
Behold !—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Euph. (*Recovering.*) These agonies must end me.
(*Sees Evander, and goes to him.*)

Oh, heaven ! again I have him—
Again I clasp him in my fond embrace !

Evan. Euphrasia ! Phocion too ! Yes, both are here ;
Oh ! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart !

Euph. Why, my father,
Why thus adventure forth ?—The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits !

Evan. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful silence round,
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,
And crave the care of heaven for thee and thine.
Melanthon there——

Enter PHILOTAS, L.H.

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you :
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze ;
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander ; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his presence.

Evan. Lead me to him :
His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror!—It must not be!

Phil. No; never, never:

I'll perish rather.—But the time demands
Our utmost vigour.

His policy has granted

A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evan. And doth he grant a false insidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Melan. Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends:

Fly to Timoleon—I can grant a passport;
Rouse him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, or all is lost!

Pho. Evander, thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight!

Melan. It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

Euph. Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evan. Oh! would the gods roll back the stream of
time,

And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war: I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euph. Enough of laurel'd victory your sword
Hath reaped in earlier days.

Evan. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, second youth, rekindles in my veins!
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will show that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O shame!

It will not be : the momentary blaze
Sinks and expires—I have surviv'd it all ;
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself !

Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly ; Melanthon will conduct thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faithful cohorts

Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave companions

Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives ?

Phil. Trust to my care : no danger shall assail them.

Pho. By heav'n, the glorious expectation swell-
This panting bosom ! Yes, Euphrasia, yes ;
Awhile I leave you to the care of heaven.
Fell Dionysius, tremble ; 'ere the dawn,
Timoleon thunders at your gates—The rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once ; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Evan. Yet, 'ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words : tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph ;
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce ;
It is humanity ennobles all ;
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewell ; the midnight hour shall give you freedom.

[*Exit with Melanthon and Philotas, L.H.*]

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways !

Evan. Come, my Euphrasia : in this interval
Together we will seek the sacred altar,
And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,
For all the wondrous goodness lavish'd on us.

[*Exeunt, L.H.U.E*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Syracuse**Enter* DIONYSIUS, and CALIPPUS, L.H.

Dion. Ere the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
Might view their camp, their stations and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Calip. From the watch-tow'r I saw them; all things
spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword: are all
My orders issued?

Calip. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repose?

Calip. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon,
Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Meet at the citadel.—An hour at farthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp.
Haste, Calippus,
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[*Exit Calippus*, L.H.]

Evander dies this night: Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my power withdrew their infant boy:
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd!

Enter EUPHRASIA, L.H.

Dion. Once more approach, and hear me: 'tis not
now

A time to waste in the vain war of words:
A crisis big with horror is at hand.

I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
 Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals
 Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.
 And now, by heaven, here in thy very sight
 Evander breathes his last !

Euph. If yet there's wanting
 A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
 Add that black murder to the dreadful list :
 With that complete the horrors of thy reign !

Dion. Woman, beware : Philotas is at hand,
 And to our presence leads Evander. All
 Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
 Have prov'd abortive.

Euph. Ha ! What new event ?
 And is Philotas false ?—Has he betray'd him ?
(Aside.)

Enter PHILOTAS, R.H.

Euph. How my heart sinks within me !

Dion. Where's your pris'ner ?

Phil. Evander is no more.

Dion. Ha !—Death has robb'd me
 Of half my great revenge.

Phil. Worn out with anguish,
 I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
 We gave each cordial drop, alas ! in vain ;
 He heav'd a sigh ; invok'd his daughter's name,
 Smil'd, and expir'd.

Dion. Bring me his hoary head.

Phil. You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal ;
 I gave the body to the foaming surge
 Down the steep rock despis'd.

Dion. Now rave and shriek,
 And rend your scatter'd hair ! No more Evander
 Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.

Now then thou feel'st my vengeance !

Euph. Glory in it ;
 Exult and triumph ! Thy worst shaft is sped !

Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view
thee;

With the calm' sunshine of the breast can see
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect.

Dion. Philotas, bear her hence ! she shall not live ;
This moment bear her hence ; you know the rest ;
Go, see our will obey'd ; that done, with all
A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel :
There meet the heroes, whom this night shall lead
To freedom, victory, to glorious havock,
And the destruction of the Grecian name ! [*Exit, R.H.*

Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas, generous man !
These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.

But oh ! should Greece defer——

Phil. Dispel thy fears ;
Phocion will bring relief ; or should the tyrant
Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euph. Ah ! there Evander, naked and disarm'd
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Phil. Lo ! here's a weapon : bear this dagger to
him.

In the drear monument should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly ;
This guards the passage ; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

Euph. Ye pitying gods, protect my father there !
[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Citadel.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Enter Officers, met by DIONYSIUS and Two Officers, R.H.

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,

My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace,
Lo ! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
Success by war, or covert stratagem,
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words ? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
Follow th' impulsive ardour ; follow me,
Your king, your leader ; in the friendly gloom
Of night assault their camp ; your country's love,
And fame eternal, shall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
From the invader's pow'r, their native land.

Cal. Lead to the onset ; Greece shall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolv'd : when the declining moon
Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
The order thus :—Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's sons, with the Numidian bands,
And line the shore.—Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood skirts the valley ; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
Ourself, with the embodied cavalry
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furthest line ;
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
The signal of the charge : then, oh ! my friends,
On every side let the wild uproar loose,
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparing, unrelenting : drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter CALIPPUS, I.H.

Calip. To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;

The subterraneous path is their's; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

Dion. Treason's at work;—away, my friends;
Rouse all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms!

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

[Exeunt, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The inside of the Temple.—A Monument in the middle.*

*EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and Three Attendants, L.H.
discovered.*

Euph. (*On R.H.*) Which way, Erixene, which way,
my virgins,
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victors' shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confusion rise! Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,
Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace!
(Puts up the dagger.—Flourish.)

Hark! The din
Of arms with clearer sound advances.—*(Flourish.)—*
Hark!

That sudden burst.—*(Flourish.)—*Again; they rush
upon us.

War, horrid war invades the sacred fane !
 No altar gives a sanctuary now. (Flourish)

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and Officers, L.H.

Dion. Here will I mock their siege • here stand at bay,
 And brave 'em to the last.

Calip. Our weary foes
 Desist from the pursuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,
 Tho' ev'ry god conspire, I will not yield.
 If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
 The mansion of the gods combin'd against me,
 Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me.
 Euphrasia here ! (*Crosses to R.H.*) Detested, treach'rous
 woman !

For my revenge preserv'd ! By heav'n, 'tis well ;
 Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword
 Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims
 This night has massacred ! (*Offering to kill her.*)

Calip. (*Holding Dionysius's arm.*) My liege, forbear ;

Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,
 And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave !
 My rage is up in arms ; by heav'n, she dies !—
 (*Offering to strike.*)

*Enter EVANDER, from the Tomb, and arrests his
 arm.—Dionysius falls back.*

Evan. Horror !—forbear !—Thou murd'rer, hold
 thy hand !
 The gods behold thee, horrible assassin !
 Restrain the blow ;—it were a stab to heav'n !
 All nature shudders at it !—Will no friend
 Arrest in a cause like this, a father's hand ?
 Spare at this bosom rather.—(*Kneels.*)—Lo ! Evander
 Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee ;
 He begs to die ; exhaust the scanty drops
 That lag about his heart ; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander!—Do my eyes once more behold him?

May the fiends seize Philotas! Treach'rous slave!
'Tis well thou liv'st; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine! (*Offers to strike.*)

Euph. No, tyrant, no;—
(*Rushing before Evander.*)

I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom
Open a passage; first on me, on me
Exhaust your fury; ev'ry pow'r above,
Commands thee to respect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood enough;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight!

Dion. Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
(*Flourish.*)

Ha! the fierce tide of war
'This way comes rushing on.

[*Exit, with Officers, and Calippus, R.H.U.E.*

Euph. (*Embracing Evander,*) Oh! thus, my father,

We'll perish thus together!

Dion. (*Without, R.H.*) Bar the gates!
Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed?—Oh! for a sword!

Bring, bring me daggers!

Euph. Ha!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and Officers, R.H.U.E.

Dion. Guards, seize the slave,
And give him to my rage!

Evan. (*Seiz'd by two of the Officers.*) Oh!
Inhuman villains!

Euph. Now one glorious effort! (*Aside.*)

Dion. Let me dispatch; thou traitor, thus my arm—

Euph. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow!

portal opens; lo! see there; behold!

Yes, first she strikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods!

(*She stabs him—He falls.*)

Dion. Detested fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!—

Euph. Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cause
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her sex.

Dion. May curses blast thy arm! May *Aetna's* fires
Convulse the land; to its foundation shake
The groaning isle! May civil discord bear
Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.

(*Dis.*)

Euph. (*Crosses to centre.*) Behold, all Sicily be-
hold!—The point
Glow with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, (*To the*
Guards.) look there!

Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men!—And oh! my father,
My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child; my daughter! Sav'd again by
thee!

(*He embraces her.*)

(*A Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, ARCAS,
Greek Herald, Greek Officer, and Greek Soldiers,
R.H.U.E.

Pho. Now let the monster yield.—My best Eu-
phrasia! (*Embraces her.*)

Euph. My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my
heart!

Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

Pho. And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn shall
see him

A spectacle for public view——Euphrasia!

Evander too! (*Crosses to Evan.*) Thus to behold you
both—

Evan. To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise,
And gaze with wonder there! The life I gave her—
Oh! she has us'd it for the noblest ends!

To fill each duty; make her father feel
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss
To have a grateful child. (*Crosses to Euph.*) But has
the rage
Of slaughter ceas'd?

Pho It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon?

Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

Euph. Oh! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily, the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours shall be lavish'd on thee. .
*Evan*der too will place you near his throne;
And show mankind, e'en in this shore of being,
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

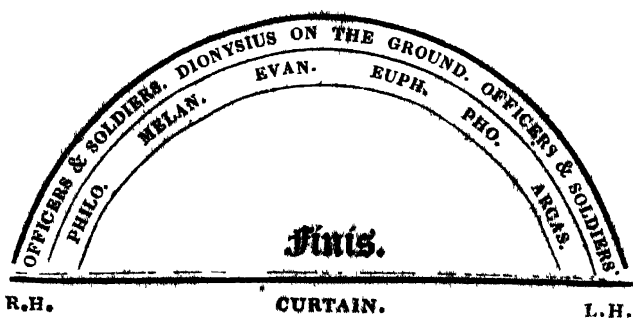
Phil. I am rewarded: feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon: to his care
I will commend ye both: (*Crosses to Melan.*) for now,
my friends,

Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphrasia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And, oh! ye pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways: conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd: that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land.
A parent to her people: stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate the GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

The Grecian Daughter's compliments to all ;
Bids that for epilogue you will not call ;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.
A father rais'd from death, a nation sav'd,
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd,
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm !
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn father, freedom, virtue, all to jest ?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose ;
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your cyclids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept.
Shall she to Macaronies life restore,
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic bore ?
Dismiss 'em, smirking, to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant !
Some muffled, like the witches in *Macbeth*,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death !
Others, the cauldron go about—about—
And ruin enters, as the fates run out !

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And bets are double !
Double ! double !
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And all is bubble !

But jests apart, for scandal forms these tales,
Falsehood be mute—let Justice hold her scales !

Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs ;
 'To peace and wedded love they give their midnight hours ,
 From slumbers pure, no rattling dice can wake 'em '
 Who make the laws, were never known to break 'em ;
 'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,
 That you down folly's tide are borne away ;
 You never wish at deep distress to sneer,
 For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter through a tear.

Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate
 To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great ;
 Arm'd at all points, let genius take the field,
 And on the stage afflicted virtue shield,
 Drive from the land each base unworthy passion,
 Till virtue triumph in despite of fashion



JOHN BACON

1681-1741

Engraved by J. Wright from an original painting by Chantrel

Oxberry's Edition.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

HENRY THE FOURTH—PART I.

NONE of SHAKSPEARE'S plays have been more popular in the closet than the two parts of Henry the Fourth, but on the stage they have not been followed with equal interest. The brilliant character of *Falstaff* is almost too ideal for representation; and though the plot involves the fate of kingdoms, it has none of those strong appeals to human passions which constitute the very essence of tragedy; it indeed requires interest from the multitude of its events, and the exquisite propriety of its characters, but neither the heart nor the imagination is powerfully affected.

For the characters, separately considered, no praise can be too great; *Falstaff* always has been, and always must be, a phenomenon, without a parallel: the brightest scenes of Cervantes and Molière shrink to nothing in comparison with Shakspeare's fat knight, who wins over the spectator as easily as he won the *Prince*. It is, indeed, the triumph of wit and pleasure over every circumstance that can be opposed to them. *Falstaff* has not a single moral quality to command either love or respect;—a debauchee, without the excuse of youth; a coward, a liar, a cheat, a bully, and a spendthrift; he is still a general favourite by the sole force of his humour; a humour that has not even been approached by the brightest talents of any age, or any country. His wit is so unforced, and sits so naturally upon him; he never goes out of his way for a jest, like the wits of Molière and Congreve; and, what is still more to the purpose, his humour has a distinct and appropriate character; whereas, in the most popular comedies of France and England, there is but one sort of wit common to all the dramatis personæ. Thus, to take the most familiar instance, in the “*School for Scandal*,” all the ladies and gentlemen kill characters precisely in the same fashion.

To what Dr. Johnson has said of the *Prince*, nothing can be added; he has characterized him with uncommon felicity of thought and language; and we cannot do better than quote his criticism.—

“ The *Prince*, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities, and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong, whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifle is wound into a hero, and the hero again expires in the trifle. The character is great, original, and just.”

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and nineteen minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand
L.H.....		Left Hand
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance
M.D.....		Middle Door
D.F.....		Door in Flat
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door

Costume.

KING HENRY.—Crimson velvet robe, purple velvet doublet, and trunks.

PRINCE OF WALES.—First Dress —Brown Tunic pantaloons and boots —Second.—White old English dress, richly embroidered with silver.—Third.—Suit of armour.

PRINCE JOHN.—Light blue old English dress

DOUGLAS.—Scotch dress, Tartan plaid, kelt, hose, bonnet, and breast-plate.

WORCESTER.—Black velvet old English dress

SIR WILLIAM BLOUNT —Scarlet, *ibid*

HOTSPUR.—Buff, *ibid*

VERNON —Blue, *ibid*

FALSTAFF.—Scarlet and buff, *ibid*

WESTMORELAND.—Crimson, *ibid*.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Green, *ibid*

POINS.—Slate coloured, *ibid*

FRANCIS —Green and yellow, *ibid*.

GADSHILL. —Brown, *ibid*.

PETO.—Blue, *ibid*.

BARDOLPH.—Black, *ibid*, trimmed with scarlet

TRAVELLERS —Various coloured, *ibid*

CARRIERS.—Brown old English smocks

SHERIFFS —Scarlet gowns.

Scotch and English soldiers, in dresses of the different countries

LADY PERCY.—White satin dress, trimmed with point and beads.

MRS. QUICKLY.—Red stuff petticoat, trimmed with point, black tuff gown, trimmed with point, high crowned hat, trimmed red.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>King Henry</i>	Mr. Bengough	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Prince of Wales</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. C. Kemble
<i>Prince John</i>	Miss Carr.	Mr. J. Matthews.
<i>Westmoreland</i>	Mr. Marshall	Mr. Connoir
<i>Douglas</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont
<i>Worcester</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman
<i>Northumberland</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. B. Thornton
<i>Hotspur</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready
<i>Blount</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Villon</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. Abbott
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i> ..	Mr. S. Kemble	Mr. Yates.
<i>Sherriff</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Pauis</i>	Mr. Cowell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Bardolph</i>	Mr. Cooke	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Carriers</i>	{ Mr. Oxberry. Mr. Wewitzall.	{ Mr. Faucit. Mr. Treby.
<i>Francis</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Lady Percy</i>	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Quickly</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport

KING HENRY IV.

PART I

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Palace in London*

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, EARL of
WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WAI-
LIER BLUNT, and other Gentlemen, discovered.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gentlemen.

State Chair

THE KING

P. John
Sir W. Blunt.

Sir R. Vernon
Westmoreland

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for feighted peace to pant
Therefore, friends,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans from the holy fields.
Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience. (1)

(1) Expedition

West. My liege, this haste was not in question,
 And many limits (1) of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this brow-
 brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 lord ;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus add'd import
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, (2) and brave Archibald, (3)
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
 As by discharge of their artillerie,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend
 Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
 On Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beate Douglas, and the Earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? his cousin, is it not ?

(1) Outlines, rough sketches, or calculations.

(2) Harry Percy was surnamed, for his *impetuosity*, *Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad. *H. Trenchard's History of Scotland*.

(3) Archibald Douglas, Earl Douglas.

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Shou'd be the father of so bless'd a son,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—what think you, coz'
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners, (1)
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Mal'volent to you in all aspects. (2)

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords.
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered. (3)

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[Exeunt King Henry, Prince John, Sir R

(1) Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife, he being a prince of the blood-royal, son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert the Third. Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom at his pleasure.

(2) An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star, that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

(3) That is, "More is to be said, than anger will suffer me to say more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine."

*Leon, Sn W. Blunt, Gentlemen, R.H. and
Earl of Westmorland, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment belonging to the Prince
of Wales*

*Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF, R.H.*

Fal Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P Hen Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. (1) What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day! Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the noon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus—he, *that a and ring knight so fair*. (2) And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as heaven save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P Hen What'lt norc?

Fal No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

1. Julius says, 'th' first objection to the question seems to be that Falstaff had asked in the first scene what was the time of the day.

2. The comic novel received the objection of the Prince that presently after the Frenchman says, 'Good morrow, Ned,' Falstaff replies, 'Good crew, sweet lad.' The truth is, Falstaff and Shakspeare makes the Frenchman say a good morrow to Falstaff, though the scene commenced in the first scene.

3. Falstaff starts the idea of *l'heure du soleil*, but deviates from the motto to *L'heure du soleil*, the Knight of the Sun, in Sir John's romance, translated under the title of 'The Mirror of Knight' by the author during the life of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage is a most excellently *faucy*, and a great *naïveté* as the owl called it him throughout three thick volumes in 1to will discover. Perhaps the word 'that a and ring knight so fair,' are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; (1) let us be—Diana's foresters, (2) gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, dothebb and flow like the sea, bring governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing—lay by (3), and spent with civing—bring me: (4) now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gillows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? (5)

1 I believe our poet by the expression *the night's body* meant only, *the tattered ragged patch of the night*. From the middle *callet* or *the dead day*. To the way the duty of the day, may probably mean, to discharge it. *A patch of the day* signified originally, the attendance on a night, the person who bore his head piece, ear, and shield. It became afterwards a contempt term for a *pomp* and is so used in the second part of *Don Quixote*, 1650. Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1616, *procurers*. "Here comes the *square* of her mistress's body."

(2) We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared *trusty*, in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, were called *Diana's Knights*.

(3) *Lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation and signifies by slackening sail, to become stationary. It occurs again in King Henry the Eighth. "Even the billows of the sea hang then by and then lay by."

(4) i. e. more wine.

(5) To understand the property of the Prince's answer, it must be concluded, that the Sheriff's office was to meet and in his

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a bull jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch: and, where it would not, I have used my credit

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, (1) or a lugged bear.

that, when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess* is not a sweet wench the Prince asks, in return, whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison, by running in debt to this sweet wench. *Durance*, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present *circulating*

1) Sherwood's *English Dictionary*, at the end of Cotgrave's French one, says, "*Gibbe* is an old he cat." And animals are not so playful as those which are young, and *gilded*, or gilded ones, are duller than others. So we might rectify, "as melancholy as a gib cat" in *gilded cat*

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute. (1)

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. (2)

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, (3) or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? (4)

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, (5) rascaliest,—wee young prince,—but, Hal, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely—but I regarded him not—and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; (6) and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now an

1 *Three* sons, in our author's time, were generally said to be the sons of the lute.

(2) I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe* is meant the *dull creak of a fiddle*, one of the native music instruments of that wretched county. In the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the noisy fiddles are still humorously denominated 'the Potomac fiddles'; *A Pleasant and satirical Manners of the County of Lincoln*, 1790, 1to. bl. l. there is mention of "The sweet bladders of Lincolnshire bagpipes."

3 A *hare* may be considered a melancholy creature, because her position is always solitary, and according to the phlegm of the medical flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.

(4) *The melancholy of Moor-ditch*. It appears from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep ditch, formed part of the hospital from Moorfields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

(5) *Comparative* here means *quick at comparison* or *facetious*, and is properly introduced.

(6) *Iteration*—or, *recitation*. So, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus* (act 1.)

"Here, take this book, and peruse it well

The *iteration* of these lines shall

From the context, *iteration* here appears to mean *pronouncing, recitation*. Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1614, "King Edward the First king the *iteration* of Fizz;" &c.

I, if a man should speak truly, little better then one of the wicked I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not I am a villain I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS, L.H.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? (*Crosses to centre.*) What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow-morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's Hill—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one. (*Crosses to centre.*)

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings. (1)

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad cap.

(1) A *tal*, or *royal*, was of the value of ten shillings.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poms. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in the last cheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring¹ farewell, All-hallow¹ summer¹ (1) [*Exit Falstaff*, L.H.]

Poms. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gildenhill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in secret and forth?

Poms. Why, we will set forth before, or after them,

¹ *All-hallow*, is *All hallow* a title on *All Saint Day* was the first of November. We have still several churches in London which are absurdly styled St. All hallow's, as if a word which was ~~turned~~ used to express the community of saints could be applied to any particular one of the number. In the place of *the* *the* *the* this might have been a common one, as it is now exposed.

“*Pard* Friends here you shall see, even more,
Of *All hallow* the blessed pye bone,
Kiss it hardy, with good devotion, &c

The characters in this scene are striving who should play the greatest falsehood, and, very probably, in their attempts to outdo each other, have cut him down the Romish Kalender. The author is dejected to find the old man withy all this. See in the second part of his play ‘the M’

and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and I have cases of buckram, for the nonce, (1) to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how, thirty, at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof (2) of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me in Eastcheap: farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit, I.H.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,

(1) *For the nonce*—This is sometimes written *for the nuncs*, and it always means *for the once*, for the present purpose, for the immediate subject of question. The progress of the word may be thus traced *a ones, an ones, for the ones, for the nuncs, for the nuncs, for the nonce*.

“ Would you live free from all diseases
Do the act your mistress pleases
Yet fright all aches from your bones
Here's a med'cine for the *nuncs* ”

Pot. u. 2. s. 1

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 — By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; (1)
 And like bright metal on a sullen (2) ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[Exit, &c.]

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL of WESTMORE-
 LAND, EARL of WORCESTER, EARL of NORTHUM-
 BERLAND, HOTESPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VERNON,
 and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.

Throne.

<i>Four Gents</i>	KING	<i>Four Gents</i>
<i>P. John.</i>		<i>Westmoreland.</i>
<i>Northumberland.</i>		<i>Sir W. Blunt</i>
<i>Hotespur.</i>		<i>Worcester</i>

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and tempe-
 rate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,

(1) Expectations

2) Dull

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, (1)
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye;

O, sir,

Your presence is too bold and peremptory;

And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier (2) of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us: (3) when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester, 1. H.*

You were about to speak.

(*Turning to North.*)

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,

As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home:

He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'wixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, (4) which ever and anon

(1) *Condition* is very frequently used by the old writers, for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say, a *good*, or *ill-conditioned man*.

(2) *Frontier* was antiently used for *forehead*.

(3) Our ready assent.

(4) A small box, for musk or other perfumes, then in fashion; the

He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
 And still he smil'd, and talk'd :
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief, (1) and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay, (2)
 Answer'd negligently, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk, so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(heaven save the
 mark !)—

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said :

And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name, from *per* *prick*, *prize*, or *prize*

(1) Fun

(2) A popinjay

May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower.
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment (1) with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp (2) head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

1) An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness.
Spencer is frequent in his use of it.

(2) Curled

Never did base and rotten policy
 Labour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower:

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone.

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son:—

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)

(Exeunt all but Northumberland and Hotspur, L.H.)

Hot. And, if the devil come and roar for them.

I will not send them:—I will atter straight,

And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Although it be with hazard of my head.

(Crosses to L.H.)

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause

awhile;

Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER, L.H.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high i' the air as this unthankful king.

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

(Crosses to R.H.)

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners :
And, when I urg'd the ransome once again

(Crosses to centre.)

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, (1)
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd.
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us heaven pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return,
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you · did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, heaven pardon it ! have done,)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, (2) Bolingbroke ?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

(1) That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear.

(2) The canker-rose is the dog rose, the flower of the Cynosbatus. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* — "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace."

My him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 Yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again :
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd (1) contempt
 Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear. (2)

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink, or swim :—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple :—O ! the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

(Crosses to L.H.)

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corrival, (3) all her dignities :—
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship ! (4)

(1) Disdainful.

(2) That is, of a spear laid across.

(3) A rival.

(4) The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited. This squaring our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival," and himself, and I think, to nothing more. I find

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures⁽¹⁾ here
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry your mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes :
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !—Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.—

the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologue of Pierce Penniless*, 1593 :—

“ ——— with all other ends of your *half-faced* English.”

Again, in “ *Histrionastix*,” 1610 :—

“ Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,—— ”

(1) *Figure*, is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech, it is a rhetorical mode ; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape.

Hen. Richard's time,—(*Crosses to centre.*)—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;
 'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
 His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;—
 When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
 Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*—
 And,—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—
 Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.—
 Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland; which, (for divers reasons
 Which I shall send you written,) be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—(*To North.*)
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 The archbishop—

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation, (1)
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. (*Crosses to centre.*) I smell it : upon my life, ¹
will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st
slip.(1)

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head : (2)
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think, we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pry us home.
And see, already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, (3) farewell :—no further go in this.
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North. Farewell, good brother ; we shall thrive, I
trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport !
[*Exeunt ; North. and Hot.* R.H. *Wor.* L.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard, at Rochester.*

Enter a CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand, L.H.U.E.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho ! A'n't be not four by the day, I'll

(1) *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.

(2) A *head* is a body of forces.

(3) This was a common address in our author's time to nephews.

hanged: Charles' wain(1) is over the new chimney,
- And yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. (*Within*, L.H.) Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's(2) saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.(3)

Enter another CARRILR, with a lantern in his hand,
L.H.U.E.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank(4) here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:(5) this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.(6)

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

nices, and grand children. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*, passim. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

(1) *Charles' wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churles* wain — (Six ceopl, a countryman.) *Chorl* is frequently used for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *Chorle* and the 'wyde,'" printed for Wynkin de Worde. See also the Glossaries of Skanner and Junius, v. *Chur!*

(2) *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1631, and I suppose, was a common one.

(3) i. e.—*out of all measure* the phrase being taken from a cess, tax or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be *out of all cess*.

(4) Wet, rotten.

(5) "The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe, and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tomblynge; and in the beginnynge there is remedy ynowhe; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll him."—*Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*.

(6) It appears, from the following passage in Philemon Holland's

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes⁽¹⁾ of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.⁽²⁾--What, ostler!--A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? A'n't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL, L.H.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine. (*Crossing to 2 Car.*)

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they'll along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt; Carriers, R.H. Gadshill, L.H.*]

translation of Plynny's *Natural History*, Book IX, ch. 47. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested by *flæs*. "In summer, what time are there not bred within the sea? Even the verie *flæs* that slip so merrily in summer time within victuallng houses and innes, and date so shrowdly: as also lice that love best to live close under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found: for many a time the fishers twitch up their hooks, and see a number of these skippers and creepers settled thick about their baits which they laid for fishes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fishes in their sleep by night within the sea, as well as us on land."

(1) As our author in several passages mentions a *raze* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bak* of it.

(2) Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry the Eighth.

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gad's Hill.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALLS and POINS, disguised, L.H.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

(Poins retires a little, L.H.U.E.)

Enter FALSTAFF, disguised, L.H.

Hal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal:—what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

(Pretends to go and look for Poins.)

Fal. I am accursed, to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this; if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!—*(They whistle.)*—Whew!

—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt(1) me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. (*He advances to Falstaff.*)

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse;—good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

*Enter POINS, I.H.U.E. GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and
PERO, disguised, R.H.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

1 Is to fool, to trick, but the prince taking it in another sense, poses it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*

Fal. But how many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ? (*Aside.*)

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt the Prince and Poins, R.H.U.E.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, (1) say I ! Every man to his business.—(*They put on their masks, and draw their swords.*)

Enter four TRAVELLERS, R.H.

Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk a foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand !

Trav. Thieves !—Murder !—Help !—(*The Travellers run back again, followed by Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto, L.H.*)

Fal. Down with them ! cut the villains' throats ! ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth :—down with them ! fleece them !—Young men must live :—You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure you, i'faith.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

(1) The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchymist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, and POINS, in buckr in suits, L.H.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : (1)
Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily
to London, it would be argument (2) for a week, laughter
for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming, (*They retire a little, R.H.U.E.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, with bags of money, L.H.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to
horse before day. (*They sit down on the ground.*)
An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards,
there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in
that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money ! (*Hen. and Poins advance*)

Poins. Villains !

(*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set
upon them, The rest run away; L.H. and Fal-
staff, after a blow or two, runs after them,
leaving the booty behind him.*)

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to
horse.

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared ! [*Exeunt, L.H.*

(1) In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief* /
So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorne*, bl. let. no date —

“ And when me list to hang a *true man*—
Thieves I can help out of pryson.”

(2) Argument is subject, or matter for conversation, or a drama.

SCENE III.—*Warkworth.—A Room in the castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter, R.H.

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ;—Why, that's certain ; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ; the friends you have named, uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is as good a plot, as ever was laid: our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. (1) Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me? a arms by the ninth of the next month? And are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of

(1) Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, “that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers.” See *Memoirs of Windsor*, a. 2, sc. 2, p. 23.

skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY, R.H.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents(1) of a heady fight. Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY, L.H.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Rab. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Rab. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.—

Well, I will back him straight.—O *Espérance!*—(2)

(1) Occurrences.

This was the motto of the Percy family.

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Raby*, L.H.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with.—In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: but if you go——

Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifle.—Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mamnets,⁽¹⁾ and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And, when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But, hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,

(1) Puppets.

Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
 But yet a woman : and, for secrecy,
 No lady closer ; for, I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know : (1)
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate :
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.*

Enter PRINCE of WALES, L.H.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
 three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
 very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn bro-
 ther to a leash of drawers, (2) and can call them all by
 their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.
 They take it already upon their salvation, that, though
 I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of cour-
 tesy ; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, likē Fal-
 staff ; but a Corinthian, (3) a lad of mettle, a good boy,
 —by the lord, so they call me,—and, when I am king
 of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-
 cheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
 quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in

(1) This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence : “ A woman
 conceals what she knows not.”

(2) Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure.

(3) A Frenchman.

his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, (1) clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, (2) one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir,—Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time, till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but—*Anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [Exit Poins, R.H.D.]

Poins. (Within.) Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS, L.H.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph. (3)

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the

(1) It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“ ——— But do you hear?

Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown.”

(2) *Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *Schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is, therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*.

(3) To have windows, or loop-holes, looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom.

clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir, I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, (1) crystal-button, (2) nott-pated, (3) agate-ring, puke-

(1) The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions.

(2) It appears, from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *crystal buttons* was the habit of a pawn-broker. "A black taffata doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin, with crystal buttons, &c. I inquired of what occupation. 'Marry, sir,' quoth he, 'a broker.'"

(3) It should be printed, as in the old folios, *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is thus described:

"A nott-head had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word is still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 100 Morell's *Chancer*, 8vo. p. 11. Vide Jun. Etym. adverb.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Your nott-headed country gentleman."

stocking, (1) caddis-garter, (2) smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard (3) is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbery, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue: dost thou not hear them call?—(*Here they both call him: Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*)

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hearest such a calling? look to the guests within.—[*Exit Francis*, L.H.]—My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit Hostess*, L.H.]—*Poins*—

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;

(1) In *Barrett's Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*. In the time of Shakspeare, the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff, rather than to the colour.

(2) *Caddis* was *worsted galloon*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and, consequently, were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction.

(3) *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The Prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. (Without, L.H.) Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,⁽¹⁾ the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.*—*O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?*—*Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle*. I pr'ythee call in Falstaff. Call in ribs, call in fallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS, L.H. with a tankard of Sack.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,⁽²⁾ and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? *(He drinks.)*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter,—pitiful-hearted Titan!⁽³⁾—that melted at the

(1) The drawer's answer had interrupted the Prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours—I am not yet of Percy's mind*; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind, who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency, and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.

(2) Stockings.

(3) The Prince, undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the

sweet-tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: (1) yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, heaven help the while! A bad world, I say! A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, (2) and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that:—and Poins 'there?

words, "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, "his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun." Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter melted by Titan, or the sun, suggest to him the idea of Titan's being melted, or softened, by the tale of his son, Phaëton; a tale which, undoubtedly, Shakspeare had read in the third book of Gelding's translation of Ovid, having, in his description of winter, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, imitated a passage that ~~was found in the same page in which the history of Phaëton is related.~~

(1) From the following passage in Greene's *Ghost Haunting Conicatchers*, 1604, it seems as though lime was mixed with the liquor:—"A Christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe lime with her ale to make it *mighthie*."

(2) i.e. Such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was armed. So, in *Twelfth Night*—

"In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,
Your need to sustain;
Who with *dagger of lath*,
In his rage and his wrath," &c.

P. Hen. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me; give me—a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I!

[*He drinks; Francis takes the cup and exit, L.H.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is:—a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs:—how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.(1)

(1) The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the stranger Jews, denominated *Greeks* Jews, in Shaks

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray heaven, you have not killed some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have payed; (1) two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse,—thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal,—I told thee, four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said, four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so; for it is worth the listening too. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

peare's time were supposed to be particularly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting."

(1) Dangerously wounded, or killed.

Fal. Their points(1) being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I payed.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,(2) came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

(1) 'To understand Poins' joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the last of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alium*, was to *untruss* a point. So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606.

"Help me to truss my *points*."

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*." Randle Holme, also, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, book 3, chap. iii. has given us to understand, that these holders "are small wiers, made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling."

(2) *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion*,

"——Where *Kendal* town doth stand,
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntingdon and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and ~~their leader~~ assumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601 :

"All the woods
Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
Follow the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon."

Again :—"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in *The Tye of Robyn Hooode*, very proper to be played in *Maye Games*, 1600, letter, no date :—

"Here, as a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in *Kendale grene*."

thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech,—(1)

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado,(2) or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it y^eu hi^ere in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I

(1) A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler; it is the proper word in use now.

(2) "The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh his joints out of joint; which punishment it is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to back thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack,—what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why,—hear ye, my masters,—was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content: and the argument shall be—thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. My lord, the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady, the hostess? what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,⁽¹⁾ and send him back again to my mother.

(1) I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*; in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away.

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of bed at midnight ?—
Shall I give him his answer ?

P. Hen. 'Pry'thee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Hostess, L.H.*]

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran, when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest,—how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear, it was the blood of true men; (1) I did that, I did not these seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O, villain! thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, (2) and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—what instinct had'st thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations ?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

(1) That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves.

(2) *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in 'common use, to signify *taken in the fact*.

(3) The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:—

“ While I affirm a *fiery face*

Is to the owner no disgrace.”

Legend of Capt. Jones.

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses. (1)

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken,—halter.

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? (2) How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. Mine own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring. (3) A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, (4)—What a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol (5) kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

(1) That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*.

(2) *Bombast*, is the stuffing of clothes.

(3) The custom of wearing a *ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse, who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

“Upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*.”

(4) Cotgrave calls it “a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan.” See also Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598.

(5) Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo!—but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps (1) more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. (2)

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens, as they do hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way:—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

(1) A name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their *blue bonnets*.

(2) *You may buy land, &c.* In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice, at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those that did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. (1) What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Hal, thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; (2) if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. (To Hostess.)

[Exit Hostess, L.H.]

Go, hide thee behind the arras; (3)—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto, R.H.U.E.]

Enter SHERIFF, and two TRAVELLERS, L.H.

P. Hen. Now, master sheriff,—what's your will with me?

(1) I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“ ———For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.”

(2) Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the sheriff is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition.

(3) When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brick-work had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord :—A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord : a gross fat man.

Trav. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withall : And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. Here are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow,—is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Travellers* L.H.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath ! Search his pockets.

(*Poins goes out, R.H.U.E. and searches his pockets.*)
What hast thou found ?

Re-enter POINS, R.H.U.E.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. (*Reads.*) Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, sauce, 4d.

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is

else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. (1) The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins. [Exit, L.H.]

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Presence Chamber.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and other Gentlemen, discovered.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales
and I

Must have some private conference: but be near
At hand; for we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt all but the King and Prince of Wales, L.H.*]

I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service(2) I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,(3)
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,

(1) Twelve-score *yards*.

(2) *Service* for *action*, simply.

(3) *i. e.* in the passages of thy life.

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof (1) of many tales devis'd,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee !—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, (2)
Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ; (3)
And left me, in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
That men would tell their children *This is he ;*
Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*

(1) Disproof.

(2) The Prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. Our author has I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403.) His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed president of the council, in his room, and he was not created a Duke till the 13th year of King Henry the Fourth.

(3) True to him that had then possession of the crown.

Not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspur ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas !
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once ;
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate(1) against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest(2) enemy ?
 Thou,—that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so ; you shall not find it so :
 And heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head ;

(1) Make head.

(2) *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son :
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes ! and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heaven, I promise here :
 The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform.
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ; (1)
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.H.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—

(1) i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. So, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ My master is arrested on a band.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Macbeth* :

“ *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great bond,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ And *cancel* these cold *bonds*.”

That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry,
Shall march through Glostershir
Our hands are full of business:
Advantage feeds him fat, while me

L.H.

SCENE II.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; (1) I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. (2) — The inside of a church! (3) —

(1) While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *u cll liking* in the same sense, in a former play.

(2) The commentators seem not to be aware, that in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says, here, *I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horse*, just as in Act II sc 4, he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a *rogue*—a *Jew*—an *Ebnew Jew*—a *bunch of raddish*—a *horse*.

(3) The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a-week; went to bordello, not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, (1)—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. (2)

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good 'use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. When thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, (3) an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast

only repeating his former words—the *inside of a church*!—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable.

(1) This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasant and pietifull, &c.* by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies."

(2) The *Knight of the Burning Lamp*, and the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in antient romances.

(3) A *triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such

saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, (1) walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap (2) at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess, L.

How now, dame Partlet³ :
yet who picked my

Host. Wh^o ?
Do you thin^k . . . use ? I have searched, I have . . . my husband, man by man, boy by boy, serv^{ant} . . . servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess ; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair : and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked : go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I ? I defy thee : I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John : I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John : and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly, being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers

(1) In Shakspeare's time (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) candles and lanthorns to let, were cried about London So, in Decker's *Satironastix*—"Dost roar ? Thou hast a good round-cival voice to cry lantern and candle light."

(2) Cheap is market, and good cheap, therefore, is a *bon marché*

(3) Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*, and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame Partelote.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? (1) let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, (2) a sneak cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. playing on his truncheon, like a fife. FALSTAFF meets him, R.H.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?—must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion. (3)

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. 'Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night, I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

(1) A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. *Legend of Captain Jones*.

(2) This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katherine calls her music-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*.

(3) As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, nor no more truth in thee; (1) nor no more truth in thee; (2) and for womanhood, the deputy's wife of the thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thank heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; (4) a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

(1) *A dish of stewed prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

(2) It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to counterfeit death, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape.

(3) *Maid Marian* is a man, dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

(4) *Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring. So the proverb

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said, this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ? a million ; thy love is worth a million ; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said, my ring was copper.

Hen. I say it is copper : darest thou be as good as the ring now ?

Fal. Thou knowest, as thou art but man, I fear thee, as I fear the

Hen. Is the lion ?

Fal. It is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an' if I do, let my girdle break ! (1)

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed (2) rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong : (3) art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy ? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man ; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

(1) This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle ; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter.

(2) Embossed, is swoln, puffey.

(3) As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries.

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast : love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone.—[*Exit Hostess, L.H.*]—Now, Hal, to the news at court :—for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered ?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; it is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands :—O. (1)

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? Oh, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
[*Exit Bard, R.H.*]

Jack.

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

At two o'clock i'the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.

(1) i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Drum.—Exit, L.H.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

's Camp, near Shrewsbury.

mpets and drums.)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *Two Gentlemen, Two Banners, and Twelve Soldiers, R.H.*

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy (1)
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word: approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. (2)

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

(1) To *defy* means here to *disdain*.

(2) To *beard*, is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner.

Enter RABY, L.H.

What letters hast thou there?

Rab. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why, comes he not himself?

Rab. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Sick! how has he leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Rab. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Rab. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited?
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth
infect.

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—
And his friends, by deputation, could not
So soon be drawn;—
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;(1)
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

(1) To *quail*, is to languish, to sink into dejection.

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,(1)
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear(2)
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far :

I, rather, of his absence, make this use ;—
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 Against the kingdom, with his help,
 It topsy turvy down.—
 Our joints are whole.
 There is not such a worm
 Of fear.
 ' *Trumpet sounds, L.H.*

Enter SIR RICHARD SCOTTON, and Two Gentlemen.
 L.H.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. 'Pray heaven, my news be worth a welcome
 lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,—

The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his
 The nimble-footed(3) mad-cap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

(1) To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *un-*
 one has at present.

(2) *Fear*, in the present instance, signifies a terrific object.

(3) Shakspeare seldom bestows his epithets at random Stowe
 of the Prince, " He was passing swift in running, insomuch th
 with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other en
 would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park.

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms:

All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind(1)

Bated,(2) like eagles having lately bath'd:

Glittering in golden coats, like images;(3)

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses(4) on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

And witch(5) the world with noble horsemanship

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in
March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,

All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours: come, let me take my horse

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,

(1) I believe *estruges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. *All plum'd like estridges* All dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

(2) All birds, after bathing, (which almost all birds are foud of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits as immediately after *bathing*.

(3) This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly lac'd and embroidered.

Armour for the thighs
For bewitch, charm.

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse,—
 Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
 Oh, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us make a muster speedily :

Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; (*Gives his flask.*) our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An' it do, take it for thy labour ; and, if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. (1) I have misused the king's press dam-

(1) An appellation of contempt, very frequently employed in the old comedies.

KING HENRY IV.

nably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomens' sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, (1) with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, (2) revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves (3) on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. (4) But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

(1) Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reach called Cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toasts*.

(2) Men of desperate fortune and wild adventure

(3) Shackles.

(4) Daventry.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, and the EARL OF WEST-MORELAND, L.H.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

Fal. What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ? My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too : but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all night. (1)

Fal. Tut, never fear me ; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack,—whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; (2) food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better ; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that : and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; 'Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, Sir John ; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the Prince and Westmoreland, R.H.*]

Fal. Well,

(1) We must travel all night

(2) That is, to toss upon a pike

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Hotspur's Camp.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD
VERNON, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *four Gentlemen,*
two Banners, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are, (1)
That you foresee not what impediments

(1) Such conduct, such experience in martial business.

Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(Trumpet sounds a parley.)

*Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, two Gentlemen, and a
Flag of Truce, L. H. All the Gentlemen of both
parties take off their hats.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt : And 'would to
heaven,

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deserving and good name ;
Because you are not of our quality, (1)
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand
so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !

(They put on their hats.)

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; (2) and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

(1) *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense
of *fellowship* or *occupation*

(2) *Grievances*

Audacious cruelty : If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest ;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
 Herein mislaid by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind : and, well we know, the
 king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself
 Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
 And,—when he heard him swear and vow to heaven,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too,
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less (1) came in with cap and knee ;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him.
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win

(1) That is, the greater and the less

The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point :—

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd (1) the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be encag'd (2) in Wales,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ; (3) and, withall, to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do !

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

*Exeunt Sir W. Blunt, Gentleman with a Flag of
 Truce, with the Gentleman, L.H. ; and Hotspur,
 with his friends, R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

(1) *Taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

(2) *Encag'd* signifies *delivered* as an hostage ; and is again used in that sense. See p 72. n. 2.

(3) This army, from which I hope for protection.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*King Henry's Tent.**(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR JOHN FAIRFAX, *four Gentlemen, two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, discovered.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky (1) hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ; (2)
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

(A trumpet sounds a parley.)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON,
and a Flag of Truce, L.H.

K. Hen. How now, my lord of Worcester ? 't is
not well.
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs (3) in ungentle steel .

(1) *Busky* is woody (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky*.

(2) That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance.

(3) Shakspeare must have been aware that the king was not at the time more than four years older than he was at the deposition of king Richard. And, indeed, in the next play, he makes him expressly tell so, then—

“ ——— but *eight years* since
“ Northumberland even to the eyes of Richard
“ Gave him defiance.”

~~This~~ is not well, my lord, this is not well.

What say you to 't?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :—

For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

— *K. Hen.* You have not sought it, sir ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

— *P. Hen.* Peace, chewet, (1) peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house :

And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you, my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time ; and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son

That brought you home, and boldly did outdare

The dangers of the time : you swore to us,

And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :

To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—

What with our help, what with the absent king,—

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand ;

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird (1)

(1) A chewet, or chuet, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pic. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest.

(2) The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but, with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand oppos'd (1) by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated, (2)

Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents, (3)
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time (4)
 Of pell mell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—(5)
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds

(1) We stand in opposition to you.

(2) That is, exhibited in articles.

(3) This is in allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually faced or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. Poor *discontents* are poor *discontented people*, as we now say—*malcontents*.

(4) That is, impatiently expecting a time, &c.

(5) That is, taken from his account.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this, before my father's majesty,——
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation ;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee ;

Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no ;
 We love our people well ; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do :—But, if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply :
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester, Vernon, and Flag.* L.H.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
 The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them ;
 And heaven befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt the King, Prince John, Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen and Soldiers.* L. H.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so : 't is a point of friendship. (1)

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

(1) In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea; but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it:—Honour is a mere scutcheon; (1) and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Hotspur's Camp.*

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, and SIR RICHARD VERNON, L.H.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone:
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,

(3) This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that honour often came not till our death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted baldry borne in funeral processions; and by mere *scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

And an adopted name of privilege ;—
 A hair-brain'd Hotspur, (1) govern'd by a spleen :—
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's : we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all :
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will : I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, four Gentlemen,
 two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland. (2)—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? Heaven forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
 The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
 But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his talking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul : I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly ;
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

(1) The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure

(2) Deliver as an hostage See p. 67, note 2

He gave you all the duties of a man ;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise :
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital (1) of himself ;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there (2) a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause : but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
 England did never owe (3) so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies.
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms ! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it ;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Hot. Arm, arm with speed !—
 O, gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
 If die,—brave death, when princes die with us !

Enter RABY, R.H.

Rab. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale ;
 For I profess not talking : only this,—

(1) Recital.
 (3) Own.

(2) Was master of.

Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace ;
 For, heaven to earth, (1) some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

(*The drums, trumpets, &c. sound.—They embrace.*)
 Now,—Esperance ! (2)—Percy !—and set on.
 (*Trumpets, drums, &c.*)
 [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle near Shrewsbury.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H. and SIR WALTER
 BLUNT, L.H.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
 Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

(*Alarums.—They fight.—Blunt is slain.*)

(1) That is, one may wager heaven to earth.

(2) This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and also the motto of the family.

Enter Hotspur, L.H.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably (1) furnished like the king himself.
Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

(*Alarums.*)

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.U.E.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free (2) at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—
There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! (3)—I am
as hot as molten lead,—Heaven keep lead out of me! I
need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have
led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's
but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they
are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who
comes here?

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, with his sword broken, L.H.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me
thy sword.

(1) That is, in resemblance, alike.

(2) A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of reckoning, and a mis-
sive weapon discharged from artillery.

(3) The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or empty
appearance.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory (1) never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day.—I have paid Percy, I have made him sure. (2)

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but, take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. (*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*)

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*The Prince throws it at him, and exit, L.H.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado (3) of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

(*Alarums.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. and HOTSPUR, R.H.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

(1) Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, has made Gregory so odious, that I do not doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

(2) *Sure*, has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the *former sense*, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*.

(3) A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more;

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us: and would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

(They fight.)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS; L.H.U.E. he strikes at Falstaff, who falls down, as if he were dead.—Exit Douglas, R.H.U.E.—Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth; (1)

I better brook the loss of brittle life,

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—

O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

(Dies.)

* (1) Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Speed says, Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well,
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! (1)
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy (2) sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

(*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*)

What! old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day;
Though many dearer, (3) in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

(*Trumpets and Drums sound twice.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Fal. (Rising slowly.) Embowell'd! if thou embowel
me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, (4) and
eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to coun-
terfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to
die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counter-
feit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the
which better part I have saved my life.—I am afraid of

(1) A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weaved, when its texture is loose.

(2) So the word ignominy was formerly written

(3) Many of greater value.

(4) To powder is to salt.

this gunpowder, Percy, though he be dead : how if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit : therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes ; and nobody sees me : therefore, sirrah,—(*Stabs Hotspur.*)—with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. (*Takes Hotspur on his back.*)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and Four Soldiers, L.H.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft ! whom have we here ?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—

Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eye-sight ? 'Pr'ythee, speak ;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears :
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : (1) but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.—(*Throws the body down.*)—There is Percy. If your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying !—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them, that should re-

(1) That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

ward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

(Trumpet sounds a retreat.)

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt P. Hen. and P. John, L.H.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

[Exeunt Falstaff, and Four Soldiers bearing Hotspur's body after him, L.H.]

SCENE V.—King Henry's Tent.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers, with WORCESTER, VERNON, and others, Prisoners, discovered.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

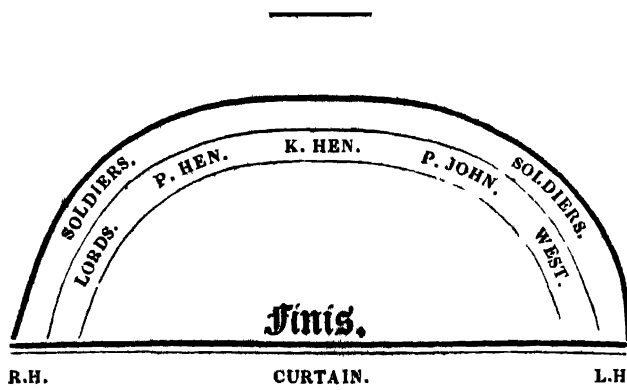
[*Exeunt, Two Officers, Worcester, Vernon, and
Four Gentlemen, guarded by Six Soldiers,*
L.H.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And, since this business so far fair(1) is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

(1) Fairly.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



Just Published, for the Editor, by Messrs. SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street; to whom all communications, post-paid, are requested to be addressed, and C. CHAPPLE, 59, Pall-Mall.

No. XV.—PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Of a Work, to appear in numbers Monthly, called
FLOWERS OF LITERATURE;

OR, THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE.

EDITED

By WILLIAM OXBERRY, Comedian.

“ An Olio,

“ Compiled from quarto and from folio ;

“ From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.

THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliath. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing ; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road ! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance ; to him therefore, we venture to say, that the *Flowers of Literature* will prove a pleasant companion, and one whose monthly visitation will be as welcome to him as if it brought May-day along with it. He will find in it what he most desires, amusement without toil, and will travel over the world of literature, as the reader of Cooke's *Voyages* makes a girdle round the globe while sitting in his elbow chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor learned, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book pretends only to fill up such hours, when the brain is weary, the temper is clouded, and the head would ache at the bare idea of encountering a solid quarto. Who, however gifted he may be, has not his hours of trifling, when a grave

didactic companion, with his folios of sense and learning, is an intolerable nuisance? Who at such times, would not give the world to exchange his grave friend for some light-hearted coxcomb, who is all whim and gaiety, and who if he talks nonsense, at least talks agreeable nonsense? Just such a friend is, or would be, our purposed work; a companion that may be taken up or laid down at any time without the necessity of doubling down the corners; a friend that one would wish to have when whirling along in a chaise upon a road, when nothing is new from the mile-stone to the sign-post.

If moreover, the reader should chance to be a saving man, and these are saving times,—he will have reason to rejoice at the cheapness of this publication, which makes as moderate a demand on his purse as it does upon his patience. The work will appear in monthly numbers, at the moderate price of *One Shilling* each, and six of such numbers will form a volume, to be ornamented with an elegant Engraving, illustrative of its most interesting subject. A new type is cast expressly for this work, which in form will be a fac-simile of *Orberry's New English Drama*; it is calculated that each Number will contain nearly *Seventy* Pages, closely printed upon fine paper, hot pressed. The Original articles will be written by gentlemen of acknowledged literary talent; the Anecdotes will be collected from the wide circle of English, French, and Italian literature; and the Editor presumes to hope that the work will in no instance belie the promises held out to the public in the prospectus.

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By R. Sheil, Esq.

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AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

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London.

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Remarks.

EVADNE.

The plot of this piece is borrowed in a great measure from "The Traitor,"* a tragedy by Shirley, one of the last, though by no means the least, of our old English dramatists. This excellent school has been altogether too much slighted; but Shirley has met with a more than usual portion of neglect, and even Mr. Lamb, though otherwise a judicious critic, speaks of him in no very favourable terms.—"Shirley," he observes, "claims a place amongst the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendent genius in himself, as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and actions in common."—Few will concur in this estimate of Shirley's genius; but indeed the whole note is not written with the usual judgment of this elegant and accomplished scholar; no doubt these poets had "a set of moral feelings and notions in common;" for, however men may differ in the practice of morality, there can be no variance of opinion as to what constitutes moral obligation; and in regard to the old dramatists speaking nearly the same language, the assertion is perhaps more trite than true: the style of Ben Jonson, for instance, is no more like that of Ford, than the style of Æschylus is like that of Euripides, how could it be when their minds were so differently constituted—a difference that is sufficiently pointed out by the choice of their subjects?

Mr. Shiel too seems not to have formed a fair estimate of Shirley's genius; he has omitted some scenes of unquestionable excellence, and

* This play though often attributed to Shirley is nothing more than an alteration by him from the work of Rivers, and the copy of the play, bearing date 1692, has the name of Rivers on the title-page. There is an edition as early as 1635, according to the *Bibliotheca Dramatica*.

has often only taken the ideas of the old dramatist, when he had better have given them in their original language. let any one compare the following extracts, and judge how much the old poet has lost by the alteration—

But when you're laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably. then I fear me
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb '
Your Sister——

Evadne, p. 49

——Go, practise immortality,
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholly chamber in the earth,
This sister shall be ravish'd,
Maugre thy dust and herædry.

Traytor, Act I. p. 45, 4to. Ed. 1692.

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off?——

Evadne, p. 45

Lo. Then I'm sorry.

Sci. Why should *you* be sorry, sir?
You say it is *my* sister he would strumpet;
Mine—Amideia?—'Tis a wound *you* feel not;
But it strikes through, and through the poor Sciarrah.
I do not think, but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns
At this report, of *Amideia's* shame.
It is their cause as well as mine, and should
Heaven suffer the Duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must, of necessity, conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.

Traytor, Act II. p. 10.

In *this* fable, the modern play has decidedly the advantage, though it has no single scene that can compete with the old dramatist; the

table of Evadne is more compact than that of the Traytor, and its different characters are more essentially connected with each other ; but, at the same time, its catastrophe is feebleness itself when compared with the powerful winding up of the original story.

Of the language of Evadne, much may be said in praise, and little in censure ; it is for the most part pleasing, yet sometimes it affords passages too much in the vein of Hieronymo and Tamburlaine ; for example ;—

Hath any thing befallen that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness?—

Page 50.

—————He trembles ! he relents !
I read it in the glimmering of his face.—

Page 52.

Thou art all made of blood, and to the sun
Art grown detestable.—

Page 41.

Some dæmon paints it on the colour'd air.

Page 21.

—I have gaz'd upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
I might burn out the false and treacherous word ;
But still 'tis there.—No more—else it will turn
My brain to a red furnace,—

Page 16.

The faults of this kind are, however, too few to detract from the general merit of the play, which, though not of the first order, is evidently the work of a scholar and a man of talent.

Persons Represented.

<i>The King of Naples</i>	Mr. Abbott
<i>Indovino, his favourite</i>	Mr. M'Cready
<i>Colonna</i>	Mr. Young
<i>Vicentio</i>	Mr. C. Kemble
<i>Spalatro</i>	Mr. Connor
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. Healey
<i>Enadue, sister of Colonna</i>	Miss O'Neill
<i>Olivia, in love with Vicentio</i>	Mrs. Faucit.

Scene—Naples.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and a half

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY CHARLES PHILLIPS. ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. EGERTON



WHEN erst in Eden's solitary bowers,
The primal Man beheld his world of flowers,
Eternal sunshine tinged the glorious sky,
Alternate beauties wooed his wandering eye ;
While infant Love, waving its odorous wing,
Woke the wild spirit of the breathing Spring.
Yet still through Paradise he restless strayed,
Its bower was songless, and its sun was shade ;
E'en as the Bard of Albany* has sung,
In strains that live for age, and yet are young,
Creation bloom'd, a decorated wild,—
It was not Paradise—till Woman smiled.
Fair on his view the Paragon arose,
Source of his bliss, and solace of his woes.
By bounteous Heaven ordain'd to sooth his fall,
And sole survive, a recompense for all.
Who has not felt her chaste and charmed power
Beguile his sad, and raise his raptur'd hour ?
If such there be—Oh ! let him bend his sight
Far from the hallowed vision of to-night.
To-night, our Bard, in lovely woman's cause,
None from manly bosoms asks applause ;
From British bosoms asks, without a fear,
Assured that such a cause is sacred here.

Albany was the ancient name of Scotland.—CAMPBELL.

PROLOGUE.

And you, ye fair, see young *Evadne* prove
Her vestal honour, and her plighted love,
See her, the light and joy of every eye,
Veil all her charms in spotless chastity ;
And, 'mid the fires and phantasies of youth,
Turn strong temptations to the cause of truth '
Oh ' may each maid *Evadne*'s virtue share,
With heart as faithful though with form less fair
You, too, who hope ambition's height to climb,
Toiling to fortune through the maze of crime,
Behold, as in the daring " fool of Crete "
Of such design, the lesson, and the fate
Behold the wing that lifts it to the skies
Melt in the sun to which it sought to rise.
Such is the strain by which the moral bard
Seeks from a moral people his reward
Seeks in simplicity, without one aid
From scenic pomp, or pasteboard cavalcade
Britons, be just, and as our " Statue " stands,
Like *Marmion*'s image from its master's hands,
With one bright ray illumine the sculptured toil,
And bid it breathe—the creature of your smile

EVADNE;

OR, THE STATUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the King of Naples.*

The KING, SPALATRO, and ten Courtiers, two Banners, and six Guards, discovered.

King. Didst say the Marquis of Colonna prays
Admission to our presence?

Spal. Aye, my liege,
He stands in the anti-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of ranc'rous discontent.

King. I have noted oft *(Comes forward.)*
His absence from the court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.

Spal. Deem it no little benefit, my liege;
His deep and murky smile, his gather'd arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself—his raw
And pithy apothegms of scorn have made him
Our laughter and our hatred; we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence—he has a sister—

Spal. The fair Evadne!—

King. Fairer than the morn ;
Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less
Than blind men of Aurora. For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to visit us.

Col. (*Without, L.H.*) I'll hear no more.
Colonna does not often importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

Enter Two COURTIERs and COLONNA, L.H.

My liege!—

1st Court. Hold back!
What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty?

Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have—to do him service.
My liege—(*Courtiers retire L.H. and Spalar. retires
behind to R.H.*)

King. You are welcome—
And would you had brought your lovely sister too.

Col. My sister, did you say? My sister, sir?
She is not fit for courts; she would be called
(For she has something left of nature still)
A simple creature here;
She is not fit for courts, and I have hope
She never will: but let it pass—I come
To implore a favour of you.

King. Whatsoe'er
Colonna prays, sure cannot be refus'd.

Col. The favour that I ask is one, my liege,
That princes often find it hard to grant.

'Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

King. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.
Col. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed.
If I first would speak—There is not one

Of this wide-troop of glittering parasites,
 That circle you, but in soul
 Is your base foe. These smilers here, my liege,—
 These sweet melodious flatterers, my liege,—
 That flourish on the flexibility
 Of their soft countenances,—are the vermin
 That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz
 Of villanous assentation.—These are they
 Who from your mind have flouted every thought
 Of the great weal of the people. These are they
 Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
 And with the poisoned gales of flattery
 Create around you a foul atmosphere
 Of unresounding denseness, thro' the which
 Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,
 And perish ere they reach you.

King. Who complains,—
 Who dares complain of us?

Col. All dare complain
 Behind you—I before you. Do not think
 Because you load your people with the weight
 Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.
 A deep groan labours in the nation's heart:
 The very calm and stillness of the day
 Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
 Is as the marble smooth, and all within
 Is rotten as the carcase it contains;
 Tho' ruin knock not at the palace-gate,
 Yet will the palace-gate unfold itself
 To ruin's felt-shod tread.

King. (*Aside.*) Insolent villain!

Col. Your gorgeous banquets—your luxuries—your
 pomps,
 Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
 Of painted royalty will melt away,
 As in a theatre the glittering scene
 Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
 And the mock pageant perishes. My liege,
 A single virtuous action hath more worth
 Than all the pyramids, and glory writes

A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
In which Sesostriis meant to sleep.

Spal. (Coming forward.) Forbear!
It is a subject's duty to arrest
Thy rash and blasphemous speech.

King. Let him speak on—
The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.

(Spalatro retires.)

Col. I deem not you that tyrant—if I did—
No!—Nature framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men whose every look's a lie—whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor!

King. Traitor! whom meanest thou?

Col. Your favourite, your minister, my liege.
That smooth-faced hypocrite—that—

King. Here he comes!

Col. It is the traitor's self—I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront.—

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H.—he advances rapidly to the king.

Lud. My liege,
I hasten to your presence, to inform you—
Colonna here! *(Starting.)*

Col. The same—Colonna's here!
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.

Lud. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase—But I am now
In my king's presence, and with awe-struck soul,
As if within religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him. What, my liege,

Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, uttered
Against your servant's honour?

King. He hath called you—

Col. A traitor! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.
He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself.
There are a thousand ruffians at his word
Prepared to cut our throats. The city swarms
With murderers' faces, and tho' treason now
Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
Swell to a blood-robed giant!—If my liege,
What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
'Twere vain to tell you more.

I have said, my liege,

And tried to interrupt security
Upon her purple cushion—he, perhaps,
Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down
Her opening eye-lids into sleep again,
And ~~back~~ back slumber with a lullaby
Sweetest adulation.—Fare you well!

Lud. Hold back!

Col. Not for your summons, my good lord
The courtly air doth not agree with me,
And I respire it painfully. My lord,
Hear my last words—Beware, Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Lud. He flies before me—and the sight of him
He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
That shrinks before the day-light—yes, he fled,
And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart—
But that I here before the assembled court
Would vindicate myself—a traitor!—who
In any action of Ludovico
Finds echo to that word?

King. I cannot think
Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.

Lud. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign—what I did
Was but my duty. Yet would I inquire
If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
A very thrall of victory—who oft
Has back to Naples from the field of fight,
Led your triumphant armies,—
He whose hand
Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
And ta'en its pressure from the golden round—
If he whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
Grown pale with study of his prince's weal
Is like to be a traitor?—who, my liege,
Hath often like the daylight's god transpierced
The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
And stretched it bleeding at your feet? who oft
Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
The talking dæmon, "*liberty*," and choaked
The voice of clamorous demagogues?—I dare
To tell you 'twas Ludovico!

King. It was.

Lud. Who calls me traitor? He whose breath doth
taint

Whate'er it blows upon—he—
But ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad?
For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,
The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,
Would best atone my treason. In your love
My fortunes grow and flourish unto heaven;
And I should win by treason but the load
Of the world's execration, while the fierce
And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear
The vitals of my soul, and make my heart
Its black immortal banquet! I a traitor!
At first; I only meant to scorn. But now,

The bursting passion hath o'ermastered me,
 And my voice choaks in anguish! Oh, my liege,
 Your giving audience to this rancorous man,
 Who envies me the greatness of your smile,
 Hath done me wrong, and stabs me thro' and thro'.
 A traitor!—your Ludovico!

King. My lord.

Lud. (Kneels) Here is my heart! If you have any
 mercy,
 Strike thro' that heart, and as the blood flows forth,
 Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

King. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
 I have harboured in my breast a single thought
 That could dishonour thee.

(Raises and embraces him.)

Lud. My royal master!
 The power of gratitude mounts from my heart,
 And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
 To play the woman with me. See, they are falling—
 Oh! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
 But bathe my prince's feet.

King. Ludovico,
 We have wrong'd thee, not by doubt,
 But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
 Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth
 I had flung, but that I hope—Let us apart—

(Draws Ludovico aside in front, L.H.)

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet
 I may possess me of his sister's charms.

Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost spring
 Of all Colonna's hate; for in obedience
 To your high will, I humbly made myself
 Your pleasure's minister, and to her ear
 I bore your proffered love, which he discovering
 Hath tried to root me from my prince's heart—

King. Where thou shalt ever flourish! But, Lu-
 dovico,

But thou hast told her!—Is there hope, my friend?

Lud. She shall be yours—nay, more—and well you
 know

That you may trust your servant—not alone
 Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours ;
 But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
 The chaste white curtains from her virgin-bed,
 And lead you to her arms !

King. What ! her fierce brother
 Yield his consent ?

Lud. Inquire not how, my liege,
 I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—
 This very night.

King. To-night ! Am I so near
 To heaven, Ludovico ?

Lud. You are, my liege,
 To-night upon the breast of paradise
 You shall most soundly sleep. *(Aside.)*

King. My faithful friend !
 And dost thou say, Colonna will himself—— ?

Lud. Colonna's self shall bear her to your arms,
 And bid her on to dalliance.

King. Oh, my friend,
 Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet
 Tended his sovereign's wish : but dost not fear,
 Her purposed marriage with Vicentio
 May make some obstacle ?

Lud. I have recalled him
 From Florence, whither as ambassador,
 In honourable exile he was sent.

King. Recalled him ! 'Twas to interrupt his love
 That he was sent.

Lud. My projects need his coming.
 For I intend to make Vicentio
 An instrument to crown you with her charms !

King. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico ?
 Dost thou think

'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire
 Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms.

Lud. My liege ! *(A little disturbed.)*

King. She did prefer Vicentio.

Lud. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

King. My dear Ludovico, within my soul

More closely will I wear thee!—
 Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.
 And here, Ludovico, to testify
 That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart
 This image of her king! •

Lud. I am in all your servant.

King. My Ludovico,
 We never can reward thee! Come, my friends,
 (Crosses to R.H.)

Let's to some fresh-imagined sport, and wile
 The languid hours in some device of joy,
 To help along the lazy flight of time,
 And quicken him with pleasure. My Ludovico!
 Remember!

[*Exeunt King and ten of the Courtiers, R.H.
 Banners and Guards, R.H.U.E.; Spalatro, and
 four other Conspirators remain behind with
 Ludovico.*]

Lud. He is gone,
 And my unloosened spirit dares again
 To heave within my bosom!—Oh, Colonna,
 What an usurious vengeance I'll repay thee,
 And cure the talking devil in thy tongue!
 (To Spalatro.)—Give me thy hand, and let thy pulse
 again
 Beat with a temperate and healthful motion,
 Of full security. We are safe, my friends,
 And in the genius of Ludovico,
 An enterprise shall triumph.

Spal. We began to tremble when you entered—but
 full soon
 With admiration we beheld you tread
 Secure the steeps of ruin, and preserve us.

Lud. That damn'd Colonna!—by the glorious star
 Of my nativity, I do not burn
 For empire, with a more infuriate thirst,
 Than for revenge!

Spal. My poniard's at your service.

(*First and Second Conspirators half draw their
 daggers.*)

Lud. Not for the world, my friends !
 I'll turn my vengeance to utility,
 And must economize my hate—Whom think you
 Have I marked out assassin of the king ?

Spal. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poniard
 deep.

Lud. A better hand at it.

Spal. Bartolo, then—
 He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lud. No !

Spal. Then yourself will undertake the deed.

Lud. That were against all wisdom—No, my
 friends,

Colonna—

Spal. What, Colonna ?—he that now
 Accused you here ?

Lud. Colonna !—

Spal. 'Tis impossible !—
 From his great father he inherited
 A sort of passion in his loyalty :
 In him it mounts to folly.

Lud. Yet Spalatro,
 I'll make a murderer of him—know you not
 He has a sister ?

Spal. Yes, the fair Evadne,
 You once did love yourself.

Lud. There thou hast touched me.
 And I am weak enough to love her yet,
 If that indeed be love that doth consume me ;
 It is a sort of monster in my heart,
 Made up of horrid contraries !
 She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
 Not only does he thwart me in my love,
 But, well I know his influence in the state
 Would, when the king is sent to paradise,
 Be cast between me and the throne—he dies !—
 Colonna too shall perish, and the crown
 Shall with Evadne's love be mine.

Enter OFFICER, L.H.

How now?

Officer. My lord, the lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.

Lud. I desired her here,
And straight I will attend her. [*Exit Officer, L.H.*
With a straw

A town may be consumed, and I employ
This woman's passion for Vicentio,
As I would use a poison'd pin, to kill.

Spal. She long hath lov'd Vicentio.

Lud. He shall wed her—

And from the hand of Hymen, death shall snatch
The nuptial torch, and use it for his own!

I haste me to her presence.

(*Takes out the King's picture.*) Come! fair bauble,
Thou now must be employed. — (*To Spal.*)—Dost

thou not think,

Even in this image, that he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me

To cater for his villanous appetite—

And with what luxury?—Evadne's charms!—

Evadne that I love?—

Spal. But, didst thou not

Thyself evoke that passion in his breast?

Lud. I did, 'tis true—but for mine own success.

I hate him!—

There is the very face with which he first

Pour'd his unholy wishes in mine ear—

Ha! dost thou smile upon me?—I will turn

Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,

To two dark hollow palaces, for death

To keep his mouldering state in.

He dares to hope that I will make myself

The wretched officer of his desires,

And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—

But I full soon will teach his royalty,
 The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
 In the dark chambers of eternity! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF 'ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter OLIVIA and LUDOVICO, R.H.

Lud. Dispose of it as I instructed you ;
 (*Giving her the king's picture.*)
 You know that I have pledged myself to make
 Vicentio yours. To-day yourself have given
 The means to turn that promise into deed.

Oliv. My own heart
 Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en ;
 But this unhappy passion drives me on,
 And makes my soul your thrall—Thus I have crept
 Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept
 Into Evadne's soft, and trusting heart,
 And coiled myself around her—Thus, my lord,
 Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs
 That you enjoined me to secure—I own
 'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
 To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lud. And I will crown your passion with the
 flowers
 Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
 That once dissevered from Evadne's love,
 He will soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
 And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known
 Ere he beheld the sorceress

He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

Oliv. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul ;—
For dropped tho' ne'er so nicely, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall.—I have said
I will obey you.

Lud. With this innocent page
Will I light up a fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming ;—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy.
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he comes to Naples,—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For, to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Oliv. Then will I hence, and if 'tis possible,
Your bidding shall be done.—Vicentio !

Enter VICENTIO, R.H.

Vic. Hail to my lord !

Lud. Welcome, Vicentio !
I have not clasp'd your hand this many a day !
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.

Vic. It was kind
To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sun-beam sooner.—(*Crosses to centre.*)—

Fair Olivia,
How does your lovely friend ?

Oliv. What friend, my lord ?

Vic. I trust nought evil hath befallen Evadne,

That you should feign to understand me not
How does my beautiful and plighted love?

Oliv. How does she, sir? I pray you, my good lord
To ask such tender question of the king. [*Exit, L.H.*

Vic. What meant she by the king? (*Aside.*)

Lud. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadowed with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,
Who should at least be pitied?

Vic. I came here

To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

Lud. In return for such small service,
I hope
That you will not forget Ludovico,
When in the troop of thronging worshippers,
At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my lord?

Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious fortune
Hath filled the common mouth—
Your image stands already in the mart
Of pictured ridicule.—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'er I stand upon the highest place
In the king's favour, that you will full soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico.

Vic. I am no *Cedipus*.

Lud. You would have me speak in simpler phrase;
Vicentio,
You are to be the favourite of the king.

Vic. The favourite of the king!

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.

In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile,
That with alchymic power, can turn the mass
Of all opprobrious shame, to one bright heap

Of honour and emolument.

Y bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this?
Do you not yet conceive me? Know you not
You are to wed the mistress of the king?
Colonna's sister—aye, I have said it, sir,—
Now, do you understand me?

Vic. Villain, thou liest!

Lud. What? are you not to marry her?

Vic. Thou liest;

Tho' thou wert ten times what thou art already,
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightnings of my wrath!

Lud. If it were my will,
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward—and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That speaks thy noble nature.

Fare thee well!

(Crosses to L.H.)

Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of.

(Gives him a letter.)

Vic. It is her character!

Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?

Lud. Thou hast thy fate.

Vic. 'Tis signed, "Elysine."

Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!

Vic. For heaven's sake, hear me.—Stay.—Oh, pardon me

For the rash utterance of a frantic man—
Speak! in mercy speak!

Lud. I will,

In mercy speak, indeed.—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I behold within thee.

Vic. From whom is this ?

Lud. From whom ? look there !

Vic. Evadne !

Lud. 'Tis written to the king and to my hand.
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence his valour.—It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio !

Vic. The poor Vicentio !

Lud. What ! shall he murder him ?—(*Aside.*)—no,
no,—Colonna !
The poor Vicentio !—and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you !

Vic. He pities me !

Lud. I own that some time I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the king,
But—

Vic. 'Tis Evadne !—I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
I might burn out the false and treacherous word—
But, still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace,—Look you, my lord—
Thus as I read the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her !

Lud. Have you ne'er heard,
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wrad,
If it blew fair for Florence—

Vic. I have heard
Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now, this testimony has conjured
Other circumstances in one vast heap

Of damned certainty!—Farewell, my lord—
(Crosses to L.H.)

Lud. Hear me, Vicentio,
 Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest too
 That a false woman can be made to feel :
 Take her example—be not satisfied
 With casting her for ever from your heart,
 But to the place that she has forfeited,
 Exalt a lovelier than—but I perceive
 You are not in a mood to hear me now—
 Some other time, Vicentio—and, meanwhile,
 Despite your first tempestuous suddenness,
 You will think that I but meant your honour well
 In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you
 That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
 The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
 That delves in throes of mortal agony,
 And tears the rooted cancer from his heart !

[Exeunt, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Colonna's Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, M.D. looking at a picture.

Evad. 'Tis strange he comes not ! thro' the city's
 gates
 His panting courser passed before the sun
 Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not !—
 Ah ! Vicentio,
 To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
 Is sadder than to think thee far away ;
 For I had rather that a thousand leagues
 Of mountain ocean should dissever us,
 Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
 If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
 I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
 Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
 To this same cold idolatry.

Enter OLIVIA, unperceived, L.H. U E.

I will swear

That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells
No tarrying indifference.—*Olivia* !

Oliv. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
Of lonely meditation, and surprised
Your soft soliloquies to that fair face.—
Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn
For the soft pressure of *Vicentio's* lips.

Evad. You mock me, fair *Olivia*,—I confess
That musing on my cold *Vicentio's* absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.

Oliv. He was compelled as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great *Ludovico* ;
Meanwhile your soft, expecting moments flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
Its bright original ; for then 'tis meet
Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground,
And sighs as soft as zephyrs on the wave
Should gently heave your heart.—Is it not so ?
Nay, do not now rehearse your part, I pray ;—
Reserve those downcast lookings for *Vicentio* ;
That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare
Entrust the treasure to another's hand,
Let me look on it. *(Takes Vicentio's picture.)*
What a sweetness plays
On those half-opened lips !—He gazed on you
When those bright eyes were painted.

Evad. You have got
A heart so free of care, that you can mock
Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
But hark ! I hear a step.

Oliv. *(Aside.)* Now fortune aid me
In her precipitation.

Evad. It is himself !—
Olivia, he is coming.—Well I know

My Lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes !
 The picture—pr'ythee give it back to me—
 I must constrain you to it.

Oliv. (Who has substituted the picture of the king.) It is in vain

To struggle with you then—with what a grasp
 You rend it from my hand, as if it were
 Vicentio that I had stolen away.

(Gives her the king's picture, which Evadne places in her bosom.)

I triumph!—*(Aside.)*—He is coming—I must leave you,

Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts
 By my officious presence.

[Exit, L.H.]

Evad. It is himself!

Swiftly he passes through the colonnade,
 Oh! Vicentio,

Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er
 Beat thro' the heart of woman, that was made
 For suffering, and for transport!—Oh, Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO, R.H.

Are you then come at last?—do I once more
 Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight
 Is necessary for my happiness
 As light for heaven!—My lord!—Vicentio!—
 I blush to speak the transport in my heart,
 But I am rapt to see you.

Vic. Dissembling woman!

(Aside.)

Evad. How is this, my lord?
 You look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did!
 Let me peruse the face where loveliness
 Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
 Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
 The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
 Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
 Sacred to holy thinking! and those lips
 Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy,

They are so innocent.—Oh ! Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert !

Evad. Vicentio,
This strangeness I scarce hoped for.—Say, Vicentio,
Has any ill befallen you ?—I perceive
That its warm bloom hath parted from your cheek,
Ah me ! you are not well, Vicentio.

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my breast
A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,
Nor medicinal herb, can e'er allay
The festering of that agonizing wound
You have driven into my heart !

Evad. I ?

Vic. Why, Evadne,
Why did you ever tell me that you loved me ?
Why was I not in mercy spurned away,
Scorned, like Ludovico ? for unto him
You dealt in honour, and despised his love :
But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed—
And smiled and wept, for you can weep ; (even now
Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes
Convenient fountains have begun to gush,)
To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
In falsest woman's perfidy ?

Evad. Vicentio,
Why am I thus accused ? What have I done ?

Vic. What !—are you grown already an adept
In cold dissimulation ? Have you stopped
All access from your heart into your face ?
Do you not blush ?

Evad. I do, indeed, for you !

Vic. The king ?

Evad. The king ?

Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high
Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
Away with this unseemly bashfulness,
That will be deemed a savageness at court—
Confront the talking of the busy world—
Tell them you are the mistress of the king,
Tell them you are Colonna's sister too ;

But hark you, madam—prithee do not say
You are Vicentio's wife! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Evad. Injurious man!

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven
Blew it throughout the city—

Evad. And if angels
Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
You should not have believed it.—You forget
Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
He fears upon himself.—Go, go, Vicentio—
You are not what I deemed you!—Mistress? fie!
Go, go, Vicentio! let me not behold
The man who has reviled me with a thought
Dishonouring as that one!—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—Oh!

Vicentio,
Do I deserve this of you?

Vic. If I had wronged her!—

Evad. I will not descend
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me—
My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand
Your plighted vows again.—If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith—Farewell for ever!
(*As she is going out, L.H.*)

Vic. Evadne!

Evad. Well, my lord?—

Vic. Evadne, stay!—

Evad. Vicentio!

(*With a look of reproaching remonstrance.*)

Vic. Let me look in thy face—

Oh! 'tis impossible!—I was bemocked,
And cheated by that villain!—nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee, and yet wilt thou
But swear—

Evad. What should I swear?—

Vic. That you did not
Betray me to the king!

Evad. Never!—

Vic. Nor e'er
Didst write in love to him !

Evad. Oh ! never, never !—I perceive, Vicentio,
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
But no !—I will not now inquire it of thee—
When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
For if Colonna should behold me weep,
So tenderly he loves me, that I fear
His hot, tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio,
Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye
That sheds suspicion ?

Vic. I now remember
Another circumstance, Ludovico
Did tell me as I came—I do not see
My picture on her bosom. (*Aside.*)

Evad. Well, Vicentio ?

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes,
Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance
Desire upon your breast.

Evad. And, is that all ?
And in such fond and petty circumstance
Seek you suspicion's nourishment ?—Vicentio,
I must disclose my weakness—here, Vicentio,
I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.

(She draws the king's picture from her bosom)
Here it is—

And now, my lord, suspect me, if you can.

Vic. (Starting.) A horrid phantom, more accursed
than e'er

Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon me—
Speak—speak at once—
Or—let it blast thee too.

Evad. Sure some dark spell,
Some fearful witchery ; I am struck to ashes,—
Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,
And I will fix it in my very eyes
Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio !—

Vic. It is the king !—

Evad. Oh ! do not yield it faith,—
Give not thy senses credence ! Oh, Vicentio,
I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio !
Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air—
'Tis not reality that stares upon me !—
Oh ! hide it from my sight !—

Vic. Chance has betrayed thee,
And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all fraud,
Thou mass of painted perjury,—thou woman !—
And now I have done with thee, and pray to heaven
I ne'er may see thee more—But, hold !—
Recall that wish again—The time will come
When I would look on thee—then, Evadne, then,
When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see
Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
But once from the sad earth, and then Evadne,
Look down again for ever ! [Exit, R.H.]

Enter COLONNA, M.D. in time to see Vicentio go off.

*(Evadne at first not perceiving that he is gone,
and recovering from her stupefaction.)*

EVAD. I will swear—
Give it back to me—Oh ! I am innocent !
*(She rushes up to Colonna, who advances to R.H.
mistaking him for a moment for Vicentio.)*

By heaven, I am innocent !

Col. Who dares to doubt it,—
Who knows thee of that noble family
That cowardice in man, or wantonness
In woman never tarnished ?—

Evad. He is gone !— (*Aside.*)

Col. But how is this, Evadne ? In your face
I read a wilder'd air has ta'en the place
Of that placidity that used to shine
For ever on thy holy countenance.

Evad. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life—

Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me
sister,

Hath floated o'er you, tho' 'twere better far
That it had left no rain drops.—What has happened !

Evad. There's nothing has befallen, only—

Col. What, only ?

Evad. I pray your pardon me—I must begone !

Col. Evadne, stay ! let me behold you well—

Why do you stand at distance ? nearer still,

Evadne !—

Evad. Well ?

Col. Vicentio—

Evad. (*Assuming an affected lightness of manner.*)

Why, Colonna—

Think you that I'm without my sex's arts,

And did not practise all the torturings

That make a woman's triumph ?

Col. 'Twas not well.

I hoped thee raised above all artifice

That makes thy sex but infancy matured.

I was at first inclined to follow him,

And ask what this might mean ?

Evad. Then he had told

That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen

How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared

Just beaten with a fan.—Ha ! ha ! Colonna,

You will find us all alike.—Ha ! ha ! my heart

Will break.

(*Bursts into tears.*)

Col. Farewell !

Evad. What would you do ?

Col. Let all the world

Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head

Its gathered infamy—be all who bear

Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace

Gnaw off all honour from my family,

If I permit an injury to thee

To 'scape Colonna's vengeance !—

Evad. Hold, my brother !

I will not leave thy sight !

Col. Then follow me,

And if thou art abandoned, after all
 Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
 By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong,
 Or if he did, tho' I had a thousand lives,
 I had given them all to avenge thee.—I'll inquire
 Into this business; and if I find
 Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
 I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I,—*A Street in Naples;—the front of Olivia's House*, R.H.D.F.

Enter LUDOVICO and VICENTIO, L.H.

Lud. There is Olivia's house!

Vic. Thou hast resolved me.

I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Speed to its dreadful performance.

(*He raps R.H.D.F.*)

Enter a SERVANT, R.H.D.F.

'Bides the lady Olivia in her home?

Serv. She does, my lord.

[*Exit*, R.H.D.F.]

Vic. Farewell, Ludovico! thou seest, my friend,
 For such I ever hold thee, that I pass
 Some stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
 To-night necessary for my fame.

Lud. No less—

Colonna's daughter Olivia you disperse
 And lance you at abroad did sully you,

Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the king's dalliance.

Vic. Oh, speak of it

No more, Ludovico—farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.—[*Exit into Olivia's house.*

Lud. Fare you well,
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the KING, L.H. disguised.

King. My faithful servant, my Ludovico !

Lud. My prince ! I did not hope to meet you here !
What, in this masqued attire, has made you veil
The dazzling brightness of your royalty,
And led you from your palace ?

King. I have ta'en
Concealment's wonted habit, to escape
The hundred eyes of curiosity,
And, wearied with the rotatory course
Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee.
Shall she be mine, Ludovico ?

Lud. My liege,
I marvel not at the impatient throb
Of restless expectation in your heart.
And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil,
To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
Renounces her for ever ! and but moved
By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.

King. How, my Ludovico,
Didst thou accomplish it ?

Lud. I turned to use
The passion of Olivia ; while Evadne traced
A letter to Vicentio, suddenly
The news of his expected coming reached
Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
Furnished on her table did she leave
The page of amorous wishes, which the cr

Or unperceived Olivia, haply seized,
 And bore unto my hand.—Vicentio's name
 Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
 As thus—"My lord—my life—my soul,"—the which
 I made advantage of, and did persuade him
 'Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
 Caught from the very torch of truest love,
 I fired the furies' brands—

King. My faithful friend!

Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
 Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
 From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
 As if by fortune, in his path:—I urged
 His heated passions to my purposes,
 And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove
 How much he scorned her falsehood.—Even now
 He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
 And as you came, he entered.

King. But wherein
 Will this promote the crowning of my love?

Lud. I said Colonna's self should be the first
 To lead you to her arms—

King. Thou didst, Ludovico,
 The which perform'd, I'll give thee half my realm.
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lud. (*Aside.*) You shall give all!

King. Accomplish this, my friend,
 Thou art my great Apollo!

Lud. No, my liege,
 You shall be Jove, and in her arms to-night,
 Will taste more joys than the Olympian did
 In golden showers in Danaë's yielding heart—

King. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me
 As the rich circle of my royalty.
 Farewell, Ludovico, I shall expect
 Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well!
 To-night, Ludovico. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Lud. To-night, you perish!
 Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
 And lance your wanton, and high-swelling veins.—

That I should stoop to such an infamy !
 Evadne here !

Enter EVADNE, L.H.

Not for the king, but for myself I mean,
 A feast fit for the gods !

Evad. (With some agitation.) My Lord Ludovico—

Lud. The beautiful Evadne !

What would the brightest maid of Italy
 Of her poor servant ?

Evad. Sir, may I entreat
 Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
 'Bides at this present instant ? I have been informed
 He 'compained you here.

Lud. It grieves me sore
 He hath done you so much wrong.

Evad. What may you mean ?

Lud. 'Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
 Where envy holds her court :
 Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was like
 A play-thing stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes
 Thus to be tossed from one heart to another ?
 Or rather, who had thought that you were made
 For such abandonment ?

Evad. I scarce can guess—

Lud. I did not mean to touch so nice a wound.
 If you desire to learn where now he 'bides,
 I can inform you.

Evad. Where, Ludovico ?

Lud. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.

Evad. Olivia's house ? what would he there ?

Lud. You know
 Vicentio and Olivia are to-day—

Evad. My lord ?

Lud. Are to be married—

Evad. Married, my lord ?
 Vicentio and Olivia to be married ?—

Lud. I am sorry that it moves you thus—Evadne,
 Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure

I ne'er had proved like him—I would not thus
 Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart,
 A drowsy sleep-provoking flower :—Evadne,
 I had not thus deserted you ! [Exit, R.H.]

Evad. Vicentio,
 Olivia and Vicentio to be married?
 I heard it—yes—I am sure I did—Vicentio !
 Olivia to be married !—and Evadne,
 Whose heart was made of adoration—
 Vicentio in her house ? there—underneath
 That woman's roof—behind the door that looks
 To shut me out from hope.—I will myself—
(Advancing, then checking herself.)
 I do not dare to do it—but he could not—
 He could not use me thus—he could not.—Ha !

Enter VICENTIO, from Olivia's house, R.H.D.F.

Vic. Evadne here ?

Evad. Would I had been born blind,
 Not to behold the fatal evidence
 Of my abandonment !—Am I condemned
 Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
 That I'm a wretch for ever !—

Vic. (Advances R.H.) Does she come
 To bate me with reproaches ? or does she dare
 To think that she can angle me again
 To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me ?
 I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
 Nor seem to know her present to my sight.

(Crosses to L.H. and passes Evadne.)
 Now I am at least revenged. (Going, L.H.)

Evad. My lord, I pray you—
 My lord, I dare entreat—Vicentio—

Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio ? Was it you ?
 What would you with him, for I bear the name.

Evad. Sir, I—

Vic. Go on.—I'll taunt her to the quick.—(Aside.)

Evad. My lord, I—

Vic. I pray you speak—I cannot guess

By such wild broken phrase what you would have
Of one who knows you not.

Evad. Not know me ?

Vic. No—

Let me look in your face—there is indeed
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes,
But 'tis a shadowy one ;—she that I speak of
Was full of virtues as the milky way
Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
And good as infants giving charity !—
Such was Evadne :—fare you well !

Evad. My lord,

Is't true what I've heard ?—

Vic. What have you heard ?

Evad. Speak—are you to be married—let me hear
it—

Thank heav'n I've strength to hear it.

Vic. I scarce guess

What interest you find in one that deems
Himself a stranger to you.

Evad. Sir—

Vic. But if

You are indeed solicitous to learn
Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day
Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one—

Evad. You have bedewed with tears, and that
henceforth

Will feel no lack of tears, though they may fall
From other eyes than yours.—So then, Vicentio,
Fame did not wrong you.—You are to be married ?—

Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire.

As in the shrine of Vesta long has burned.
Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,
To every worship dedicate alike,
A false perfidious seeming.—

Evad. I implore you

To spare your accusations.—I am come—

Vic. Doubtless, to vindicate yourself.—

Evad. Oh, no!—

An angel now would vainly plead my cause
Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
I have no intent to interrupt the rite
That makes that lady yours; but I am come
Thus breathless as you see me—would to heav'n
I could be tearless too!—you will think, perhaps,
That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin,
That best becomes a woman, and that most
Becomes a sad abandoned one.—

Vic. Evadne—

Evadne, you deceive yourself.

Evad. I knew

I should encounter this—

But I will endure it—nay, more, my lord,
Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on.—

Evad. May you be happy with that happier maid
That never could have loved you more than I do,
But may deserve you better!—May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
And peace and trust be with you!—
And when at last you close your gentle lives,
Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly, as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the soft sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth together!—for myself—
I will but pray—(*Sobbing.*)—I will but pray, my lord.

Vic. (*Aside.*) I must begone, else she may soon
regain

A mastery o'er my nature.

Evad. Oh, Vicentio,

I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.

I shall not long be so.

There's but one trouble I shall ever give

To any one again. I will but pray

The maker of the lonely beds of peace

To open one of his deep hollow ones,

Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in ;—
 If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
 I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh,
 And if my friend, (I still will call her so)
 My friend, Olivia, chide you; pr'ythee tell her
 Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

Vic. The picture ! in your bosom—near your heart—
 There on the very swellings of your breast,
 The very shrine of chastity, you raised
 A foul and cursed idol !

Evad. You did not give me time—no—not a moment
 To think what villainy was wrought, to make me
 So hateful to your eyes.—It is too late,
 You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—
 You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Evad. What then should I confess ? that you, that
 heaven,
 That all the world seem to conspire against me,
 And that I am accursed.—But let me hold—
 I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
 While life perchance is periled.—Oh, Vicentio,
 Prithee avoid Colonna's sight !

Vic. Evadne ?—

You do not think to frighten me with his name ?

Evad. Vicentio, do not take away from me
 All that I've left to love in all the world !
 Avoid Colonna's sight to-day.—Vicentio,
 Only to-day avoid him,—I will find
 Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
 I'll lay the blame upon my hapless head !—
 Only to-day, Vicentio.

Enter COLONNA, R.H.S.E.

Col. (R.H.) Ha ! my sister !
 Where is thy dignity ? Where is the pride
 Meet for Colonna's sister ?—hence !—My lord—

Vic. (L.H.) What would you, sir ?

Col. Your life :—you are briefly answered,
 Look here, sir.—To this lady you preferred
 Your despicable love! Long did you woo,
 And when at last by constant adoration,
 Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained
 Her brother's cold assent.—Well then—no more—
 For I've no patience to repeat by cause
 The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached
 Colonna's ear that you have abandoned her—
 It rings thro' Naples, my good lord—now, mark me—
 I am her brother—

Vic. Well—

Evad. (*In centre.*) Forbear! forbear!
 I have no injury you should resent
 In such a fearful fashion.—I—my brother—
 I am sure I never uttered a complaint
 Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
 Look at me, good Colonna!—now, Colonna
 Can you discern a sorrow in my face?
 I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
 Why I can smile, Colonna. (*Bursts into tears.*)
 Oh! my brother!—

Col. You weep, Evadne! but I'll mix your tears
 With a false villain's blood.—If you have left
 A sense of aught that's noble in you still—

Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
 Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
 The cloak of such vile purpose—

Col. How? explain—
 I understand you not,

Evad. Forbear, Colonna;
 Before your face, and in the face of heaven,
 I do resign him;—I forgive him,
 And may heaven follow my example too!

Col. But I will not, Evadne.—I shall deal
 In briefest phrase with you.—Is't true, my lord,
 You have abandoned her?

Vic. Is't true, my lord,
 That to the king—

Col. The king?

Vic. And could you think
That I am to be made an instrument
For such a foul advancement? do you think
That I would turn my name into a cloak?—

Evad. Colonna, my dear Brother. Oh, Vicentio!
My love, my life, my—pardon me, my lord,
I had forgot—I have no right to use
Words that were once familiar to my lips:
But, for heaven's sake, I do implore you here—

Col. Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the king;—explain yourself.

Vic. I will!
I will not wed his mistress!

Evad. (*With reproach.*) Oh, Vicentio!

Col. Whom mean you, sir?

Vic. Look there!

Col. Evadne! ha?

Vic. Evadne!

Col. (*Crosses to centre, and strikes him with his glove.*) Here's my answer! follow me!
Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you.

[*Exit, L. H.*

Evad. (*Clinging to Vicentio, who has his sword drawn, and kneeling to him.*) You shall not stir!

Vic. If from his heart I poured
A sea of blood, it would not now content me.
Insolent villain! dost thou stay me back?
Away! unloose me!

Evad. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—
It is thy husband's life that now I plead for;
Save, oh, save him!

Vic. Then must I fling thee from me.—Now I am free,
And swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,
I rush to my revenge! [Exit, L. H.

Evad. (*Who has fallen upon her knees in her struggle with Vicentio.*) Oh! my poor heart!
Choke not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast,
Hear me, Olivia!—Olivia, hear me!

Enter OLIVIA from her house, M.D.

Oliv. (R.H.) Is't Evadne calls
Like one that with a frantic energy
In fire cries out for life?

Evad. (L.H.) I cry for life—
Vicentio's life—Colonna's life—Olivia,
I beg thee to preserve him!

Oliv. Whom dost talk of?

Evad. You have power o'er him that I no more
possess,
Had he e'er loved me as he loves thee now,
I had been stronger when around his neck
I flung me to preserve him.—Oh, my friend!
Colonna, maddened at my miseries,
And I confess that I am miserable,
Hath vowed a horrid vengeance, and even now
He smote Vicentio!

Oliv. Heaven!

Evad. I pri'thee, look not
Misdoubtingly upon me—
Hast thou not wings to save him?

Oliv. Thou art avenged, Evadne!—To himself
I dare not own it—but to thee reveal
The vileness I have practised.

Evad. Speak!

Oliv. In the wild rapturous tremor of thy joy,
I seized advantage of Vicentio's coming,
And placed within thine unsuspecting hand—

Evad. That horrid image that appeared to fill
My bosom with perdition, and did make me
Unto myself so horrible—'twas you—
It was my friend Olivia!

Oliv. I myself,
Will to the king, and bid him send his power
To interpose between them—thou, Evadne,
Wilt speak my guilt.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Evad. Oh, my Vicentio !
I fly to save and comfort you !

[*Exit*, L.H.,

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Bay, and View of Naples.*

Enter COLONNA and VICENTIO, L.H. with their swords drawn ;—passing across to R.H.

Col. Yonder, my lord, beside the cypress grove
Fast by the church-yard—there's a place, methinks,
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.

Vic. I follow, sir—the neighbourhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or I
Must take its measure ere the sun be set.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Enter LUDOVICO, L.H.S.E. as they go off.

Lud. Ha! there they go!—the furies, with their
whips

Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate—
My dull and passionate fools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.—
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both !—One of you has denounced me—
The other, robbed me of a woman's love.
They have already entered in the grove
Of funeral cypress.—Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment
And they will be about it !—Now, Vicentio,

Thy fate is sealed.—Colonna's arm—

Ha! who comes here?

Evadne!—yes—my eyes deceive me not—

'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field—

She must be interrupted—let me think—

I have it.—

Enter EVADNE, L.H.

Evad. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
'Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead
To the eastern gate of the city.—Ha! Ludovico!
My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio—

Lud. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
That made Ludovico the messenger
Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
Your brother and Vicentio.

Evad. Speak, my lord—
For heaven's sake, speak!

Lud. They are secure—thank heaven,
Their purpose is prevented.—

Evad. Secure!
My brother and Vicentio are secure.

Lud. By providential circumstance, before
Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized,
And all their furious passions are as hushed
As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.

Evad. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much
'Thou has bound me to thee, by the holy sounds
'Thou hast breathed upon mine ear!—But, tell me, sir,
Where, how, and when was this? What blessed hand—
Speak, my lord.

Lud. 'Twas I!

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico?

Lud. The same!
Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
With the strong arm of power to intercept them.

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico—what shall I say?
I know not what to tell you.—But, heav'n bless you!

A thousand times heav'n bless you !—On my knees,
And at your feet I thank you. *(Kneels.)*

Lud. Beautiful Evadne !

Loveliest beneath the skies, where every thing
Grows lovely as themselves—Nay do not bend
Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds
Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems
Besprankt with snow !—nor strive to win from me
Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed
With imitative whiteness—I will presume,
For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
To press my rapture here— *(Kisses her hand.)*

Evad. My lord, I own,
That you surprise me, and were I not bound
By strenuous obligation, I should say,
Perchance you did offend me—But I will not !
Accept my gratitude, and be you sure
These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.
Farewell—I do forgive—

Lud. You fly me then !

Evad. I do not fly your presence, but I go
To seek my brother's bosom—

Lud. And Vicentio's !

Evad. You would be merry, sir.

Lud. I have not cause—
Nor shall you, madam—You would fly me thus,
To rush at once into my rival's arms—
Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name—
I know him by no other.

Evad. Sir, I hope
You will not revive a subject that has long
Between us been forgotten.

Lud. What ! forgotten ?
I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten ?
Nay, do not think you leave me—in return
For such small service as I have done to-day,
I beg your audience—tell me what's forgotten ?
I would hear it from your lips.

Evad. I did not mean—

Forgive, and let me go. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lud. What? what forgotten?

Your heartlessness to all the maddening power

Of the tumultuous passions in my heart!

What! what forgotten? all the injuries

You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire

You have driven into my soul—my agonies,

My tears, my supplications, and the groans

Of my indignant spirit! I can hold

My curbed soul no more—it rushes out!

What? what forgotten?—me—Ludovico?

Evad. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake,
hear me.

Lud. What! to behold him, like a pilferer,
With his smooth face of meaningless infancy,
And his soft moulded body, steal away
That feathered thing, thy heart.

Evad. Ludovico,
What may this sudden fury mean?—you do
But act these horrid passions to affright me!
For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?

Lud. I will permit you shortly to embrace him—
I will not long detain you from his arms—
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
In loosened idleness about your form,—
And from those lips where you were wont t'imbibe
The fiery respiration of the heart,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow,
Without its purity.

Evad. I now perceive
What you would hint, my lord;—doubtless you deem
Vicentio hath preferred Olivia's love?

Lud. If you can wake his heart to love again,
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!

Evad. Yours!

Lud. Mine !—I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophecy.

Evad. I know not

What lies within the dark and horrid cave
Of your imagination ; but be sure
I had rather clasp Vicentio dead—I see
That you recoil with passion.

Lud. By the fires—
Down, down, my burning heart !—So you would
rather

Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud
Warm into love, than on this beating heart ?
But, be it so—you will have occasion soon
To try the experiment—and then, Evadne,
You will more aptly judge.

Evad. Ha ! a strong glare,
Like the last flash from sinking ships, has poured
A horrid radiance on me—Ha ! Ludovico—
Let it be frenzy that before my face
Spreads out that sheet of blood—

Lud. Well, my Evadne ?

Evad. Dæmon, hast thou mocked me ?

Lud. Didst thou not scorn—didst thou not madden
me ?

Didst thou not—Ha ! (*Seeing Colonna, crosses to R.H.*)
By heavens, it is himself !—

All is accomplished—and upon my front

Methinks I clasp the round of royalty !

Already do I clasp thee in mine arms !—

Evadne !—There—look there—Colonna comes,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

And on that weapon flaming from afar

He bears the vengeance of Ludovico. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter COLONNA, R.H., with his sword bloody.

Col. Evadne here

Evad. My brother

Col. Call me so—

For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Look here!—

Evad. There's blood upon it!

Col. And there should be.

Evad. Thou hast—

Col. I have revenged thee!

Evad. Thou hast slain—

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?

Col. I have revenged thee—

For any wrong done to my single self,

I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed;

But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look

Up to the heavens with such a bewildered gaze?

Evad. 'To curse thee, and myself, and all the world!

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio!—thou hast slain him

Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,

As thou art horrible!—and 'tis to me

Thou comest to tell it too—thou comest to bear

That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,

And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee, villain!

Hide thee within the centre of the earth!—

Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun

Art grown detestable—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Vicentio!

My lord! my bosom's throb!—my pulse of life!

My soul! my joy—my love!—my all the world!

Vicentio! Vicentio!— (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Col. Thy passionate grief

Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.

Evad. Strike that infernal weapon through my
heart!

Colonna, kill me!

Kill me, my brother!

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,

Let me conduct thy grief to secrecy—

I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,

For now my head is forfeit to the law!

Enter SPALATRO, with Officer and eight Guards, R.H.

Spal. Behold him here. Sir, I am sorry for

The duty which mine office hath prescribed !
You are my prisoner.

Col. Sir, there is need
Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
Here is my sword.

Spal. You are doomed to death !

Evad. To death !

Spal. The king himself,
Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—

Col. You speak before a woman—I was well
Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.

Evad. Death ! must you die, Colonna ! must you
die ?

Oh ! no—no—no ! not die, sir,—say not die—
(*Crosses to centre.*)

Col. Retire, my sister—sir, I follow you—

Evad. Oh, not die, Colonna ! no Colonna,
They shall not take thee from me !

Col. My sweet sister !

I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed
Is now my only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister !

Evad. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh ! not die !

Col. Evadne ! sweet Evadne ! Let me hear
(*Evadne becomes gradually insensible.*)

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
That even in death I may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—She has fainted !
Sir, I have a prayer to you.—

Spal. It shall be granted.

Col. My palace is hard by—let some of these
Good guardians of the law attend me thither.
Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one !

*Exit, bearing Evadne, and followed by Spalatro
and Guards, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H. meeting SPALATRO, L.H.

Lud. Where is Colonna?—Not yet arrived?

Spal. Guarded he bore
His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.—

Lud. Spalatro, as I passed, a rumour came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work,
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,—
Thou art his friend—

Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me,
If yet Vicentio breathes—(*Spalatro crosses to R.H.*)—
and afterwards,
I'll make some trial of thy love to me.

[*Exit Spalatro, R.H.*

Enter COLONNA, OFFICER, and eight Guards, L.H.

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon!—I have parted
From all that bound my bosom to the world—
Ludovico!—

Lud. The same.

Col. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy?

Lud. Guards! I discharge Colonna from your care;
He is no more your prisoner—Hence!

[*Exeunt Officer and Guards, L.H.*

My lord,
Such is the vengeance of Ludovico!

Col. What is a man doomed to the stroke of death
To understand by this?

Lud. That I am his friend
Who called me traitor !

Col. Such I call you still.

Lud. Well then, I am a traitor.

Col. There is here

A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

Lud. In you 'twas nobleness to bear the charge.

And yet 'twas glory to deserve it too.

Your father was the tutor of the king,

And loyalty is your inheritance—

I am not blind to such exalted virtue,

And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,

As hearts like his are won !—Unto the king

Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,

I hastened and implored your life.

Col. My life !—

Well, sir, my life ?—

(*With indifference.*)

Lud. Upon my knees I fell,

Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart—

Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou shouldst live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,

But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not

Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you !

Lud. You have no cause to thank me; for, Colonna,

He did pronounce your death, e'en as he said

He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not.

Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I hold

The fountain of vitality.

Col. Go on !

I scarce did hear what did concern my life,

But aught that touches honour—

Lud. Oh ! Colonna,

I almost dread to tell thee !

Col. Prithee, speak !

You put me on the rack !

Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—

I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,—

Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad ?

Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.
 You said 'twas something that concern'd mine honour,
 The honour of mine house—he did not dare
 To say my blood should by a foul attaint
 Be in my veins corrupted; from their height
 The mouldering banners of my family,
 Flung to the earth; the 'scutcheons of my fame
 Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
 Struck from the list of nobles?

Lud. No, Colonna,
 Struck from the list of men!—he dared to ask
 As a condition for thy life, (my tongue
 Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
 Can scarcely heave) by heavens he dared to ask
 That, to his foul and impious clasp, thou shouldst
 Yield up thy sister—

Col. Ha!

Lud. The king doth set a price
 Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister!

Lud. Aye, thy sister!

Col. What!—my sister!

Lud. Yes!—your sister, sir,—Evdne!

Col. By yon heaven,
 Tho' he were born with immortality,
 I will find some way to kill him!
 My sister!

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
 Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
 Feel horrid animation in the grave,
 And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
 And throw it off?—My sister! oh! yon heavens!
 Was this reserved for me? for me!—the son
 Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
 And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder
 That tears are dropping from my flaming eye-lids;
 But 'tis the streaming of a burning heart,
 And these are drops of fire—my sister!

Lud. Now—

Do you now call me traitor ? Do you think
 'Twas such a crime from off my country's heart
 To fling this incubus of royalty ?—

Am I a traitor ? is't a sin, my lord,
 To think a dagger were of use in Naples ?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
 Upon the villain's head !—his life is mine ;
 His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,
 None kills him but myself !—I will, this moment,
 Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
 Rush on the monster, and without a sword
 Tear him to pieces !—(*Going, L.H.*)

Lud. Nay, Colonna,
 Within his court he might perchance escape you,—
 But, if you do incline to do a deed
 Antiquity would envy,—with the means
 He hath furnished you himself !—He means, Colonna,
 In your own house that you should hold to-night
 A glorious revelry, to celebrate
 Your sovereign's sacred presence ; and so soon
 As all the guests are parted, you yourself
 Should lead your sister to him—

Col. That I should
 Convert the palace of mine ancestors
 Into a place of brothelry—myself !—
 Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst
 I should be fit for death !—

Lud. In honour be
 A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
 Waste not in idle or tempestuous sound
 Thy great resolve. The king intends to bear
 The honour of his presence to your house,—
 Nay, hold !—I'll tell him you consent—he straight
 Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
 Make offering of his blood to thy revenge !

Col. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well thought
 on—

I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend
 Thy wisdom in the counselling.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence !

And make meet preparation for the banquet.
 I'll straight return, and tell him you're all joy
 In the honour of his coming.

Col. The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand
 Already feel impatience for the blow
 That strikes the crowned monster to the heart.

[*Exeunt ; Col. L.H. Lud. R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A vast hall in Colonna's palace, filled with statues.—The moon streams in through the gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the statues. A chamber-door at the back.*

Enter LUDOVICO and the KING, R.H.D.

Lud. This is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me
 Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
 To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
 Her soft reluctance to your highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day
 The genius of my happier destiny :
 Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
 Did guide me on to heaven.

Lud. I'll send you there. (*Aside.*)

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
 The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess
 It smote me sore, but now 'tis told abroad
 That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
 His death doth not conduct you to your joys—
 Vicentio bears a slight unharming wound,
 That sheds his blood, but perils not his life :

But let him pass—let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.

Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.

King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age.

[*Exit into chamber, M.D.*

Lud. An age!

For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age, shall shortly be.

'Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me
Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me
Shew like a giant corse.—'This mighty world,
Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,
And yonder moon a tomb-lamp! when the king
Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear
In a more full proportion.—Ha! he comes!
My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

Enter COLONNA with a dagger, R.H.D.

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.—
The king's already to his bed retired,
Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard
Vicentio was not wounded unto death—
Would this were sooner known!

Lud. Why, my good lord?

Col. Because the king would not have offered me
Such an indignity, nor should I now
Tread into murder.

Lud. Murder—I had hoped,
You would not on the threshold of the deed
Stay tottering thus—One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.

Col. By you heaven,
I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired

To be a blood-shedder ! I cannot clench
 This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,
 Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other
 Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat—
 Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out
 The last faint sigh of life ! Down, damned steel !
 Fit instrument for cowards—(*Throws down the dagger near R.H.*)—I will play
 A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight !—
 Give me thy sword, that I may put defence
 Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.—
 Come forth ! (*Going to D.I.*)

Lud. Hold, madman, hold !—what wouldst thou do ?

Col. Bravely encounter him—not take his life
 Like a mercenary stabber.

Lud. Hast thou thought
 That he may be the victor too ?

Col. My death
 Will not be thought inglorious.

Lud. There's some praise
 In falling by the hand of royalty ;
 But when you are laid within your sepulchre,
 And rot most honourably, then I fear me,
 A lesser shame will not befall your house
 For all the graven marbles on your tomb !
 Your sister—

Col. Ha !

Lud. Your sister will not find,
 When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave,
 Where will she find a guardian arm—thine arm
 Will be the food of the consuming worm,
 While in the hot embraces of the king—

Col. I did not think on that.

Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while—
 You had better thought upon the dignity
 He means your house.

Col. You do not dare—

Lud. I dare to tell you this—
 Who can forgive such injury as thine,

Hath half consented to it.—How is it
 The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
 Hath any thing befallen that should have blown
 On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
 And steeped thee back to meekness?—Was the touch
 Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
 Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage?
 When he did tread upon her yielding foot
 Beneath the cloth of gold——

Col. If I had seen it,
 He had not lived an instant!

Lud. When you turned,
 He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
 He pressed his ravenous lips!—'Sdeath, sir, consider—
 You pray the King of Naples to your roof,—
 You hail his coming in a feast that kings
 Could scarce exceed in glory—It is blown
 Thro' all the city thence he sleeps to-night
 Within your sister's bed; and, it is said,
 That you, yourself, have smoothed the pillow down.

Col. Where is he? let me see him who presumes
 To think the blasphemy.

Lud. Behold him here!
 I, sir—yes, I—Ludovico, dare think
 With every man in Naples, if the king
 Should leave your roof with life, that he has tasted
 The fruit he came to pluck.

Col. No more—no more—
 He perishes, Ludovico!

Lud. That's well—
 I am glad to see you pull into your heart
 (*Crosses and takes up the dagger.*)

Its brave resolve again—and if there be
 Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,
 Think that you give your country liberty,
 While you revenge yourself!—Go, my Colonna—
 Yonder's the fated chamber—plunge the steel
 (*Gives the dagger to Colonna.*)

Into his inmost heart, and let the blood
 Flow largely.

Col. I'll call to thee when it is done.

Lud. Hark thee ! he'll cry for life—and well I know
The pleading for existence may have power
Upon thy noble nature—then, Colonna,
Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name,
And stab him as thou criest it ! *[Exit, R.H.D.]*

*(Colonna advances towards the chamber-door in
centre.)*

Col. I will do it !—

*(He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated
... condition it is difficult to move.)*

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield !
It seems as if some mighty hand were laid
Against it to repel me.

(Voice exclaims, L.H.U.E.) Hold !

Col. *(Starting.)* It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt
And trod to common murder—he shall die !
Come then, enraging thought, into my breast
And turn it into iron !

(Voice, L.H.U.E.) Hold !

Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight.
What art thou ?

EVADNE advances, L.H.U.E. from behind the Statues.

Evad. My brother !

Col. How, my sister !
Come you across my purpose ?

Evad. From my chamber
That to the great hail leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forbode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows

I saw the silent furies—Oh, Colonna,—
 Thank heaven, the safety of Vicentio
 Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps !
 What would you do ?

Col. Get thee to rest.

Evad. Is that high front, Colonna,
 One to write Cain upon ?—Alas, Colonna,
 I did behold you with Ludovico,
 By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
 Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
 What wouldst thou do ?

Col. Murder !

Evad. What else, Colonna,
 Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico ?

Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
 To stab him to the heart !

Evad. 'Tis nobly done !

I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
 Remember, you have called him here—remember
 You have pledged him in your father's golden cup ;
 Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,——

Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
 What think'st thou 'twas ?

Evad. I think there's nought too dear
 To buy Colonna's life.

Col. 'Twas a vast price
 He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
 It was my Evadne's honour.

Evad. Ha !

Col. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister,
 I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

Evad. What ! did he ?—

Col. Thou dost understand me now ?—
 Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
 Where thou mayest hear his groan. (Going in.)

Evad. Forbear, Colonna !
 For heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked
 thee ?

He asked thee for thy life ?—*thy* life ?—but, no—
 Vicentio lives, and——

Col. (Aside.) How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—

Evad. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

Col. (Aside.) Why, is it possible,
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She's a woman
Evadne!

Evad. Well?

Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?

Evad. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

Col. What! bid him come to thee?

Evad. And leave me with him here.

Col. What! leave thee with him?

Evad. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna.
Conduct my sovereign here.

Col. Yes—I will try her—
I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous. If she fall, she dies.
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart thro' the other.—(*Aside.*)

Evad. Send him to me.

Col. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—(*Aside.*)—What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

Enter the KING from the chamber, M.D.

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank
thee?

But where is my Evadne?

Col. There, my lord!

King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt wear
A nobler title in thy family,—
And to thy great posterity we'll send
My granted dukedom.

Col. Sir you honour me.

My presence is no longer needed here.

(*Aside.*)—A word's consent despatches them!

(*Conceals himself behind the pillars, R.H.U.E.*)

King. My fair Evadne! lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect in this hour of joy!
Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
Upon its yielding stalk—thou hast no cause
For such a soft abashment, for be sure
I'll place thee high in honour.

Evad. (I.H.) Hørður, sir!—

King. (R.H.) Yes I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow
Death and disgrace inhabit.

Evad. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart!

King. My love!
Come, my Evadne—what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er thee rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.

Evad. You were speaking
Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
You are deemed a worshipper of that high art,
Here, my lord, (*Pointing to the statues.*)
Is matter for your transports!

King. Fair Evadne!
Do you not mean to mock me? Not to gaze

On yonder lifeless marbles did I come
To visit you to-night, but in the pure,
And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
The Florentine to immortality.

Evad. You deem me of a light capricious mood,
But it were hard if, (woman as I am)
I could not use my sex's privilege—
Tho' I should ask you for yon orb of light,
That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
And fills the ambient air with purity—
Should you not fain, as 'tis the wont of those
Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
To catch its shivering brightness!—It is my pleasure
That you should look upon these reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
I must enforce you to it!—

King. Wayward woman!
What arts does she intend to captivate
My soul more deeply in her toils?

Evad. Behold! (*Going to a statue, R.H.S.E.*)
The glorious founder of my family!
It is the great Rodolpho!—Charlemagne
Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
His glory's blazoned emblem; for at noon,
When the astronomer cannot discern
A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name!
With what austere, and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning!

King. It is well;
His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations, to thy lovely smile.—
I swear, he seems not of thy family.
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped

Another sort of entertainment here.

Evad. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—

(*Pointing to a statue, L.H.U.E.*)

Guelfo the murderer!

King. The murderer!

I knew not that your family was stained

With the reproach of blood.

Evad. We are not wont

To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin,

If sin indeed it be. His castle walls

Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—

He had an only daughter whom he prized

More than you hold your diadem; but when

He saw the fury of the infidels

Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child

Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow

He struck her to the heart, and with the other,

He stretched himself beside her.

King. Fair Evadne,

I must no no more indulge you, else I fear

You would scorn me for my patience; prithee, love,

No more of this wild phantasy!

Evad. My liege,

But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,

And thus complied with my request, you will find me

Submissive to your own. Look here, my lord,—

Know you this statue?

(*Pointing to a statue, L.H.S.E.*)

King. No, in sooth, I do not.

Evad. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill

Of princely memories, if you can find

Within the inmost chambers of your heart

No image like to this—look at that smile—

That smile, my liege—look at it!

King. It is your father!

Evad. (*Breaking into exultation.*)

Aye!—'tis indeed my father!—'tis my good,

Exalted, generous, and god-like father!

Whose memory, though he had left his child

A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
 Were an inheritance a princess might
 Be proud of for her dower!
 Who was my father?

(With a proud and conscious interrogatory.)

King. One, whom I confess
 Of high and many virtues.

Evad. Is that all?

I will help your memory, and tell you first,
 That the late King of Naples looked among
 The noblest in his realm for that good man,
 To whom he might intrust your opening youth,
 And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest
 Early he placed you, and beside his wing
 You learned to mount to glory! Underneath
 His precious care you grew, and were once
 Thought grateful for his service. His whole life
 Was given to your uses, and his death—
 Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
 He fought beside you, and when he beheld
 A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him!
 He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord!
 He perished to preserve you!—*(Rushes to the statue.)*

—Breathless image,

Altho' no heart doth beat within that breast,
 No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,
 And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I am ready—
 Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take me!—
 Aye, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—
 And to reward the father with the meet
 And wonted recompense that princes give—
 Make me as foul as bloated pestilence,
 As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
 As guilt and shame can make me.

King. She has smitten
 Compunction thro' my soul!

Evad. Approach, my lord!
 Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,
 Come and unloose me from my father's arms—

Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life !—

King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to shew
My soul its own deformity—my guilt !

Evad. (*Disengaging herself from the statue.*) Ha
have you got a soul?—have you yet left,
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—he trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart !
Oh, heav'n ! he weeps ! my sovereign, my liege
Heart ! do not burst in ecstasy too soon !
My brother ! my Colonna !—hear me—hear !
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee !

(*Turning, she perceives Colonna advancing from
among the statues, R.H.U.E.*)

There he is—my brother !

Col. (*In centre.*) Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here !—Oh ! my dear sister !
A thousand times mine own !—I glory in thee,
More than in all the heroes of my name !—
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form, to shew the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue !—Sir,— (*To the king.*)

Evad. (*L.H.*) Colonna,
There is your king !

Col. Thou hast made him so again !
Thy virtue hath re-crowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here !

King. (*R.H.*) Arise, Colonna !
You take the attitude that more befits
The man who would have wrong'd you, but whose
heart,

Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven !

Forgive me !

Col. Yes, with all my soul I do !

And I will give you proof how suddenly

You are grown my Prince again.—Do not inquire

What I intend, but let me lead you here

Behind these statues.—

(Places the king behind the statues, R.H.U.E.)

Retire, my best Evadne ! *[Exit Evadne, L.H.]*

He ! Ludovico !

What ho ! there !—Here he comes !

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H.D.

Ludovico,

I have done the deed.—

Lud. He is dead ?

Col. Thro' his heart

E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel,

And as he cried for life, Evadne's name

Drowned his last shriek !

Lud. So !

Col. Why, Ludovico,

Stand you thus rapt ? Why does your bosom heave

In such wild tumult ? Why is it you place

Your hand upon your front ? What hath possessed
you ?

Lud. *(With a strong laugh of irony.)* Fool !

Col. How is this ?

Lud. So, thou hast slain the king ?

Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

Lud. Therefore, I call ye—fool !—From the king's
head

Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own !

Therefore I touched my front, for I did think

That palpably, I felt the diadem

Wreathing its golden round about my brow !

But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy

In climbing up to empire, than I do

In knowing thee my dupe !

Col. I know, my lord,
You bade me kill the king.

Lud. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more—'twas I that first within his heart
Lighted impurity ;—'twas I, Colonna,—
Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life !

Col. You ?—

Lud. Wouldst hear more ?—
To-morrow sees me king ! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne—and when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,—
And then—What ho, there ! Guards !—then, my good
lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull, and passionate head of thine—What ho !—

Enter Officer and Eight Guards, R.H.D.

I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms.
And thus—
On yonder traitor seize !—
With sacrilegious hand he has ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty,
And—

The KING comes forward in centre, R.H.U.E.

What do I behold ? is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision ?
That hath started up
To make an idiot of me ;—is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico ?—

King. Behold thy king !

Lud. He lives !—I am betrayed—but let me not
Play traitor to myself :—befriend me still

Thou guarding genius of Ludovico !—
 My liege, my royal master, do I see you
 Safe from the plots of yon accursed traitor ?
 And throwing thus myself around your knees
 Do I clasp reality ?

King. Traitor, arise !

Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch !
 I know thee for a villain !—Seize him, guards !

Lud. (Drawing his sword.) By this right arm they
 dare not—this right arm
 That to the battle oft hath led them on,
 Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel !—
 I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
 Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
 And hug with him for death ? Not one of this
 Vile herd of trembling wretches !
(To the King.) Thou art meet alone to encounter me,
 And thus in the wild bravery of despair,
 I rush into thy life !

Col. (Intercepts and stabs him.—Ludovico falls.)

Lud. Colonna, thou hast conquered.
 Oh ! that I could,
 Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you !—
 That I could—thus I fling the drops of life
 In showers of poison on you—May it fall
 Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness !
 Oh ! that I could—*(He grasps his sword, and, in an
 effort to rise, dies.)*

Enter EVADNE, L.H. and crosses to COLONNA.

Evad. Oh ! my brother !

King. Thou hast a second time preserv'd thy prince !
 Fair Evadne,
 We will repair our injuries to thee,
 And wait in all the pomp of royalty
 Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
 To thy beloved Vicentio !

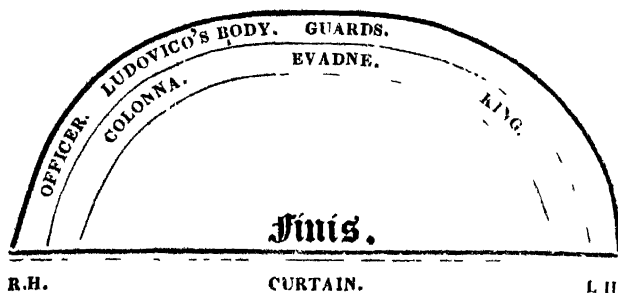
Col. And the nuptials

EVADNE ; OR, THE STATUE.

all at the pedestal be solemnized
our great father !

Evad. And ever, as in this blest moment, may
s guardian spirit, with celestial love
read its bright wings to shelter us from ill,
with nature's tenderest feelings looking down
nignant on the fortunes of his child !

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls



EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. FAUCHY.

DROP SCENE.—*The Hall of Dramatic Statues.*

Sent hither by our bard, no pleasant jaunt—

In epilogue a timorous debutante,

I ask your favour, like a prudent elf,

One word for him, and one word for myself!

Cut off, like Crusoe, from the social walk,

With no Man Friday to keep up the talk

Frown'd on by yonder monumental sages—(*Pointing to the Drop.*)

In marble. What an awful thing the stage is!

Of Thespian bards yon Alpha and Omega,

From mighty Shakspeare down to Lope de Vega;

Each shakes his awful curls, and seems to say,—

“ Surely the author means to damn his play;

What! send an actress out, the town t'implore,

Who never spoke an epilogue before!

Oh for *Erastus*,—mighty clever!

Woman for woman! that is new, however!”

Peace, ye monopolists, on marble shelves,

You want to damn all statues but yourselves.

Avaunt! “ I've caught the speaker's eye” before ye,

Rear-rank, attention! while I tell a story.

Pygmalion once, to ape the turner's trade,

With curious labour carved an ivory maid,

But as immortal grace each limb unfolds,

He glows with passion for the maid he moulds,

And cries, (how vain were artists e'en in Greece)

“ Come! that's a statue! that's art's masterpiece!”

Long he adores her with a lover's mien,

And thus, at length, petitions beauty's queen;

" Oh, Venus, bid me taste of Hymen's bliss,
 And ' bone of my bone' make yon ivory miss '
 Hush ' foolish youth ' " (aside this Momus sung
 " Leave well alone ' a statue has no tongue ' "
 Vain was the hint, the silliest of the Greeks
 Repeats his vow, and gains the boon he seeks
 The statue woke to life, with eager spring
 Pygmalion changed his chisel for a ring, '
 And as no parent lived to thwart his plans,
 Of course no cross papa forbade the banis
 From that time forth, unwarmed by lover's breath
 Statues, or bone, or stone, have slept in death
 But if to night, you bid *Evadne* thrive,
 We hope to see the miracle revive.
 To beauty's queen the Grecian poured his vow,
 Our poet bends to beauty's daughters now,
 Oh ' may they waken his dramatic wife,
 And, smiling, warm his statue into life '

